

FRANK MILLER DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

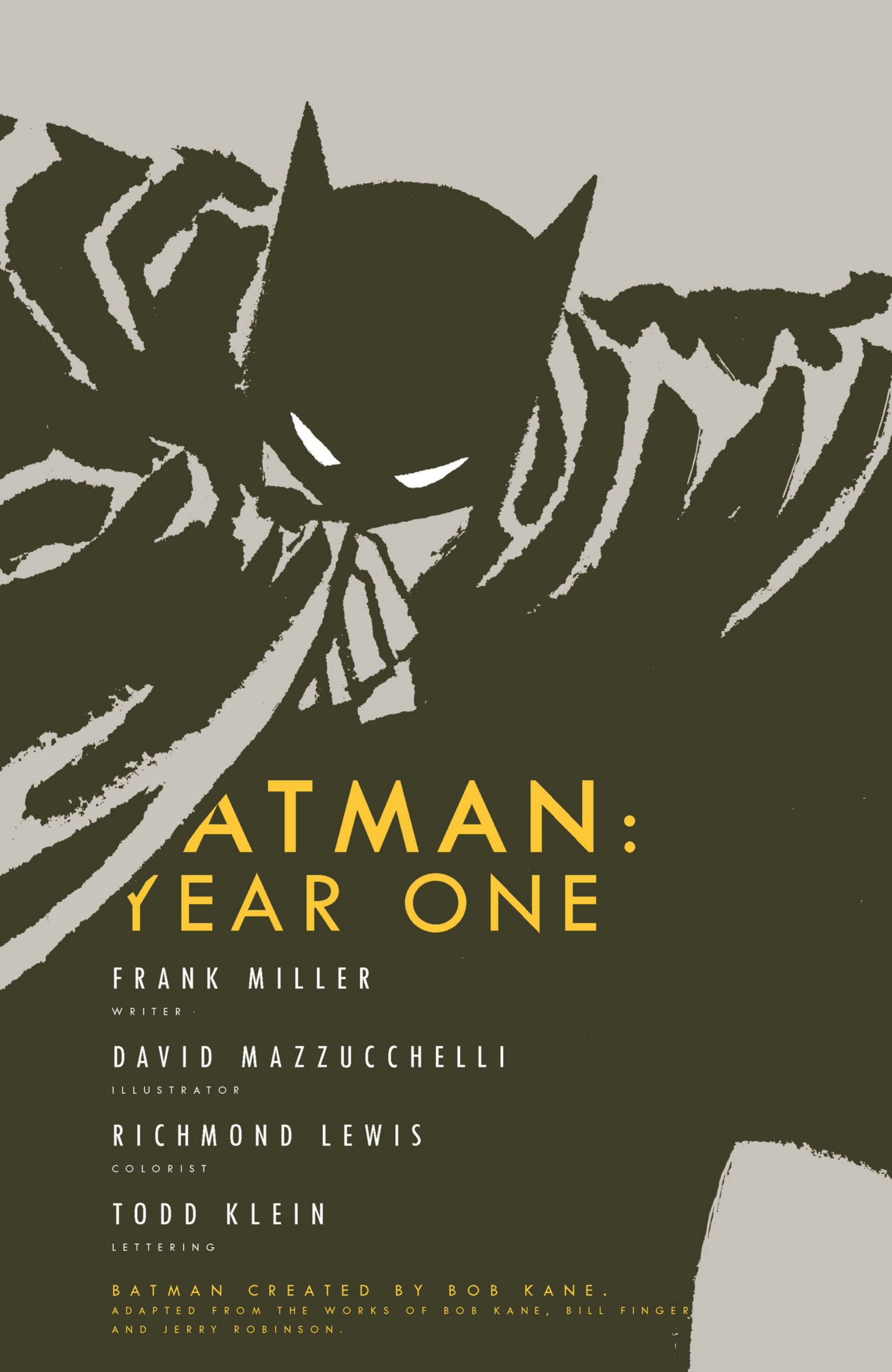
WITH RICHMOND LEWIS

BATMAN[®]



YEAR ONE





BATMAN: YEAR ONE

FRANK MILLER

WRITER

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

ILLUSTRATOR

RICHMOND LEWIS

COLORIST

TODD KLEIN

LETTERING

BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE.
ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS OF BOB KANE, BILL FINGER,
AND JERRY ROBINSON.

BATMAN: YEAR ONE

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THE CRIME BLOTTER



by Slam Bradley

OOPS! SHE DID IT AGAIN!

■ Gossip diva Vicki Vale got her legendary, notoriously firm, shapely fanny tossed into the hoosegow yet again after trying to lift an estimated \$11,320.00 worth of merchandise from the Sprang. The cutie klepto pled guilty. After paying for the loot and promising on a whole big heap of bibles to seek counseling, she got off with a wink and nod to the judge.

Leave us say the dame knows how to wink.

One juror says she even blew a kiss to the horny old fart.

You can't make this crap up!

THE PERP LIKED PISTACHIO

■ How that little snot pulled off this heist is anybody's guess. I know what my own guess is, but you can figure that out for yourself. I just report this stuff:

It was like somebody's bad idea for a joke. Like some dumbass screenwriter's idea for a crowd-pleasing gag that every last dimwit on the planet would laugh at. But only the dimwits. For Christ sake, it was a goddam doughnut shop. In the middle of the night. And yeah, of course the joint was full of Gotham City cops, more even than you'll find in most saloons. So in waltzes this punk – he is, as of this writing, still unidentified, but I'll get to that in a minute – and this punk, he bellies up to the counter, orders himself a pistachio puff and a cup of joe. Then instead of paying a two-buck bill for the chow, the punk tells the poor sap working the register that he's packing heat. "You know the drill," he says, right in front of a baker's dozen of Gotham's Finest.

The cops don't need you, and man, they expect the same.

So the poor sap clerk empties the register and he empties the joint's safebox and

gives with a since-declared fifteen grand. Cash. And Sergeant Novick - yeah, that Novick, the one who's still squeezing all the printer's ink he can out of that one time he did something right and saved a kid – well, it looks like Hero Cop Novick didn't notice any of what was going down, on account of how fixated he was on his Chocolate Chip Crunch Special.

The security camera showed some kind of exchange between the perp and the good sergeant before the perp walked out, unidentified. Easy as you please. Scot-free. The exchange seemed pleasant enough.

And it just so happens our hero cop just bought his girlfriend an eight grand boob job. Fancy that.

Must've won the lottery.

Right. Sure.

FUGGEDABOUTIT

■ 22-year-old paralegal Stacy Lynch withdrew charges of gang rape in the notorious Robinson Park incident, that now, she says, despite witnesses, never happened.

In her press conference, it was observed that Lynch was missing her right index finger.

Prosecutor Harvey Dent could barely keep his lunch down. Hell. He looked like he was about to give birth to something really ugly.

What a town. You gotta love it.

ON A MORE SERIOUS NOTE

■ Our very serious Mayor confronted the city legislature yesterday, taking no prisoners in his brave campaign to eliminate ATM fees.

What a man. What a champ.

What a town.

INTRODUCTION

In 1986 the editorial board of DC Comics decided that their heroes, some of whom were nearly a half-century old, had become dated. A massive revamping was clearly in order, and the place to begin was with the company's three most popular and enduring characters—Superman, Wonder Woman and Batman. The writers and artists assigned to the task had quick and clear ideas about how to update Superman and Wonder Woman, but Batman was a problem. He was fine just as he was. The origin that Bob Kane and Bill Finger had created in 1939 was a perfect explanation of how and why Batman came to be, why he continued his obsessive crusade, and,

perhaps more important, it mirrored the fears, frustrations and hopes of a readership coping with the realities of 20th-century urban life.

So, DC's editors decided, Batman's origin should not be changed. But it might be improved. It could be given depth, complexity, a wider context. Details could be added to give it focus and credibility. Bruce Wayne's struggles to become the thing he was trying to create, the Batman, could be dramatized. And, finally, all the storytelling techniques that comic book creators had developed in those 50 years could be applied to realize the potential of the basic material.

The question then was, who would do all this?

Frank Miller volunteered. Miller was generally acknowledged to be the best writer-artist to enter comics since

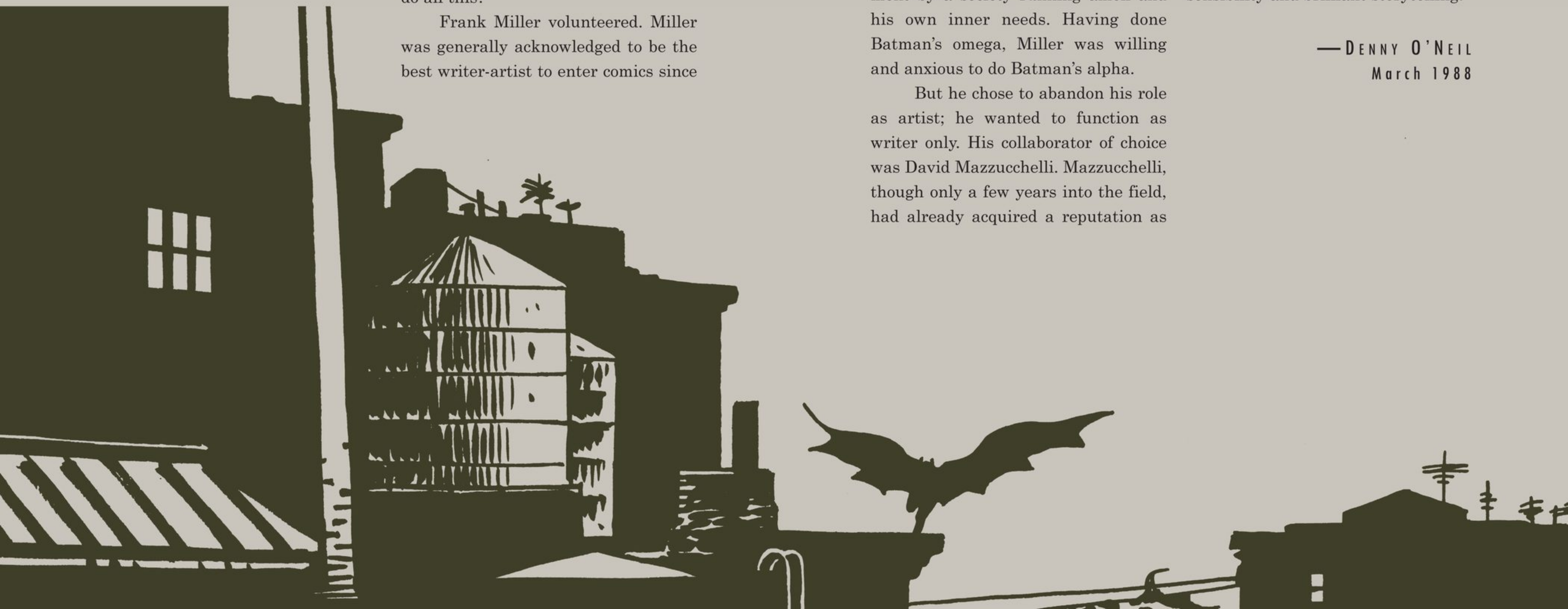
the early 1960s; indeed, some said he was the best ever. When he was a beginner at DC's chief competitor, Marvel Comics, he had re-created a minor character called Daredevil and produced a series that was at once faithful to established continuity, dazzlingly innovative and immensely popular. At DC, he had done an extended graphic novel titled *RONIN*, which incorporated Japanese and European influences into a personal vision of a horrifying future and, more recently, he had collaborated with Lynn Varley and Klaus Janson to produce the phenomenal *BATMAN: THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS*, which portrayed an aging Batman driven out of retirement by a society running amok and his own inner needs. Having done Batman's omega, Miller was willing and anxious to do Batman's alpha.

But he chose to abandon his role as artist; he wanted to function as writer only. His collaborator of choice was David Mazzucchelli. Mazzucchelli, though only a few years into the field, had already acquired a reputation as

one of comics' extraordinary talents. He had an absolute command of composition, a powerful sense of visual drama and an unerring eye for the telling details that bring a scene to life.

Miller and Mazzucchelli complemented each other perfectly. With the help of colorist Richmond Lewis, herself a gifted artist, and letterer Todd Klein, they produced the definitive version of one of popular culture's enduring stories. Originally published in four parts, *BATMAN: YEAR ONE* is presented here as the organic whole that Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli mean it to be—a graphic novel that combines a familiar urban myth with an unmistakably modern sensibility and brilliant storytelling.

—DENNY O'NEIL
March 1988





He will become the
greatest crimefighter
the world has ever known...

It won't be easy.



CHAPTER ONE:
WHO I AM
HOW I COME TO BE

January 4

Gotham City.

Maybe it's all
I deserve, now.

Maybe it's just
my time in Hell.

Twelve hours. My
stomach's been
trying to eat itself
for the last five.

Barbara's flying
in. I don't care
how much it costs.

Train's no way to
come to Gotham...

...in an airplane,
from above, all
you'd see are the
streets and
buildings.

Fool you into
thinking it's
civilized.

...BEGINNING OUR
FINAL DESCENT TO
GOTHAM CITY. PLEASE
RETURN SEATS AND TRAYS
TO THEIR UPRIGHT
POSITIONS...

From here, it's
clean shafts of
concrete and
snowy rooftops.
The work of men
who died
generations
ago.

From here, it looks like an achievement.

I should have taken
the train. I should
be closer.

I should
see the
ENEMY.





By now Barbara's gotten her tests back. I only hate myself a little for hoping they came out negative.

This is no place to raise a family.

NICE BOOK FOR A SMALL DONATION--

NO, PLEASE--

GORDON!

LIEUTENANT JAMES GORDON!



NICE BOOK-- LOOK AT THE PICTURES-- GAA*

WALK, SKINHEAD.

NAME'S FLASS, LIEUTENANT. DETECTIVE FLASS. COMMISSIONER LOEB SENT ME TO MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T MISS YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH HIM.

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I CALL YOU JIMMY.



WELL, I--

NICE =koff= COLORS...

WELCOME TO GOTHAM, JIMMY. IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS. ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A COP.

COPS GOT IT MADE IN GOTHAM.



--WELCOME HOME, MR. WAYNE--

--HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE BACK--

--PRINCESS CAROLINE--

--ANY PLANS, MR. WAYNE--

--ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS--

THE TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEIR TO THE WAYNE MILLIONS DECLINED TO COMMENT ON RUMORS OF ROMANCE IN HIS LIFE...

...OR ON HIS PLANS ON HIS RETURN TO GOTHAM AFTER TWELVE YEARS ABROAD. WE'LL KEEP YOU POSTED ON GOTHAM'S RICHEST--AND BEST LOOKING--NATIVE SON. TOM?



THANK YOU, JACKIE. FOLLOWING THE *DISAPPEARANCE* OF A KEY *WITNESS*, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY *HARVEY DENT* HAS WITHDRAWN *CONSPIRACY* CHARGES AGAINST POLICE COMMISSIONER *LOEB*...



YOU KNOW WE'RE ALL *DELIGHTED* TO HAVE YOU ON THE *TEAM*, LIEUTENANT.

GILLIAN B. LOEB
COMMISSIONER
OF POLICE

YOU'LL GET MY BEST WORK, SIR. I PROMISE.

AND WE ARE A *TEAM*. A *TEAM* NEEDS *TEAM SPIRIT*, DON'T YOU THINK?

YES IT DOES. AND YOUR *RECORD* SHOWS YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT *TAKES*.

I KNOW I'VE MADE MY *MISTAKES*, SIR. I'M *GRATEFUL* FOR THIS CHANCE TO *PROVE* MYSELF...



IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T *STAND*, IT'S *SMOKING*.

WHAT *MISTAKES* HAVE YOU MADE, LIEUTENANT? YOU KEPT THE *MEDIA* AWAY FROM IT. THAT'S THE *BOTTOM LINE*, ISN'T IT?

YES IT IS.

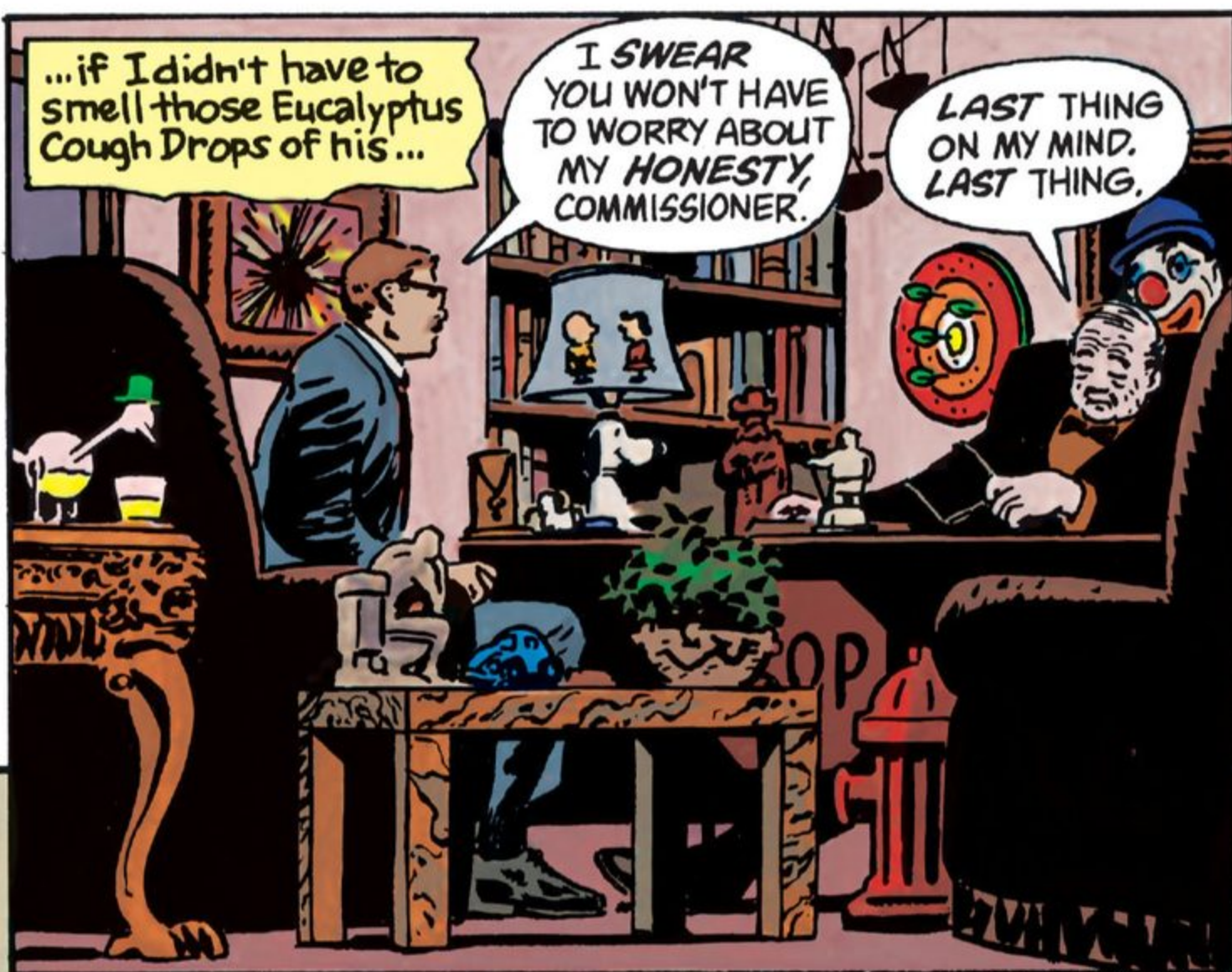
I'd feel better about toughing out the nicotine fit...



...if I didn't have to smell those Eucalyptus Cough Drops of his...

I *SWEAR* YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY *HONESTY*, COMMISSIONER.

LAST THING ON MY MIND. LAST THING.



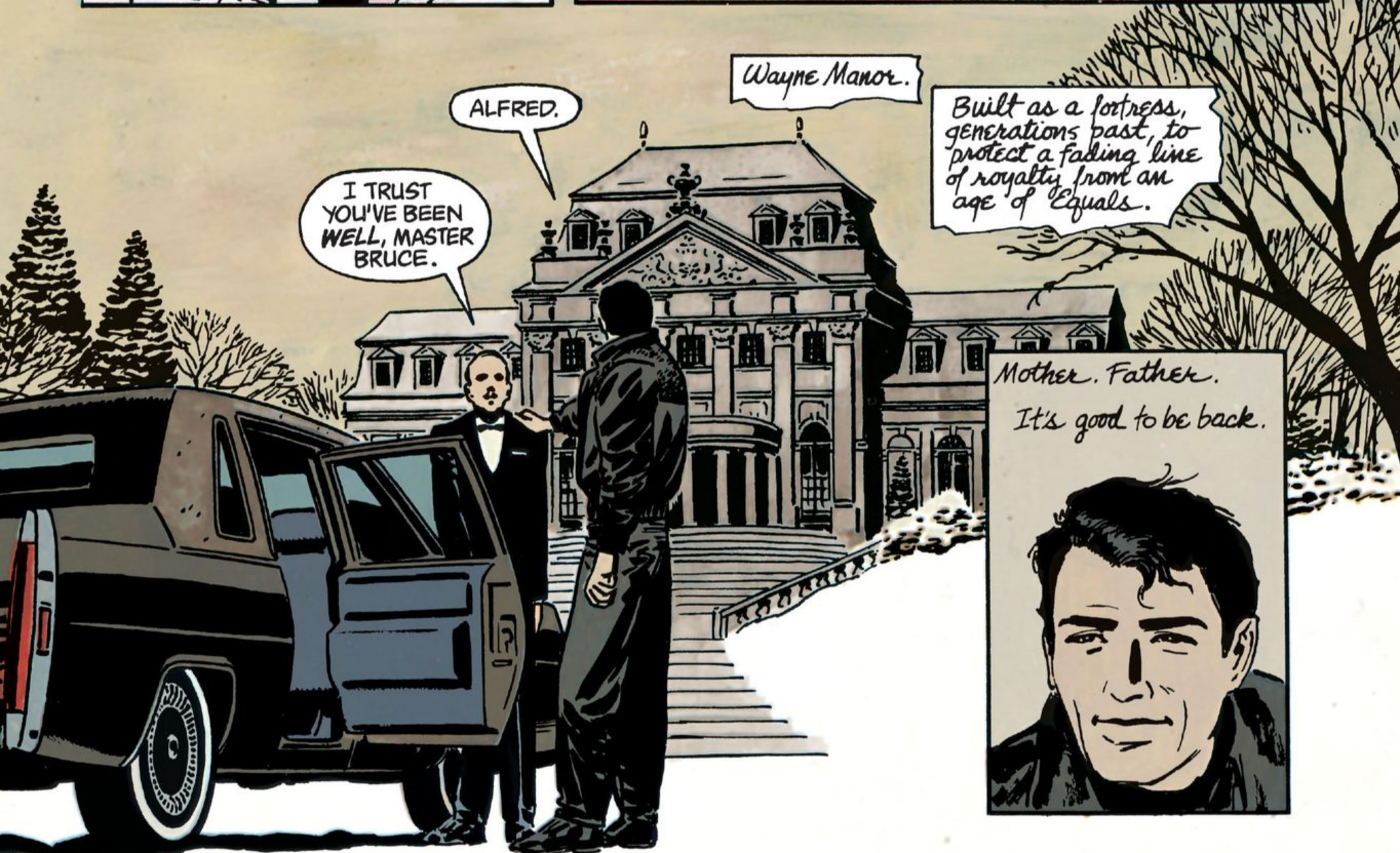
Wayne Manor.

ALFRED.

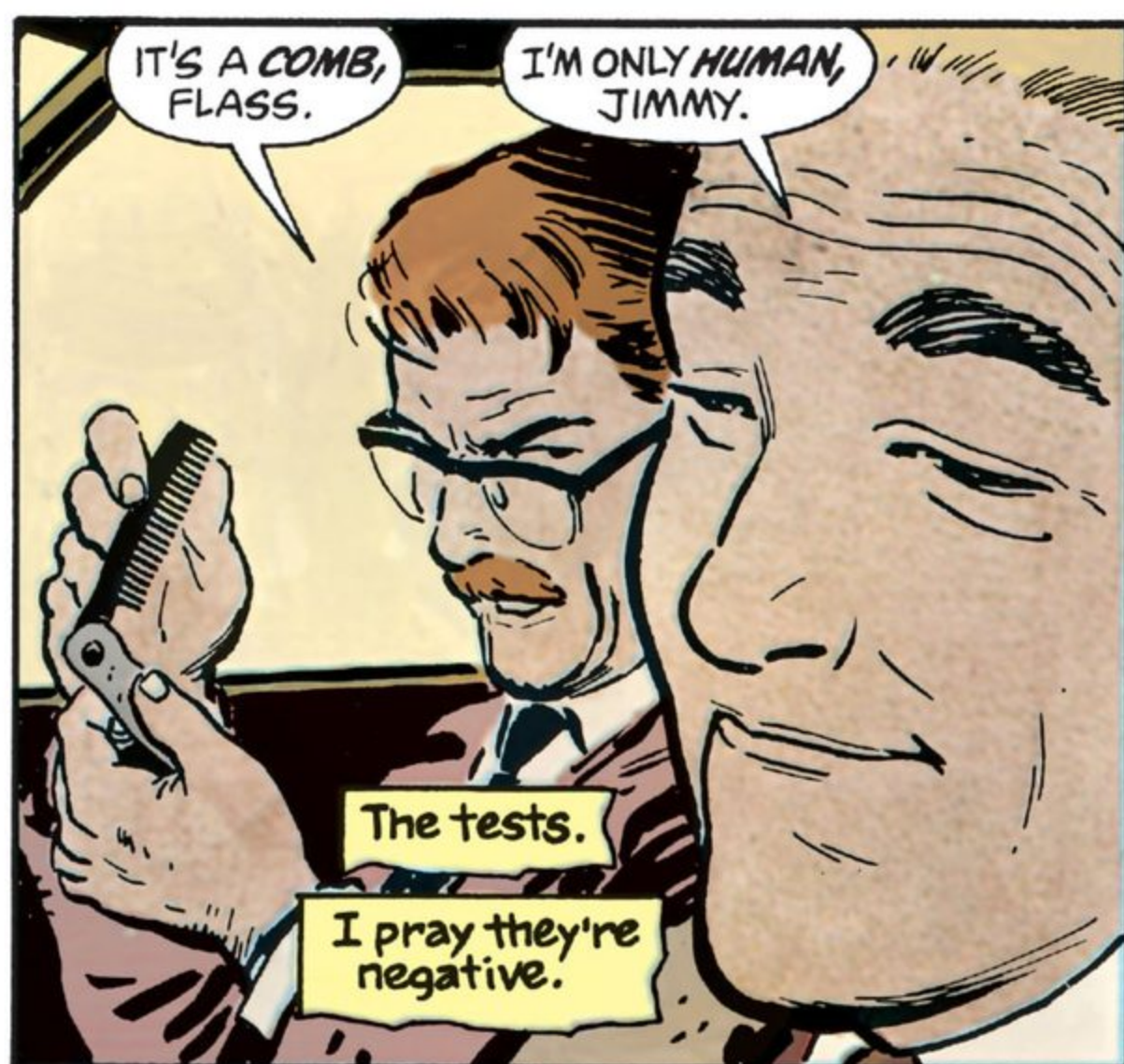
I TRUST YOU'VE BEEN WELL, MASTER BRUCE.

Built as a fortress, generations past, to protect a fading line of royalty from an age of Equals.

Mother. Father.
It's good to be back.







February 21

I'm not ready.



I have the means, the skill -- but not the method...

...no. That's not true. I have hundreds of methods.

But something's missing. Something isn't right.



I have to wait.

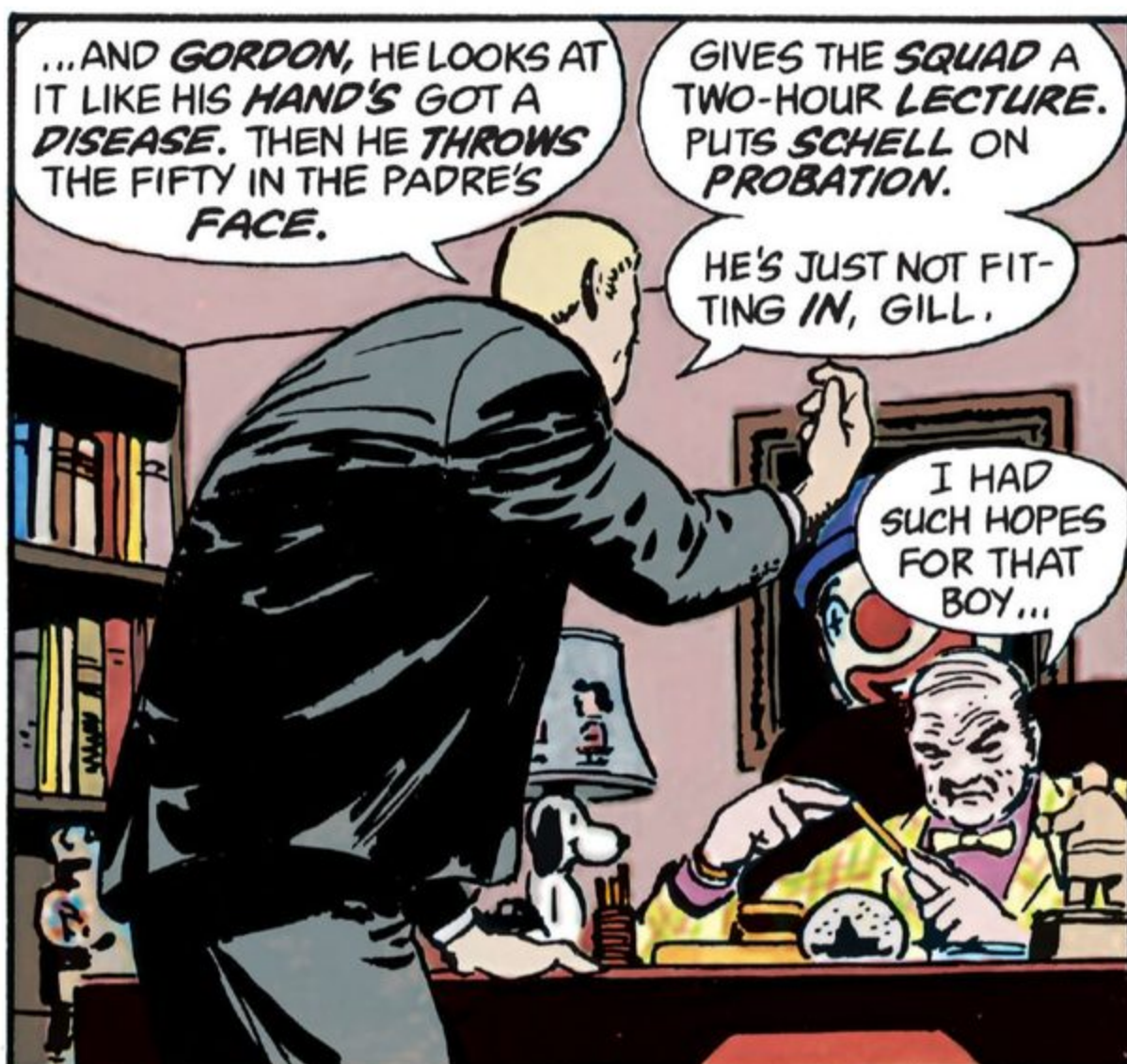
I have to wait.



February 26

...SO FATHER DONELLEY, HE SLIPS GORDON A FIFTY WITH THE HANDSHAKE...

GILLIAN B. L
COMMISSIONER
OF POLICE



...AND GORDON, HE LOOKS AT IT LIKE HIS HANDS GOT A DISEASE. THEN HE THROWS THE FIFTY IN THE PADRE'S FACE.

GIVES THE SQUAD A TWO-HOUR LECTURE. PUTS SCHELL ON PROBATION.

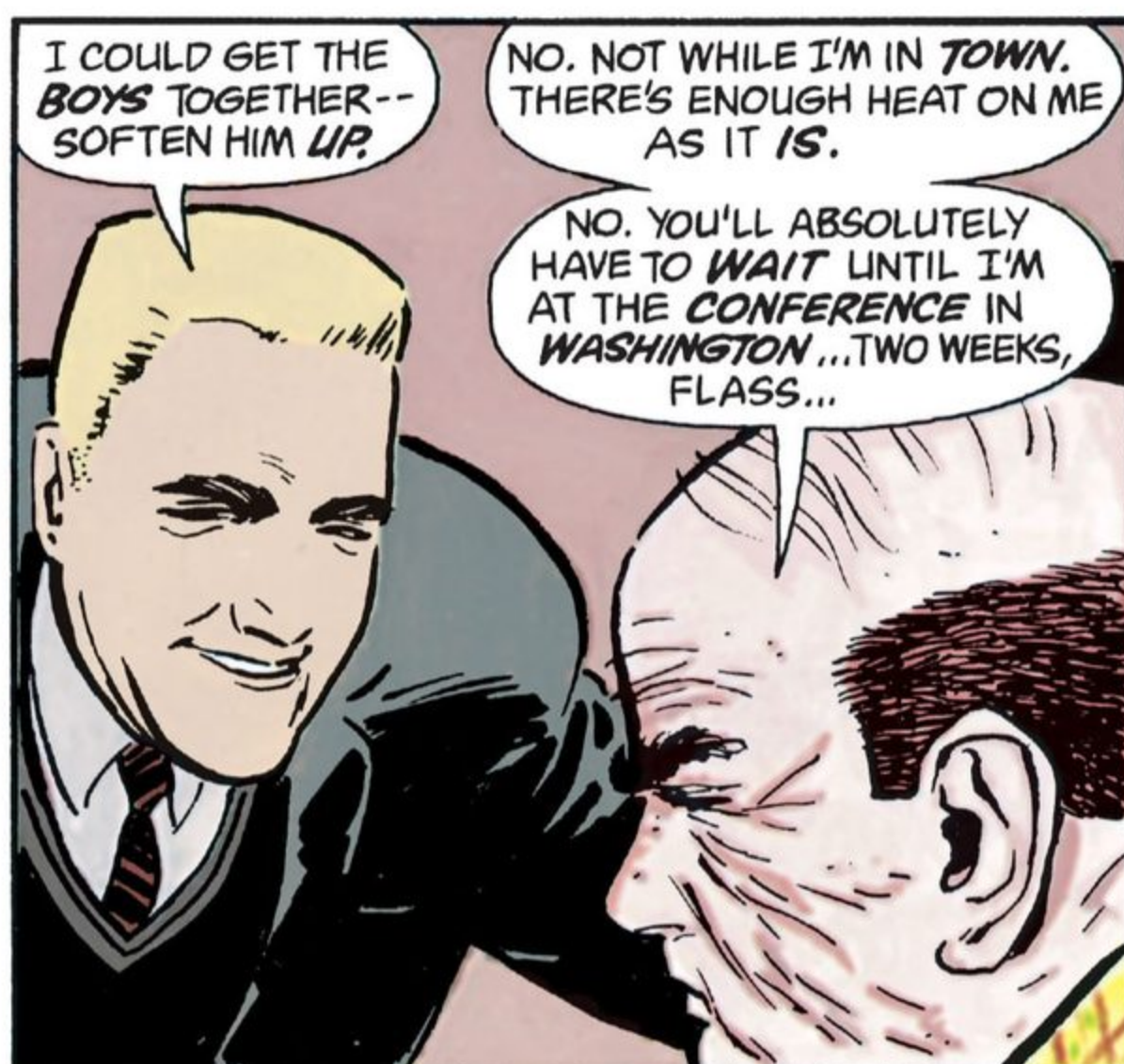
HE'S JUST NOT FITTING IN, GILL.

I HAD SUCH HOPES FOR THAT BOY...

I COULD GET THE BOYS TOGETHER-- SOFTEN HIM UP.

NO. NOT WHILE I'M IN TOWN. THERE'S ENOUGH HEAT ON ME AS IT IS.

NO. YOU'LL ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL I'M AT THE CONFERENCE IN WASHINGTON... TWO WEEKS, FLASS...



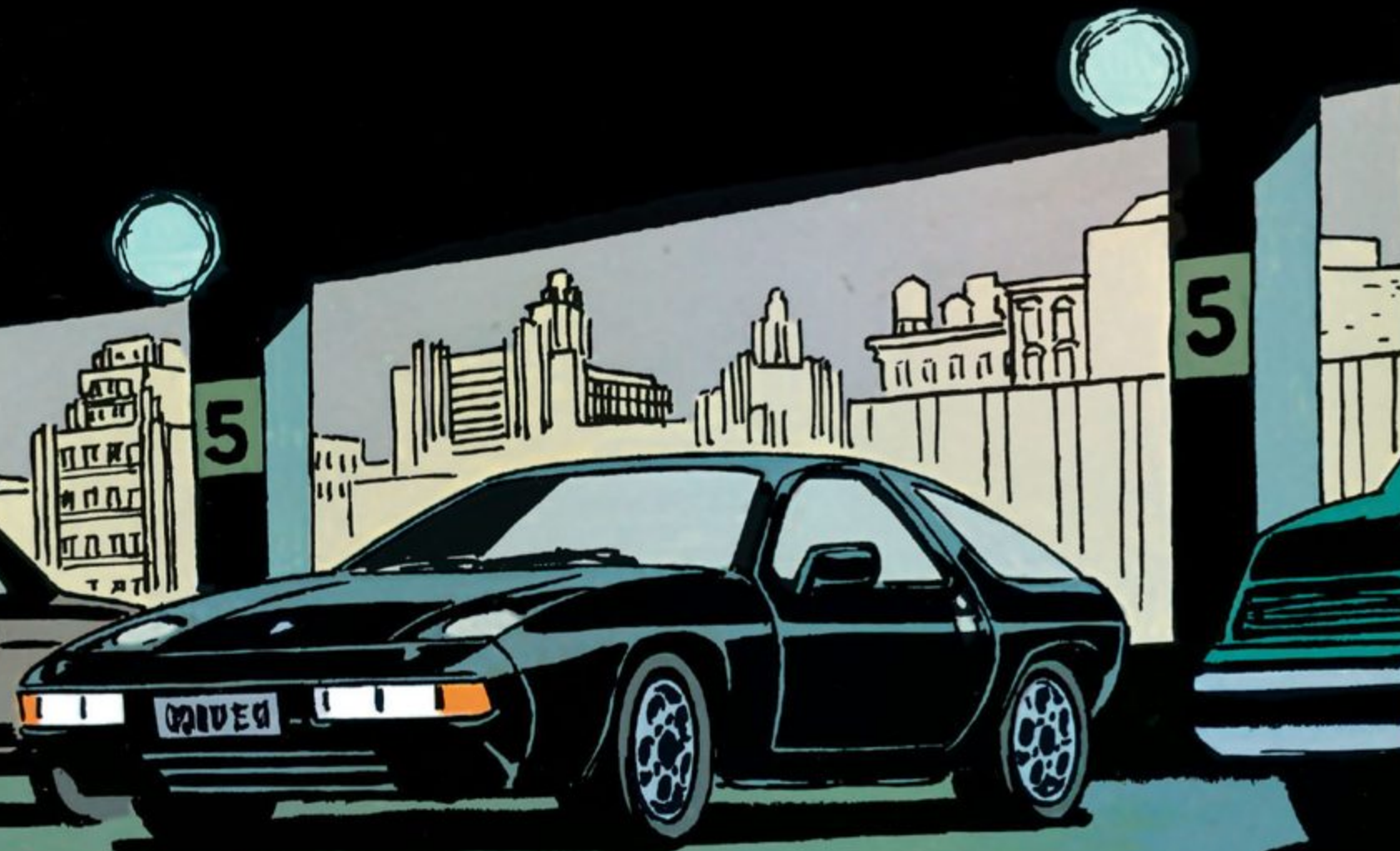
March 11

The engine hums, gently, not quite convinced it should stop.

Everything is in place. The attendant was even obliging enough to ask me for my autograph. My alibi is set.

Bruce Wayne has been sighted at the same hotel as a visiting Hollywood sex queen. That should generate sufficient rumors--

--to account for my whereabouts for the next few hours.



This is a reconnaissance mission. Until I know more, I must avoid combat. Until I'm ready...

...my anonymity is an obvious priority. The murder of my parents is a matter of public record.

All it requires is a change in clothing and complexion--

--and a single, memorable, distracting detail.



Requested off this night shift four times now-- damn it, Barbara needs me at night these days, Barbara, and little James...

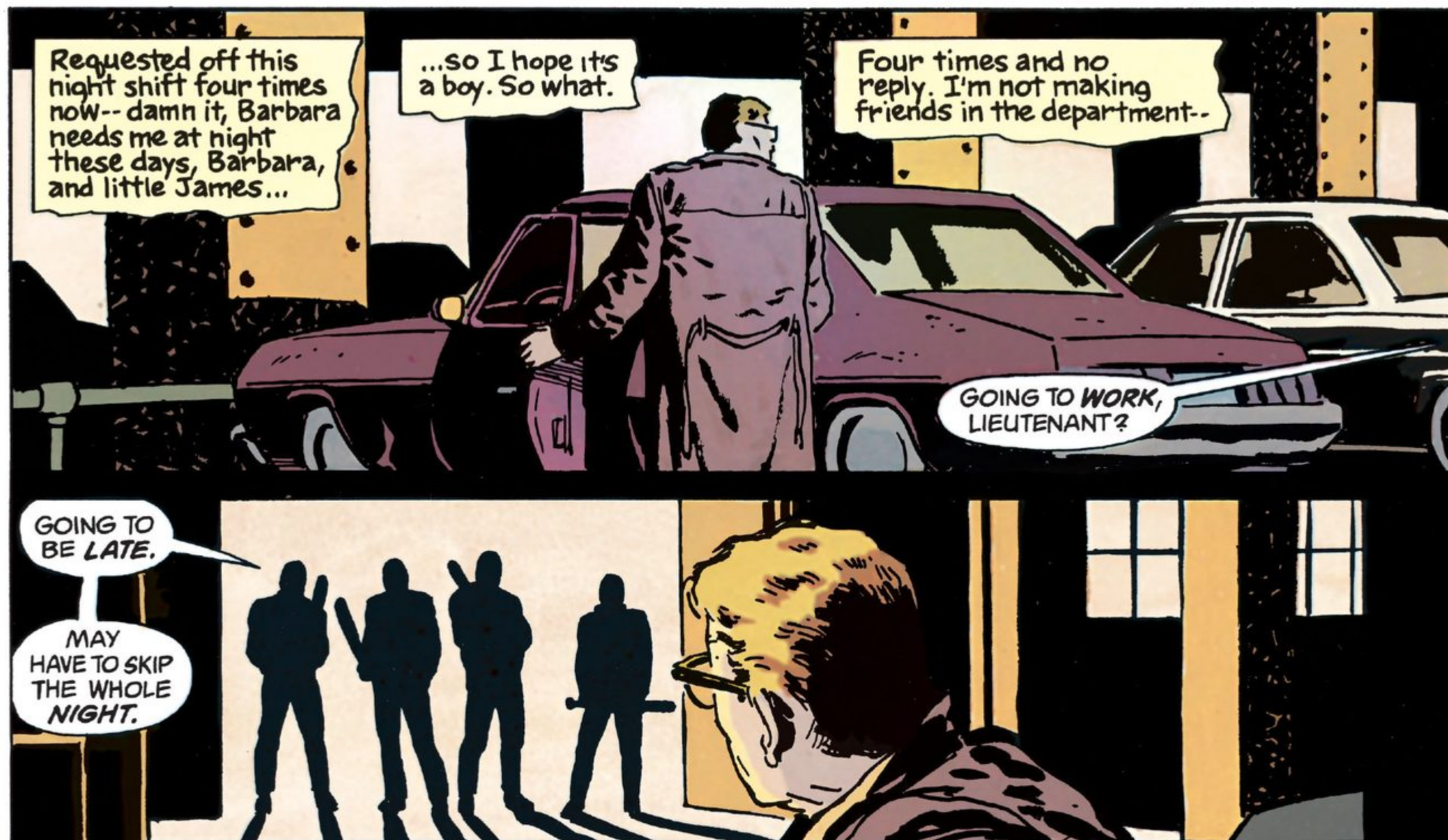
...so I hope it's a boy. So what.

Four times and no reply. I'm not making friends in the department--

GOING TO WORK, LIEUTENANT?

GOING TO BE LATE.

MAY HAVE TO SKIP THE WHOLE NIGHT.





Old trick--talking
to distract me--

--guarantees
an attack from
behind--



--should've checked my
military record--

--I was taught to handle
worse than this--



--but
then--

--it's been
a while--



Somewhere in the middle
of it they tell me it's
just a warning.

They remind me
that I've got a
pregnant wife.



Toward the end
I hear a
familiar chuckle.



Flass.

It's a twenty block walk to the enemy camp.

It's been educational. I was sized up like a piece of meat by the leather boys in Robinson Park. I waded through pleas and half-hearted threats from junkies at the Finger Memorial. I stepped across a field of human rubble that lay sleeping in front of the overcrowded Sprang Mission.

Finally, the worst of it.

The East End.



Hard to believe it's gotten worse.

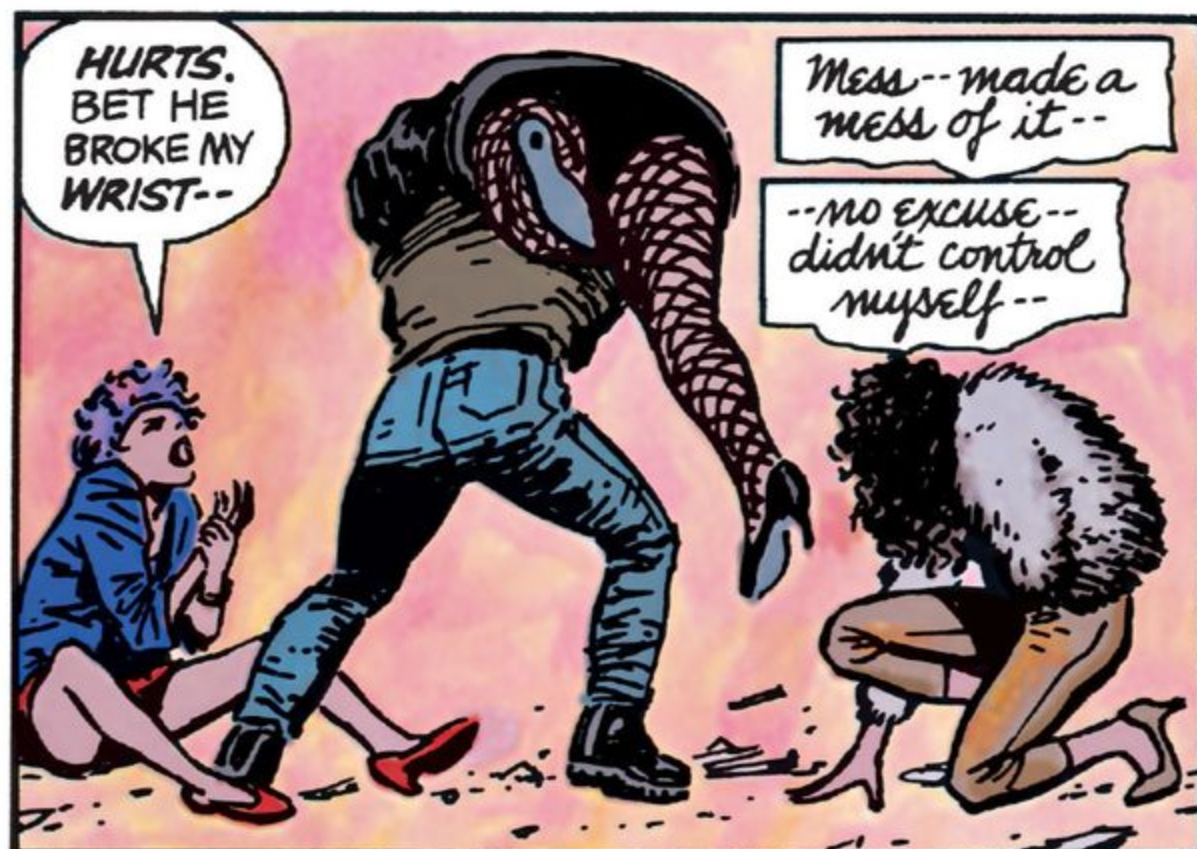








NOBODY
HURTS HOLLY--



HURTS.
BET HE
BROKE MY
WRIST--

Mess--made a
mess of it--

--NO EXCUSE--
didn't control
myself--



--another one--hissing
like a cat--

--looks like she knows
what she's doing--be
careful--



--that's good--she's had
Karate training--

--but only Karate--



--oh, no--

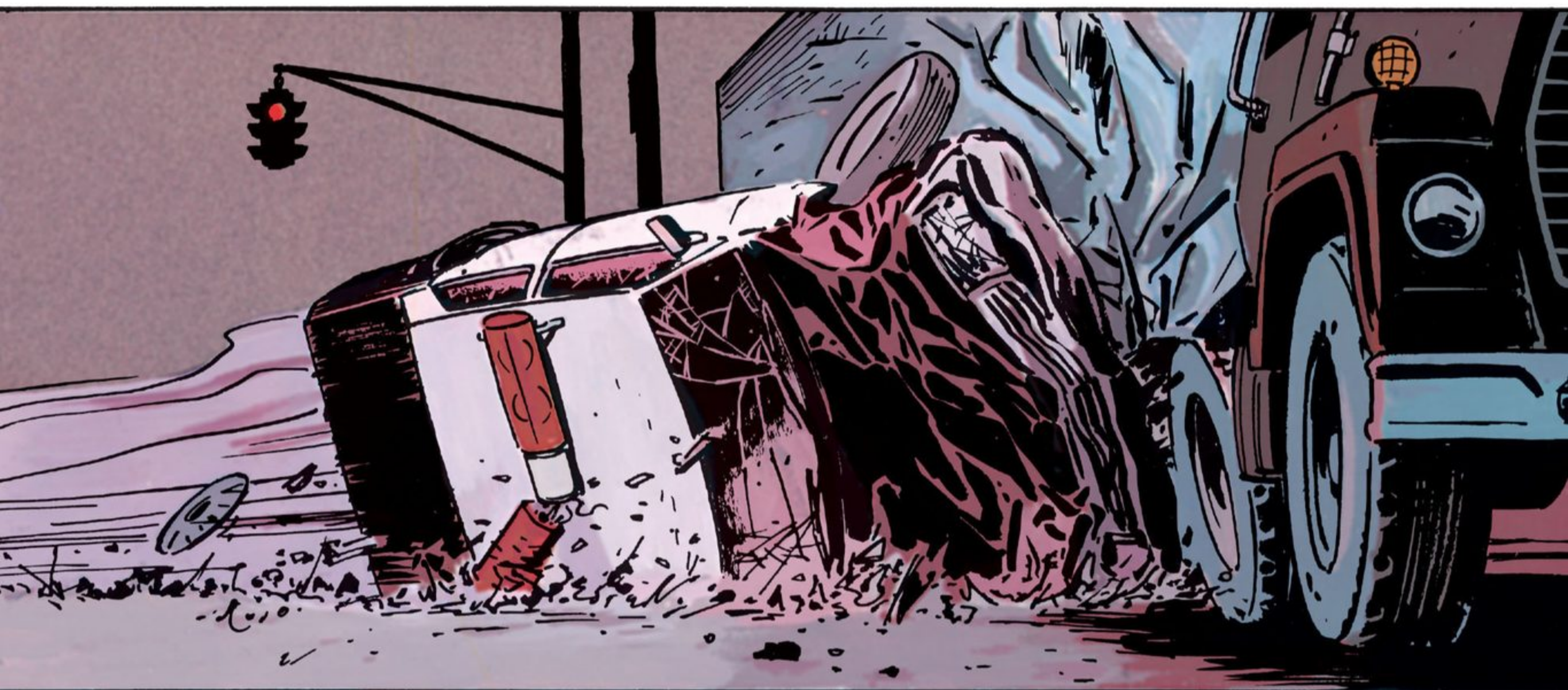


SELINA
GET UP--
SELINA--

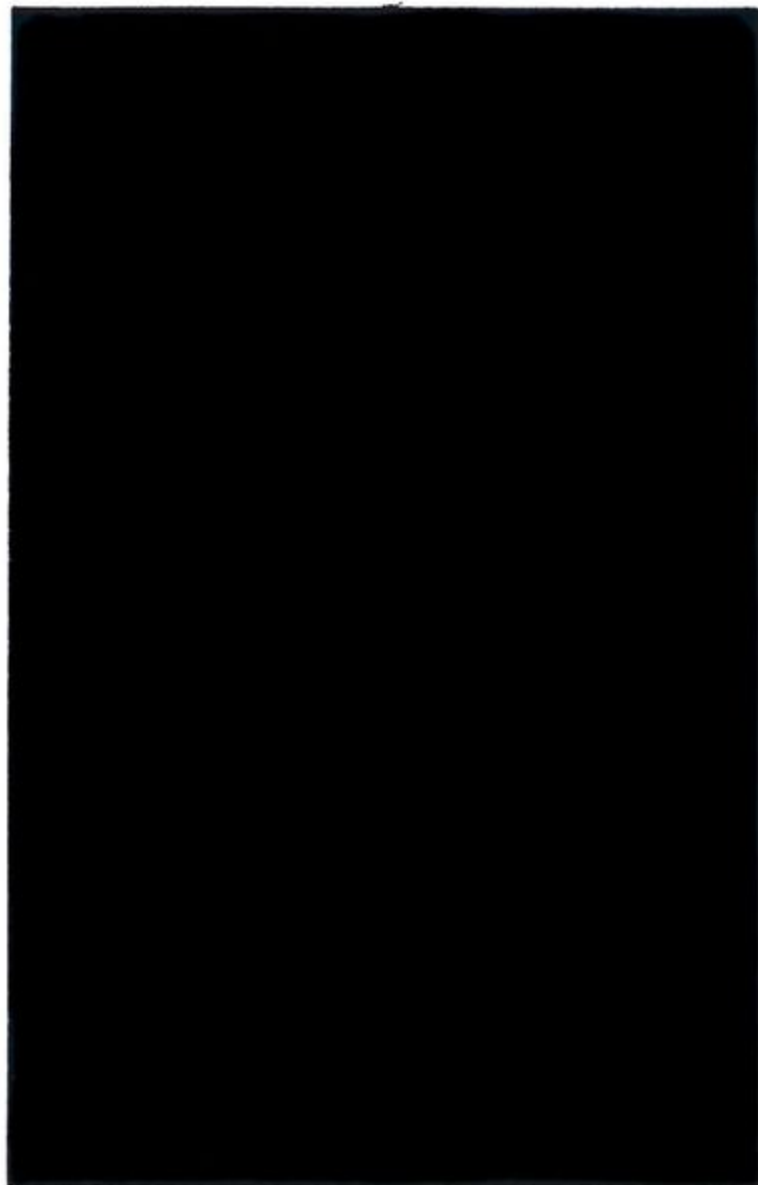
FREEZE--

--if I'm caught--
it's over--



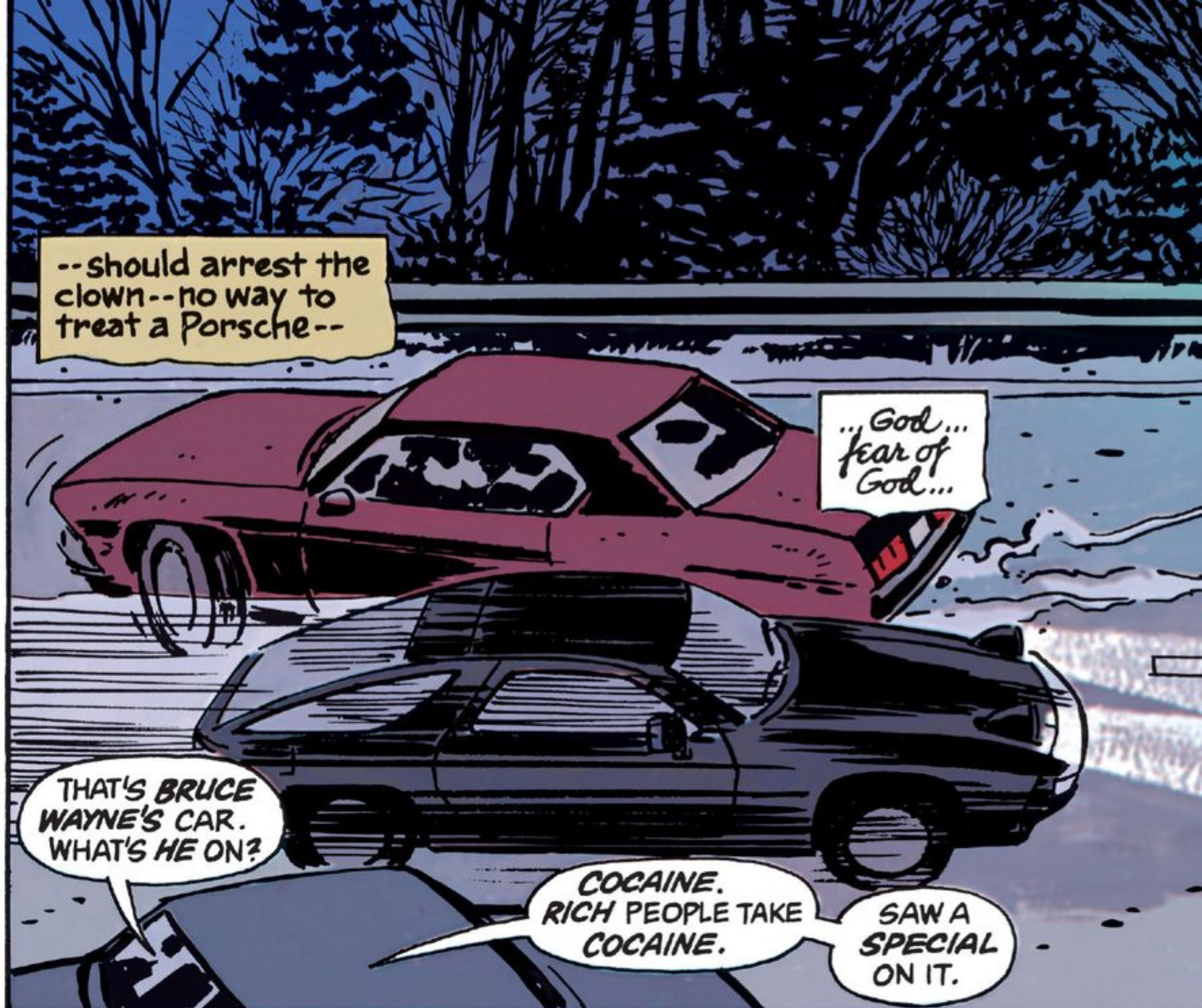


SMOKE FROM THE BLAZING POLICE CRUISER CAN BE SEEN FOR BLOCKS-- THE TWO OFFICERS WERE FOUND UNCONSCIOUS, THIRTY FEET AWAY...





Maniac--
almost hit
me--



--should arrest the
clown--no way to
treat a Porsche--

... God...
fear of
God...

THAT'S BRUCE
WAYNE'S CAR.
WHAT'S HE ON?

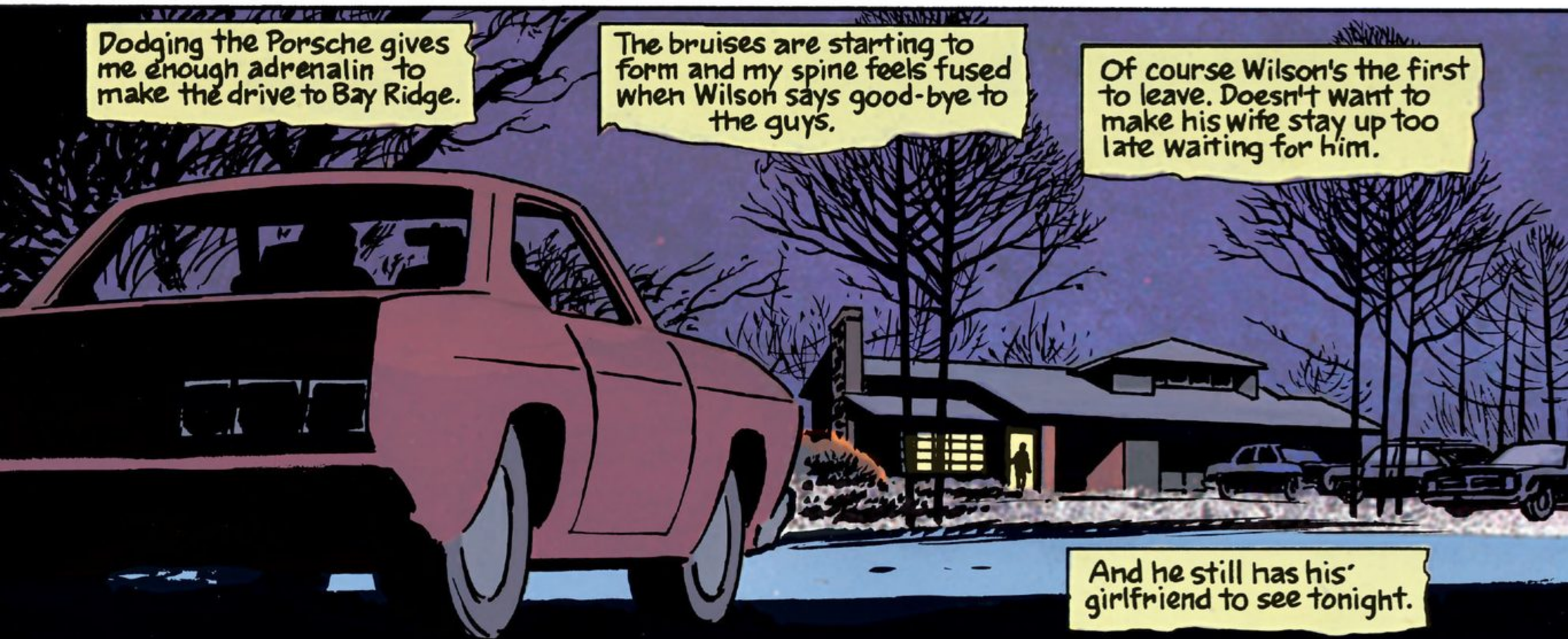
COCAINE.
RICH PEOPLE TAKE
COCAINE.

SAW A
SPECIAL
ON IT.



... fear...

...I have to make
them afraid...



Dodging the Porsche gives
me enough adrenalin to
make the drive to Bay Ridge.

The bruises are starting to
form and my spine feels fused
when Wilson says good-bye to
the guys.

Of course Wilson's the first
to leave. Doesn't want to
make his wife stay up too
late waiting for him.

And he still has his
girlfriend to see tonight.

Twenty minutes later
Stannsen stumbles out,
hunched over like he's
lost his life savings.

Then Renny.

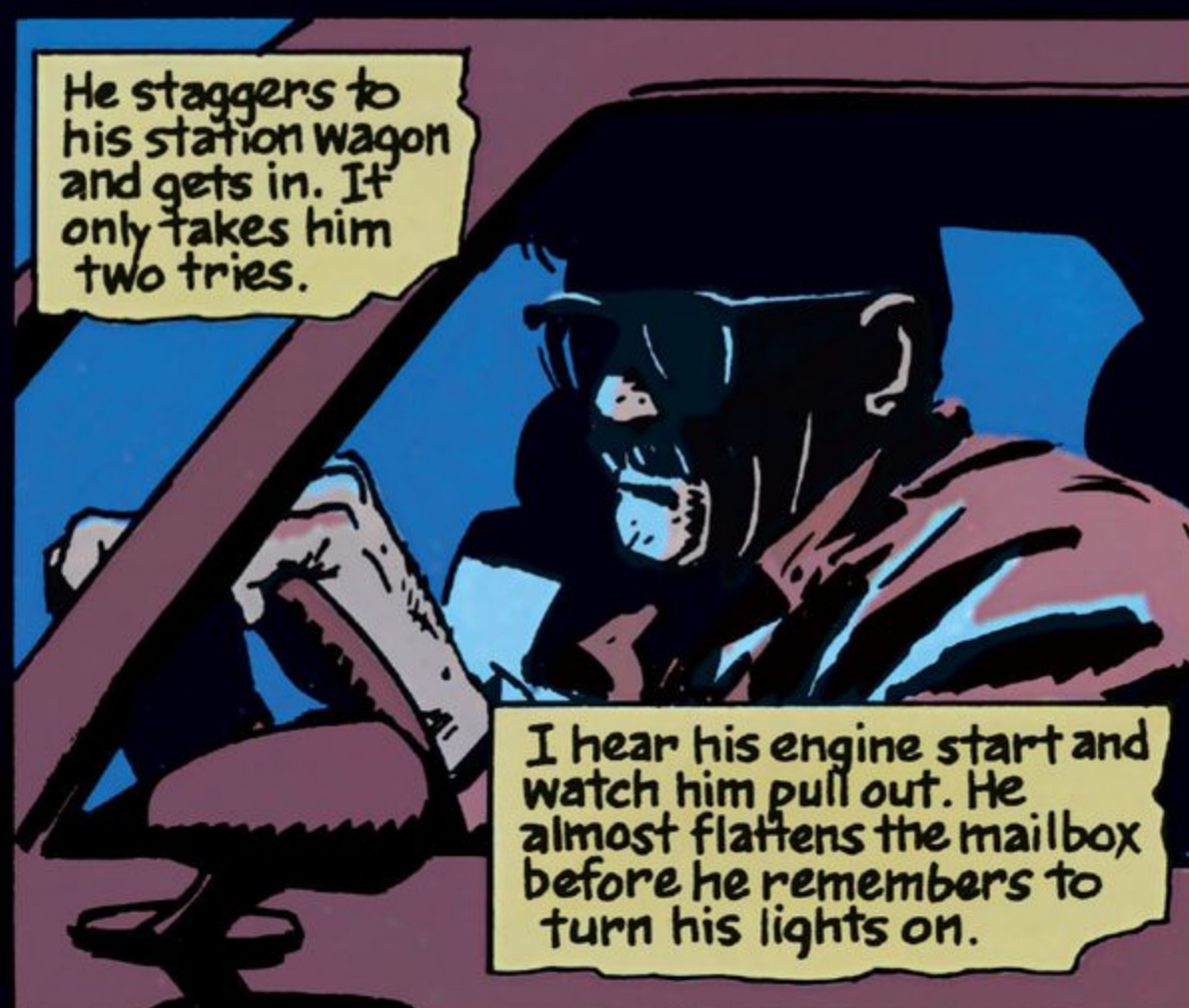
I let them
both go home.





Finally.

Flass.



He staggers to his station wagon and gets in. It only takes him two tries.

I hear his engine start and watch him pull out. He almost flattens the mailbox before he remembers to turn his lights on.



I keep mine off and follow.

I haven't seen a house in three minutes when I pull up beside him and jerk the wheel.

He's ten miles over the speed limit.



Not fast enough to kill him when he hits the tree.

I show him my gun. He says my name and drops his.



He's big.

Green Beret training.

It's been fifteen years since I had to take out a Green Beret.



Even so--

--he deserves a handicap.



I don't crack his skull.



I don't crush his larynx.



I don't break his ribs or punch my hand through his chest.



I do just enough--

--to keep him out of the hospital.



I toss his gun into the woods. It should be rusty by morning.

I take his clothes off and leave him in his own cuffs by the side of the road.

He'll never report it. Not Flass. He'll make up some story that involves at least ten attackers and never admit I did it.



But he'll know. And he'll stay away from Barbara.

Thanks, Flass.

You've shown me what it takes to be a cop in Gotham City.



Father...

...I'm afraid I may have to die tonight.



I've tried to be patient. I've tried to wait.

But I have to know.



How, father?
How do I do it?

What do I use... to make them afraid?



If I ring this bell, Alfred will come.

He can stop the bleeding, in time.

Another of your gifts to me, father.



I have wealth. The family manor rests above a huge cave that will be the perfect headquarters...

...EVEN a butler with training in combat medicine...



...yes, father. I have everything but patience.

I'd rather die... than wait... another hour.

I have waited... eighteen years...



...eighteen years
... since...

...since Zorro.

The Mark
of Zorro.



Since the walk.
That night.

And the man with
frightened, hollow
eyes and a voice
like glass being
crushed...



...since
all sense
left my
life.



*Without warning,
it comes...*



*...crashing through the
window of your study
...and mine...*



*...I have seen it
before... somewhere...*

*...it frightened me...
as a boy...*



...frightened me...

*...yes,
Father.*

*I shall become
a bat.*



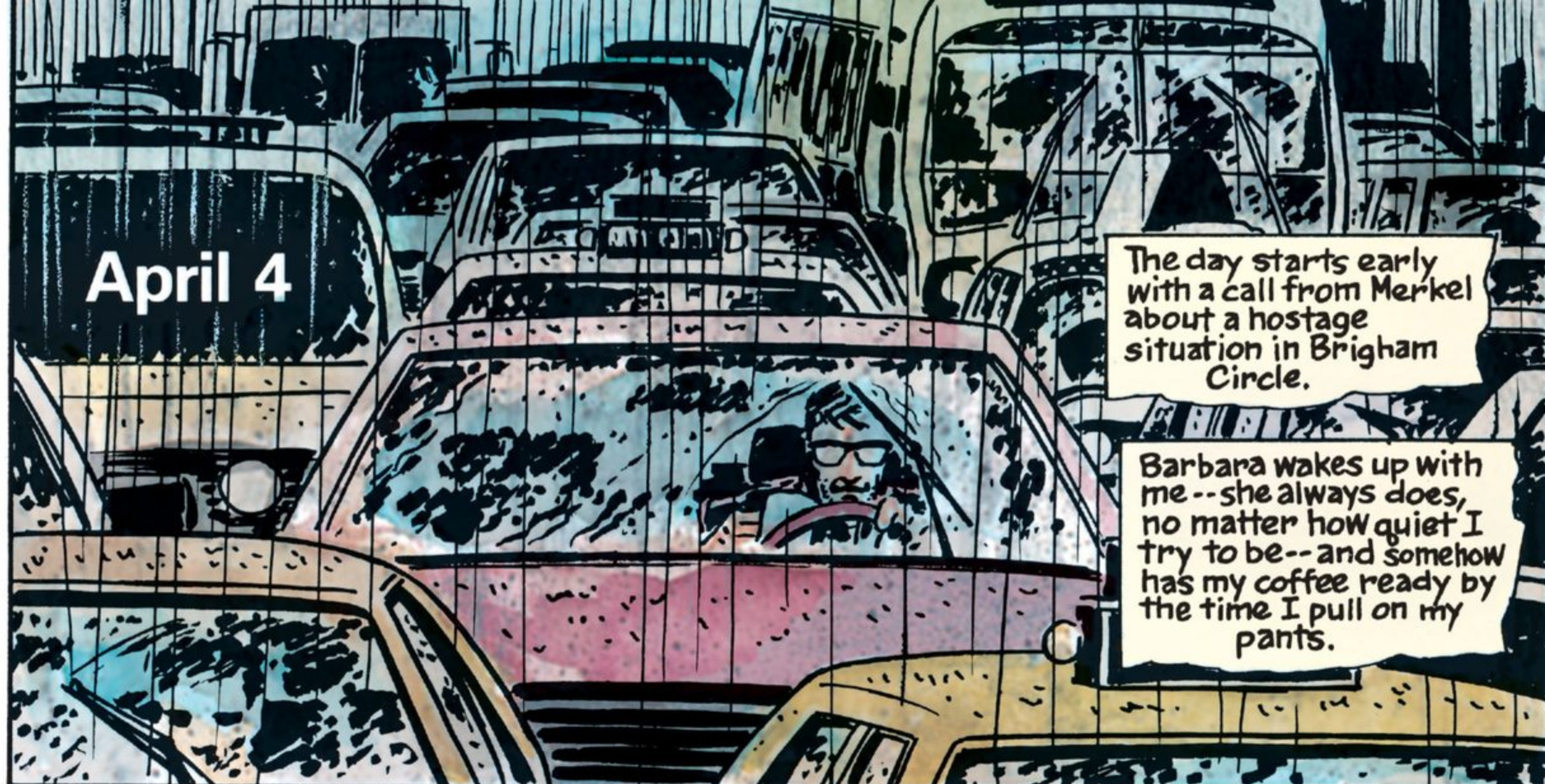


He has trained and
planned and waited
eighteen years.

He thinks he's ready...

CHAPTER TWO: WAR IS DECLARED





April 4

The day starts early with a call from Merkel about a hostage situation in Brigham Circle.

Barbara wakes up with me -- she always does, no matter how quiet I try to be -- and somehow has my coffee ready by the time I pull on my pants.



COME IN, MERKEL...

The rain has worked its magic on the wiring of my heap. Between Rice Krispy sounds I get every fourth word.

I'm two blocks from the action, my stomach lurching with the engine through backed-up traffic.

Damn rubberneckers...



NO CAN'T DON'T WANT ISN'T BLANK

Best I can tell, nobody's sure what the kidnapper wants. He isn't making much sense.

He's holding three children at gunpoint. Sounds like Merkel's got some background on him...



...I SAID NO, SIR. HE HASN'T FIRED A SHOT...

...NO, SIR, NOT A CRIMINAL RECORD. GOT THE WORD FROM ARKHAM ASYLUM ...YES, SIR. ARKHAM...

...NAME'S ALBERT BLUME. DIAGNOSED PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC. RELEASED TWO WEEKS AGO...

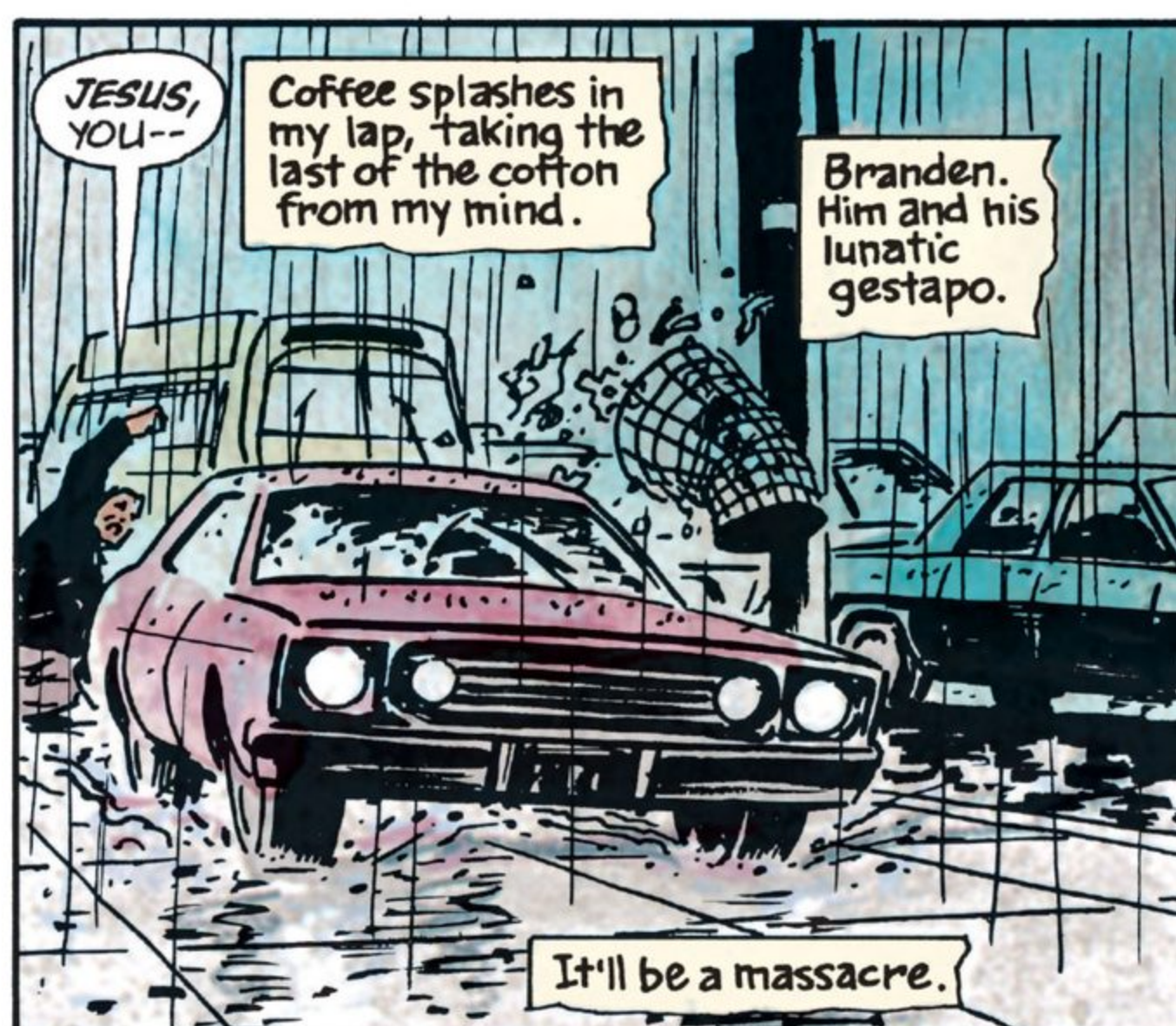


SKRKK NO, SIR-- NO SKRKK OF VIOLENT SKRKK

SIR-- TROUBLE-- IT'S SKRKK

SKRKK BRANDEN SKRKK

Branden.

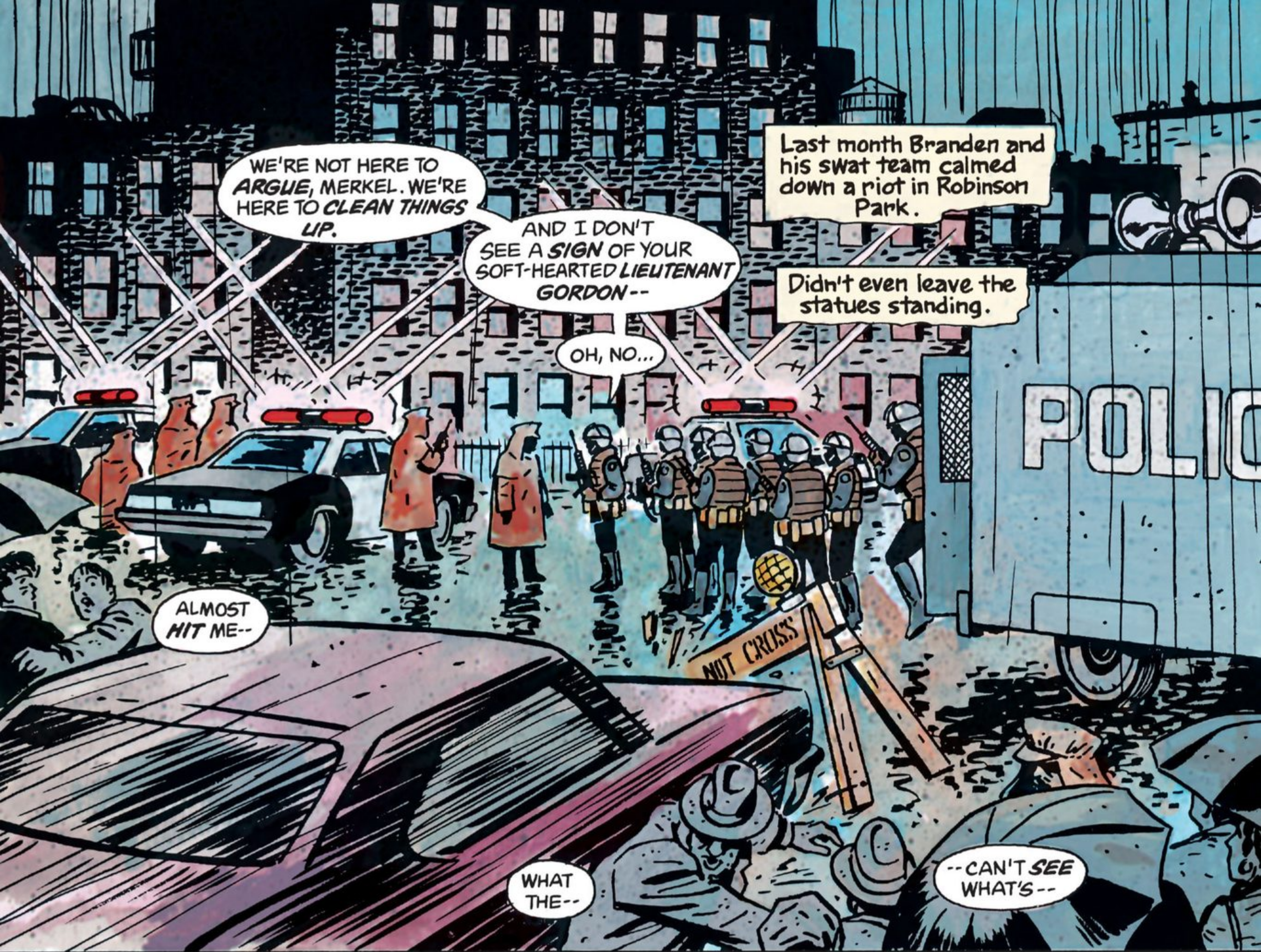


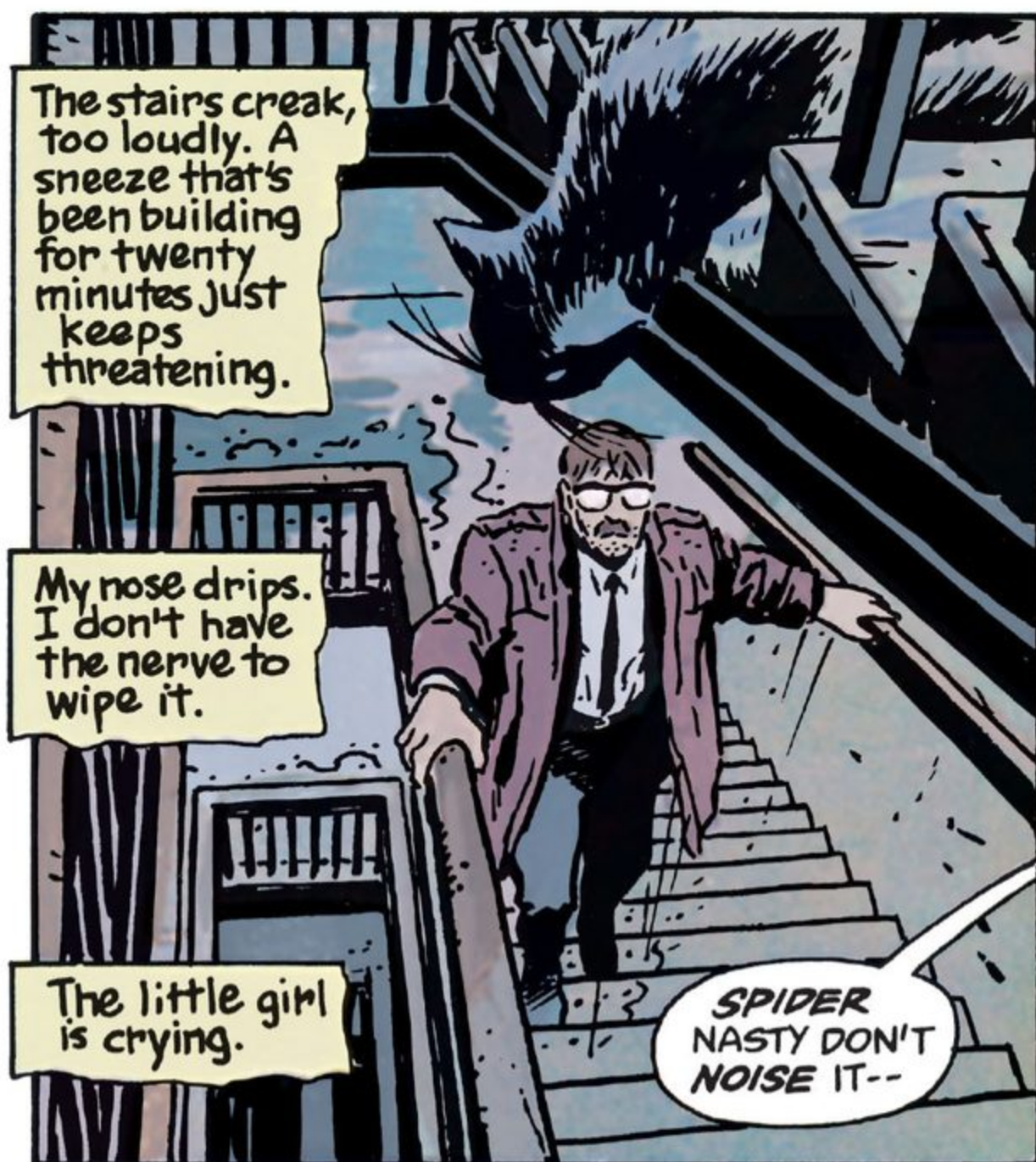
JESUS, YOU--

Coffee splashes in my lap, taking the last of the cotton from my mind.

Branden. Him and his lunatic gestapo.

It'll be a massacre.





April 5

HUMILIATED ME.
IN FRONT OF MY MEN.
HUMILIATED ME.

GILLIAN B. L
COMMISSIONER
OF POLICE

NOTHING
BUT *TROUBLE*,
THAT ONE.

YOU DO KNOW
I *SYMPATHIZE*, DON'T
YOU, BRANDEN?



April 6

Another kick.

Strong boy,
little James...







The costume works--
better than I'd
hoped.

They freeze and
stare and give me
all the time in
the world...



...I come in close on the one
who looks the strongest--throw
him a growl I've brought all
the way from Africa--

--and suddenly everything
falls to pieces.

The one to my left calls for
his mother--

--to my right the
other collects his
senses and leaps to
position--he'll be
trouble--

--the strong one
gets scared--too
scared--



--No--

--I'm no
killer--



--he screams--
like a girl--

--can't be
older than
fifteen--

--a child--
just a
child--



--the one I was
worried about
takes his shot--

--he's trained--
kick's got
power--



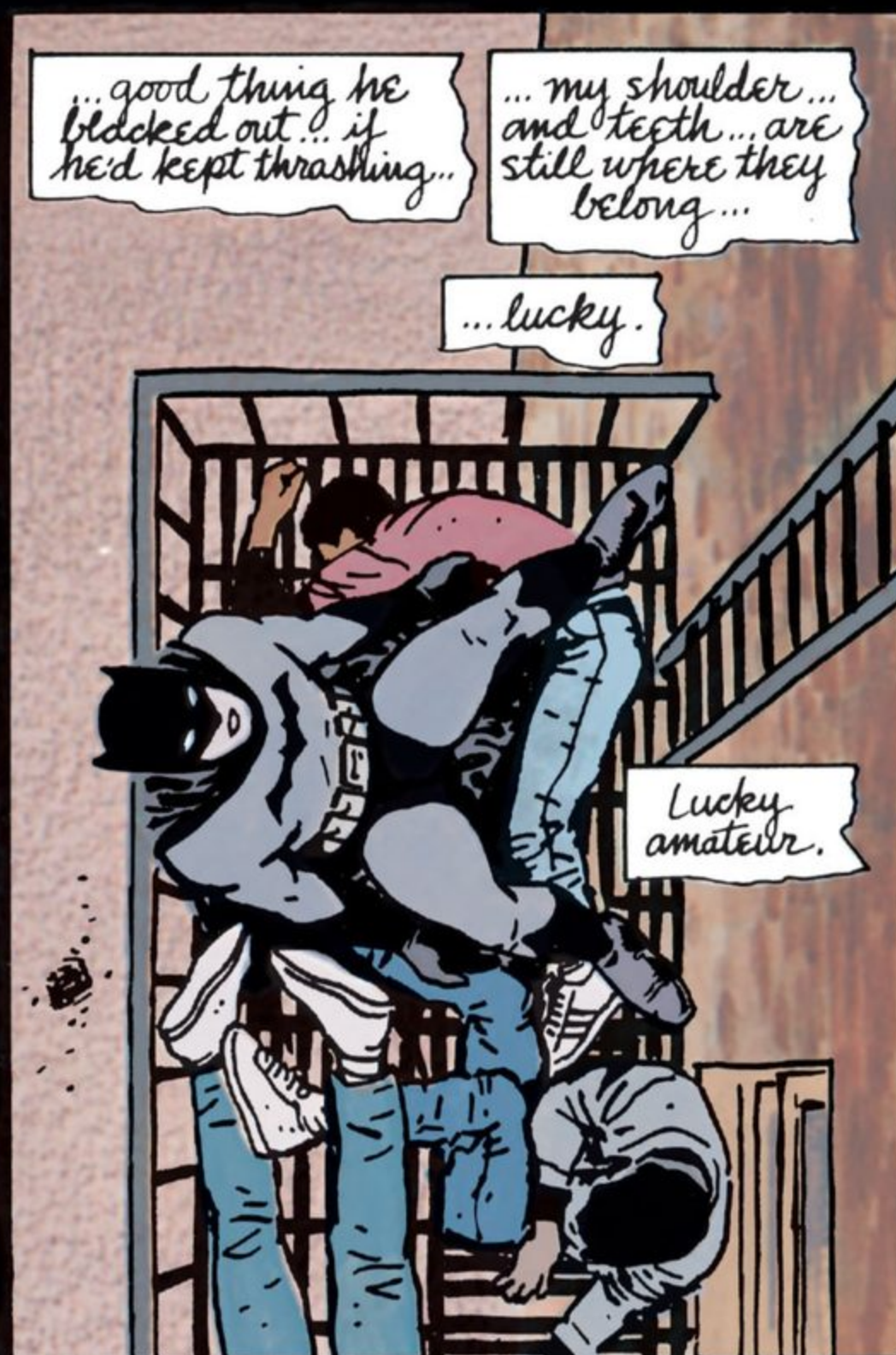


--twist it--
--make it count--



--the television hits--

--I pull a
limp body up...



...good thing he
blacked out... if
he'd kept thrashing...

...my shoulder...
and teeth... are
still where they
belong...

...lucky.

Lucky
amateur.

May 15

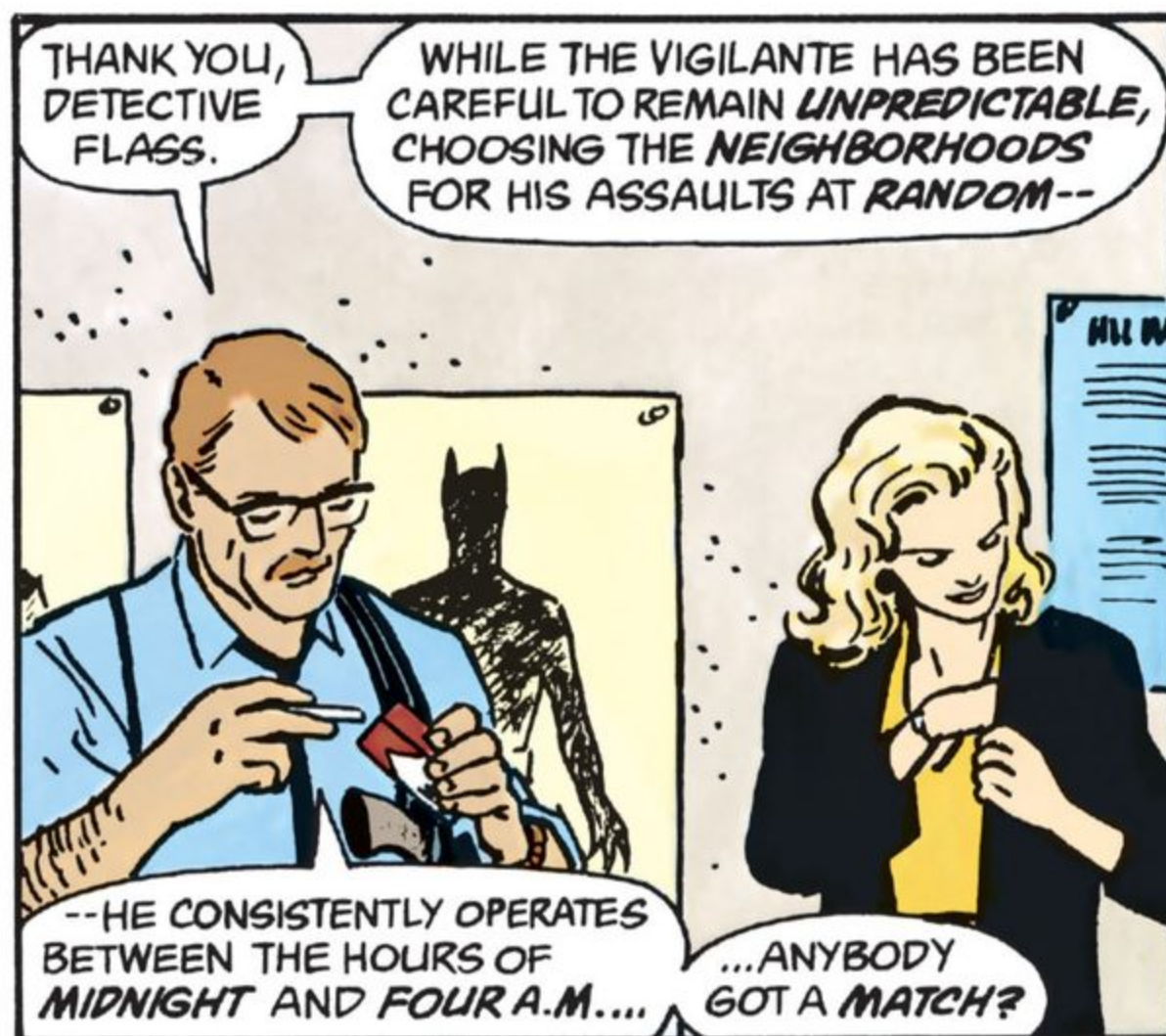
IF WE CAN STOP BEING
HYSTERICAL FOR A MOMENT,
GENTLEMEN.

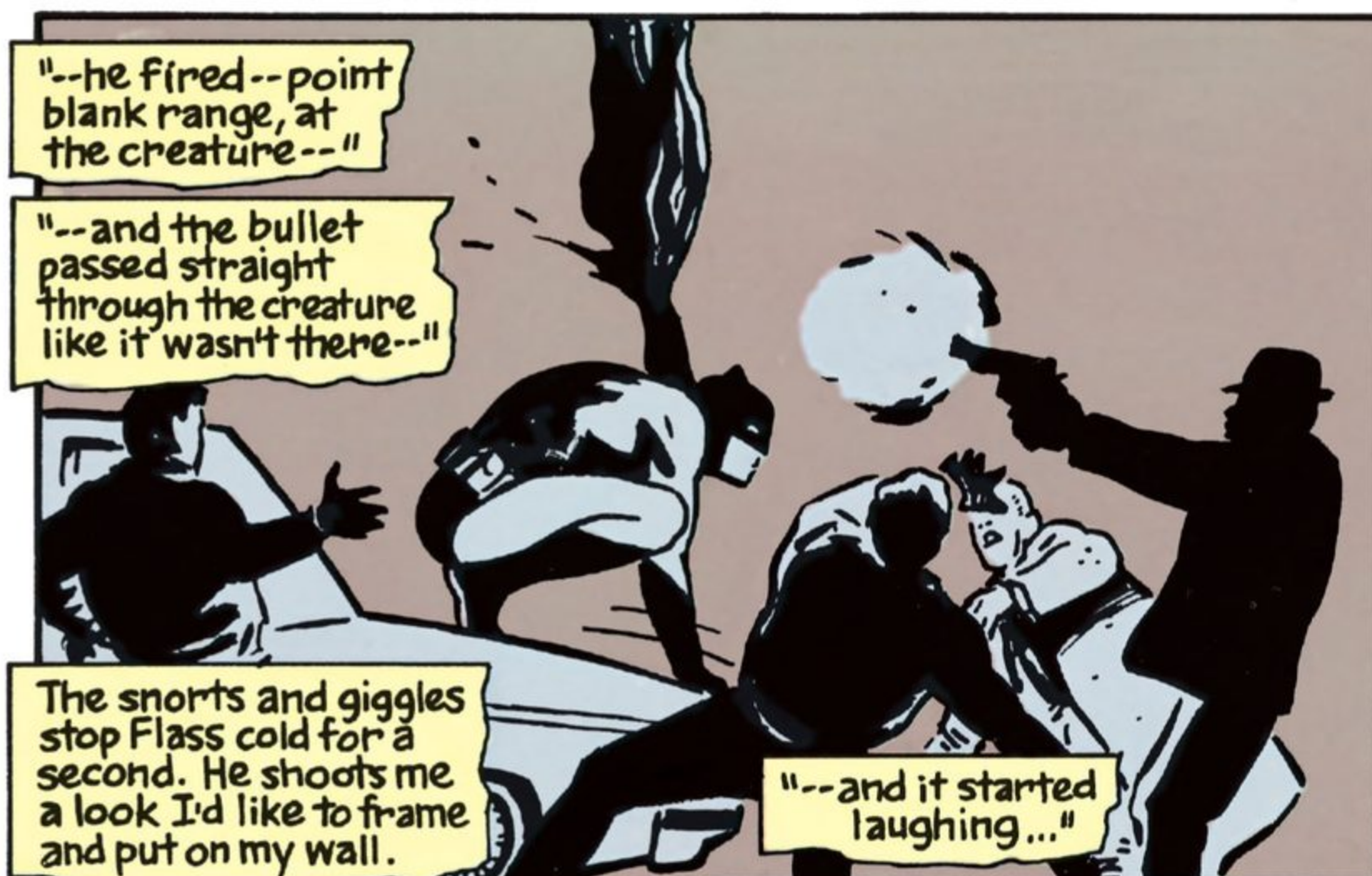
OUR **VIGILANTE** --OR **BATMAN**, AS
HE'S CALLED-- HAS APPARENTLY COMMITTED
SEVENTY-EIGHT ACTS OF **ASSAULT** IN
THE PAST FIVE WEEKS.

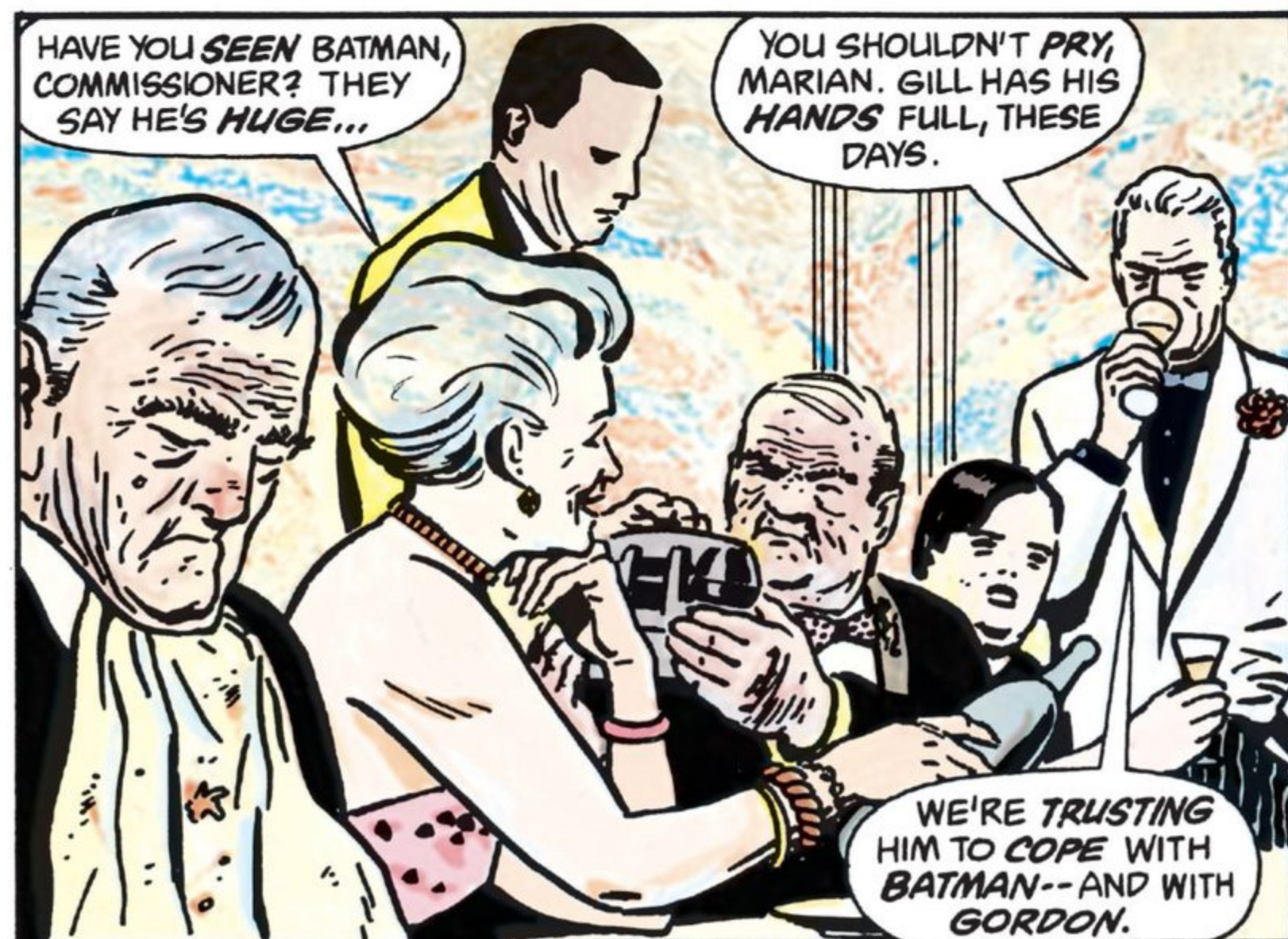
DURING
THIS TIME, CERTAIN
PATTERNS OF TIMING
AND **METHOD** HAVE EMERGED.
IT IS CLEAR THAT HE
POSSESSES EXTRAORDINARY
PHYSICAL **SKILL**...

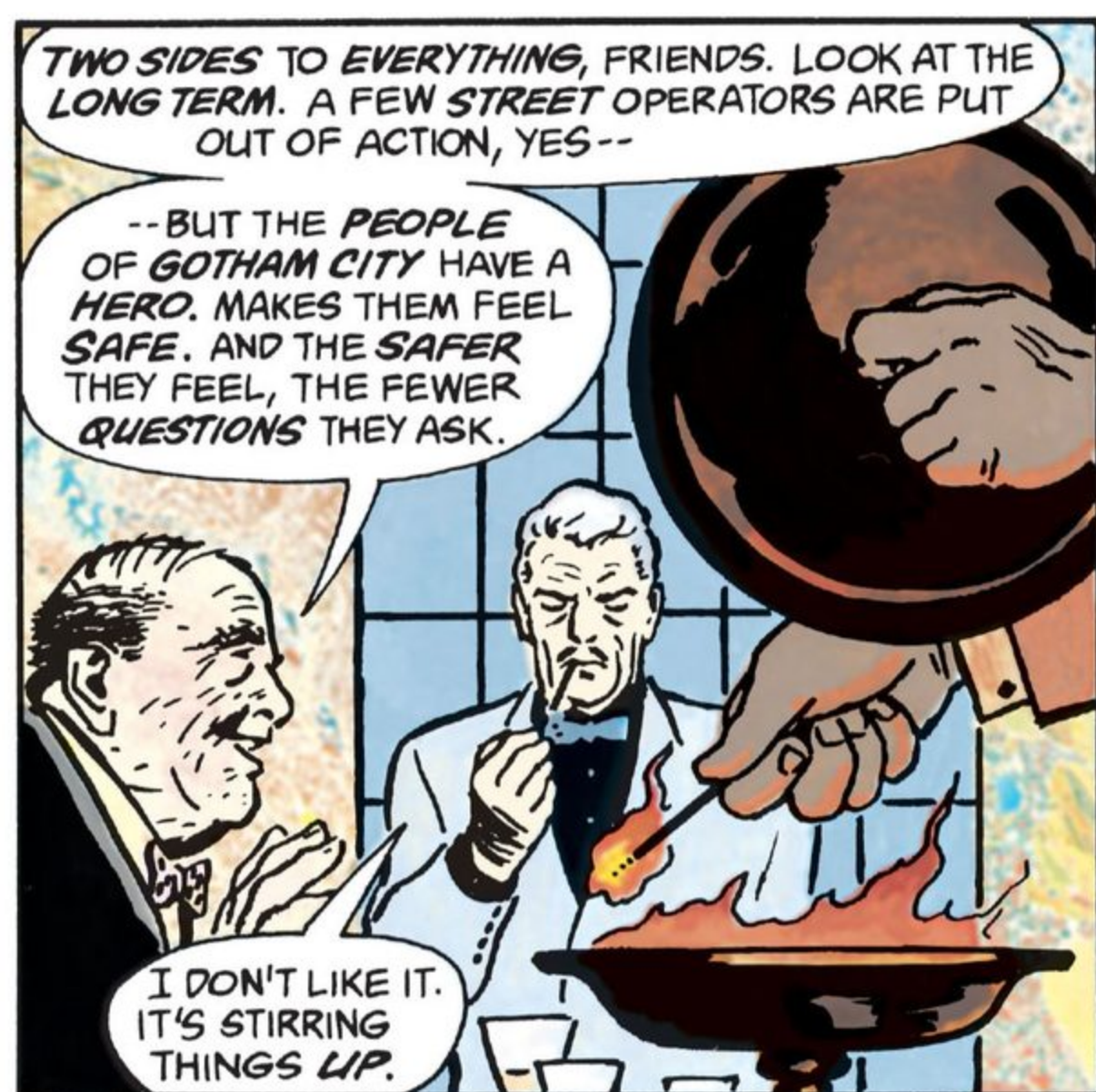
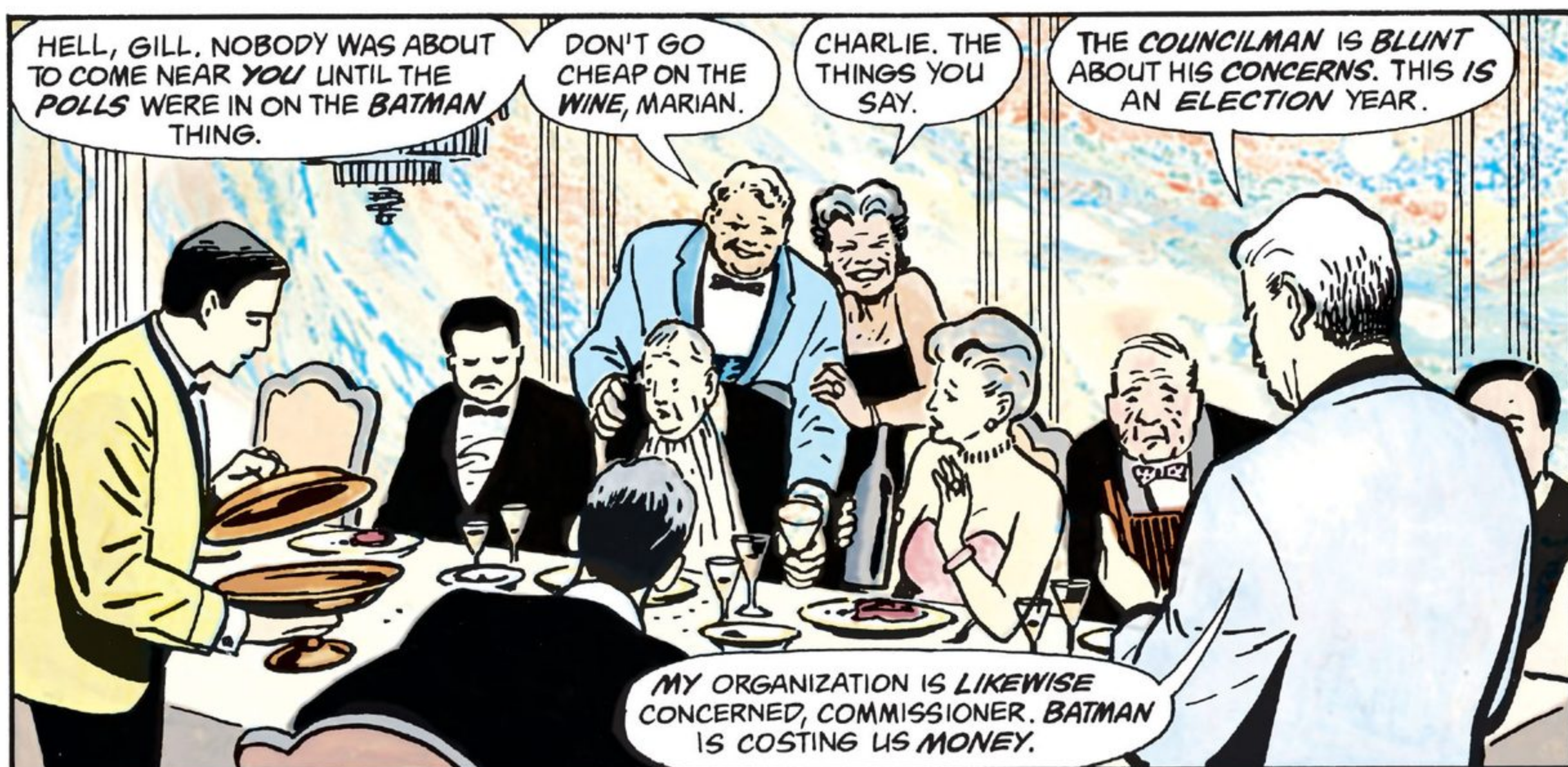
NOT HE. IT.

YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING TO
CONTRIBUTE,
DETECTIVE
FLASS?











LADIES.
GENTLEMEN.

YOU HAVE
EATEN WELL.



YOU'VE EATEN GOTHAM'S
WEALTH. ITS SPIRIT.

YOUR FEAST
IS NEARLY
OVER.



FROM THIS
MOMENT ON--

--NONE
OF YOU ARE
SAFE.



May 20

-- NO EXCUSES, GORDON.
THAT VIGILANTE GOES UNDER
-- INSTANTLY-- OR IT'S
YOUR JOB!

... YES, SIR ...



GILLIAN
COMMISS

June 2



She knows how to walk
in heels.

So few women do, these
days. It's practically a
lost art.

And she knows how to
scream. You could hear it
from the rooftops.



Normally, screaming wouldn't
help. Not in this neighborhood.

Here on the East End, a
midnight walk constitutes
attempted suicide.



Lucky for her that there
are so many cops around.

There's Sergeant Feck,
playing wifio...



And hunched in that sedan--
Detectives Shelly and Lerner.

There are six more officers
waiting, crouched in
stoops and garbage
dumpers, down the block.



Gordon's wasting a lot
of manpower on these
traps.



June 5

SIR-- YOUR ROLLS-- IT'S GONE--

SIR--

IT WAS HIM. SAID THE ROLLS IS IN THE RIVER. EVEN TOLD ME WHICH PIER.

THINKS HE'S A DAMNED ROBIN HOOD.

HE DIES.

June 6

HE KNOWS WHEN AND WHERE WE SET OUR TRAPS FOR HIM--

-- AND NIGHT BY NIGHT, HE TERRORIZES THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN GOTHAM. YOU HEARD WHAT HE DID TO THE ROMAN'S CAR?

LAUGHED MYSELF SILLY, LIEUTENANT. A ROLLS ROYCE...

YES--YOU'VE BEEN AFTER THE ROMAN FOR YEARS, FROM WHAT I HEAR. ACTUALLY CAME CLOSE TO INDICTING HIM, ONCE OR TWICE.

SOME OF YOUR WITNESSES CHANGE THEIR TESTIMONY. THE REST VANISH. IT MUST BE FRUSTRATING.

OH, YES.

I UNDERSTAND HE'S USED HIS MUSCLE TO KEEP YOU AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY...

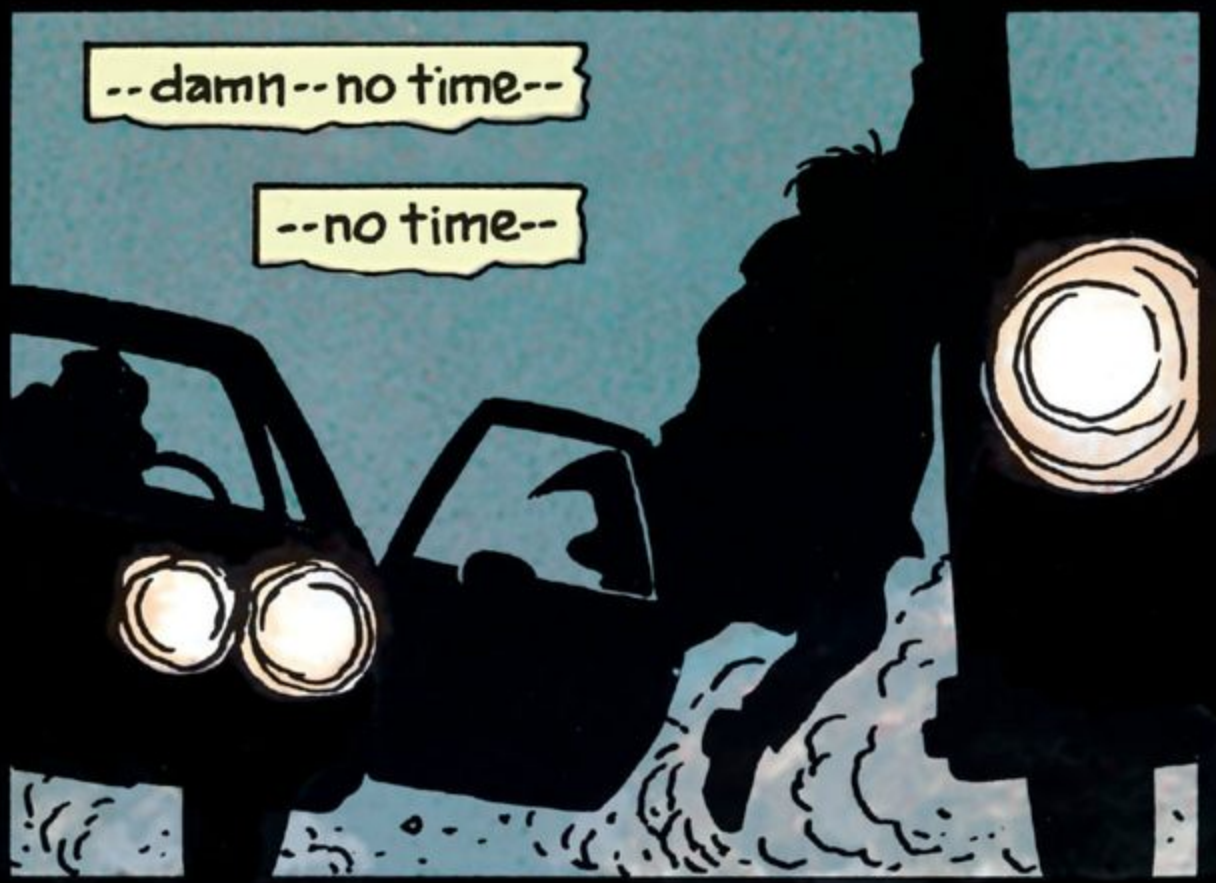
WHFF? YOU KEEP IN SHAPE, DON'T YOU, MR. DENT?

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, LIEUTENANT?

I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE ON THE FOLLOWING DATES...







--damn-- no time--

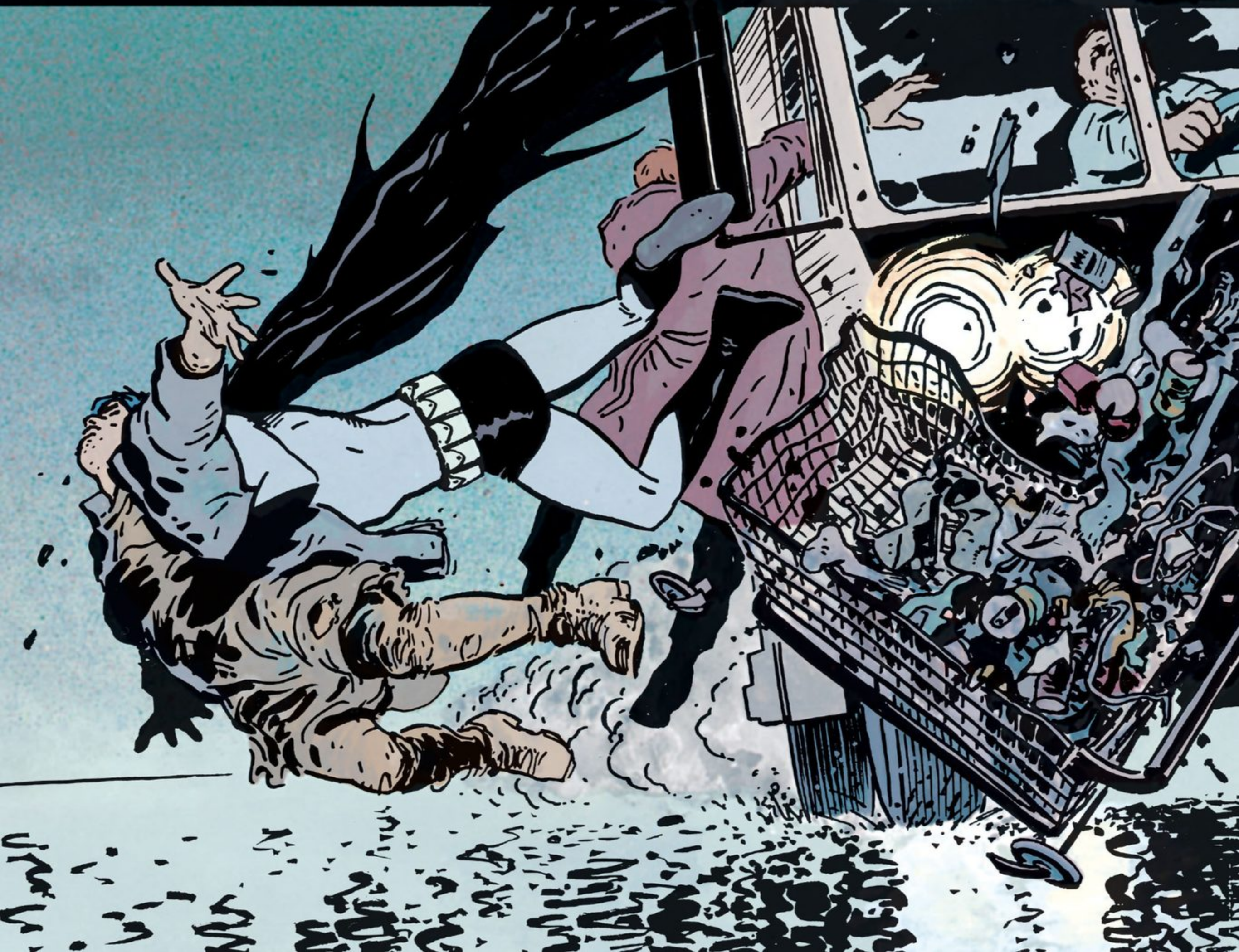
--no time--



--can't reach--

--no time--

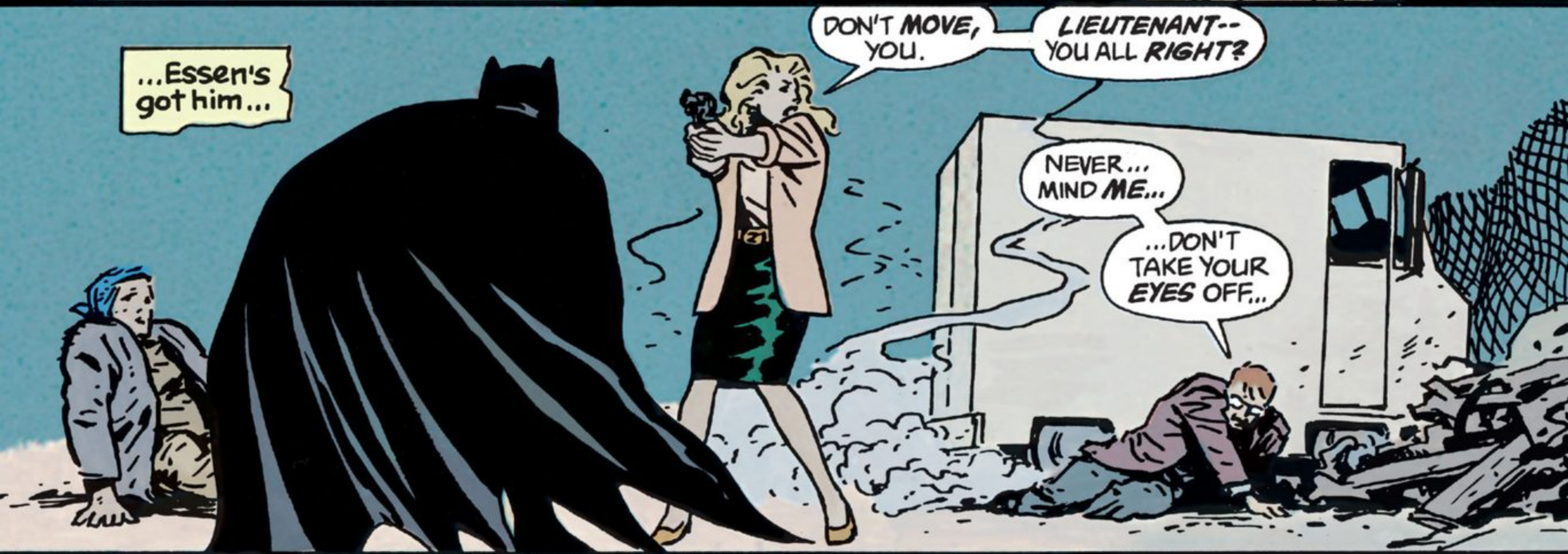
--it's over I've blown it--





...how long...
have I been
out...?...

...not long...
Essen...



...Essen's
got him...

DON'T MOVE,
YOU.

LIEUTENANT--
YOU ALL RIGHT?

NEVER...
MIND ME...

...DON'T
TAKE YOUR
EYES OFF...



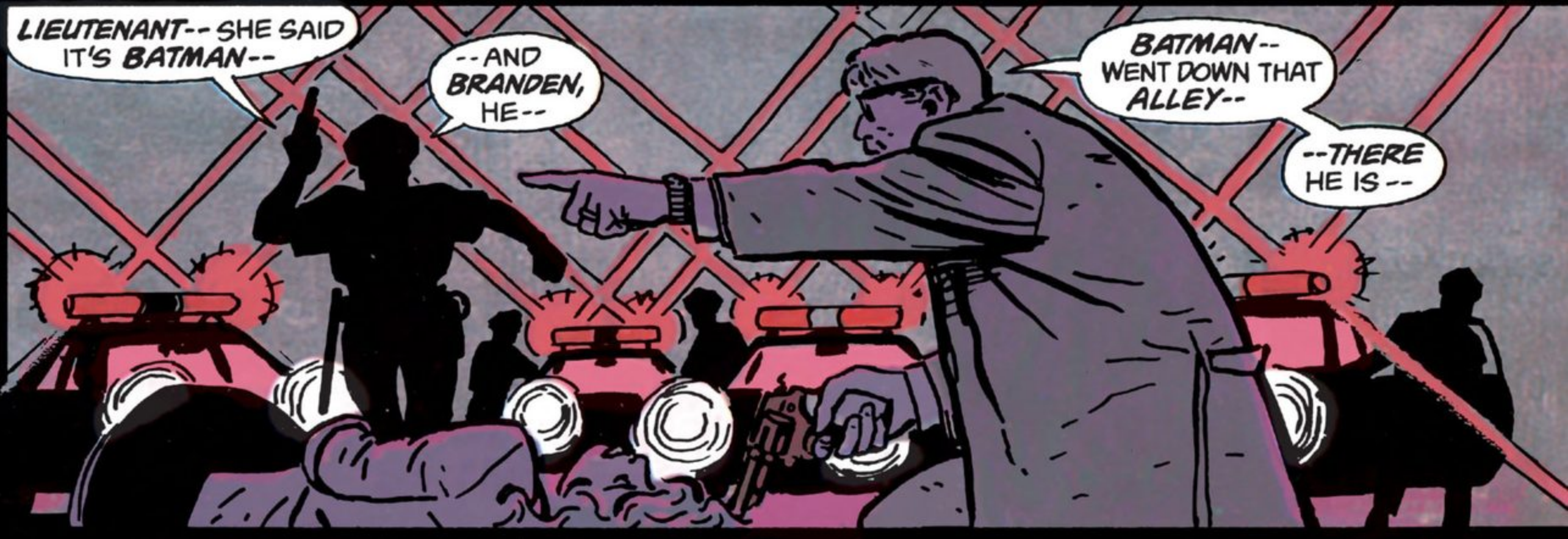
I CALLED FOR
BACK-UP--

NGGG



STOP OR
I'LL...

Fingers
don't work...



LIEUTENANT-- SHE SAID
IT'S BATMAN--

--AND
BRANDEN,
HE--

BATMAN--
WENT DOWN THAT
ALLEY--

--THERE
HE IS--



They think--I attacked those cops--opening up--

Blind alley--no way out--

--except that window--

--catch a bullet in my leg--

--ignore it--

--SAVED THAT OLD WOMAN... HE...



--only chance--

--buy me a moment--



NO ONE FIRES WITHOUT MY ORDER--

--GET THE FRONT OF THAT PLACE COVERED--

--MERKEL-- TAKE A SQUAD TO THE ROOF--

LIEUTENANT--IT'S THE COMMISSIONER--



--the roof-- if I can reach it before they do--

--before they get air support--



--COMMISSIONER, THERE'S NO NEED FOR--

--BATMAN HASN'T ATTACKED ANYBODY--

--COMMISSIONER-- YOU CAN'T LET BRANDEN--



They've got him CORNERED.
They've got him OUTNUMBERED.
They've got him TRAPPED.

They're in TROUBLE...

A large flock of black birds is shown in flight against a textured red background. A large, bright yellow circle, representing the sun, is positioned in the lower-left quadrant. The birds are concentrated around and in front of the sun, creating a sense of a massive swarm. Some birds are also scattered across the upper right portion of the frame.

CHAPTER THREE:
BLACK DAWN

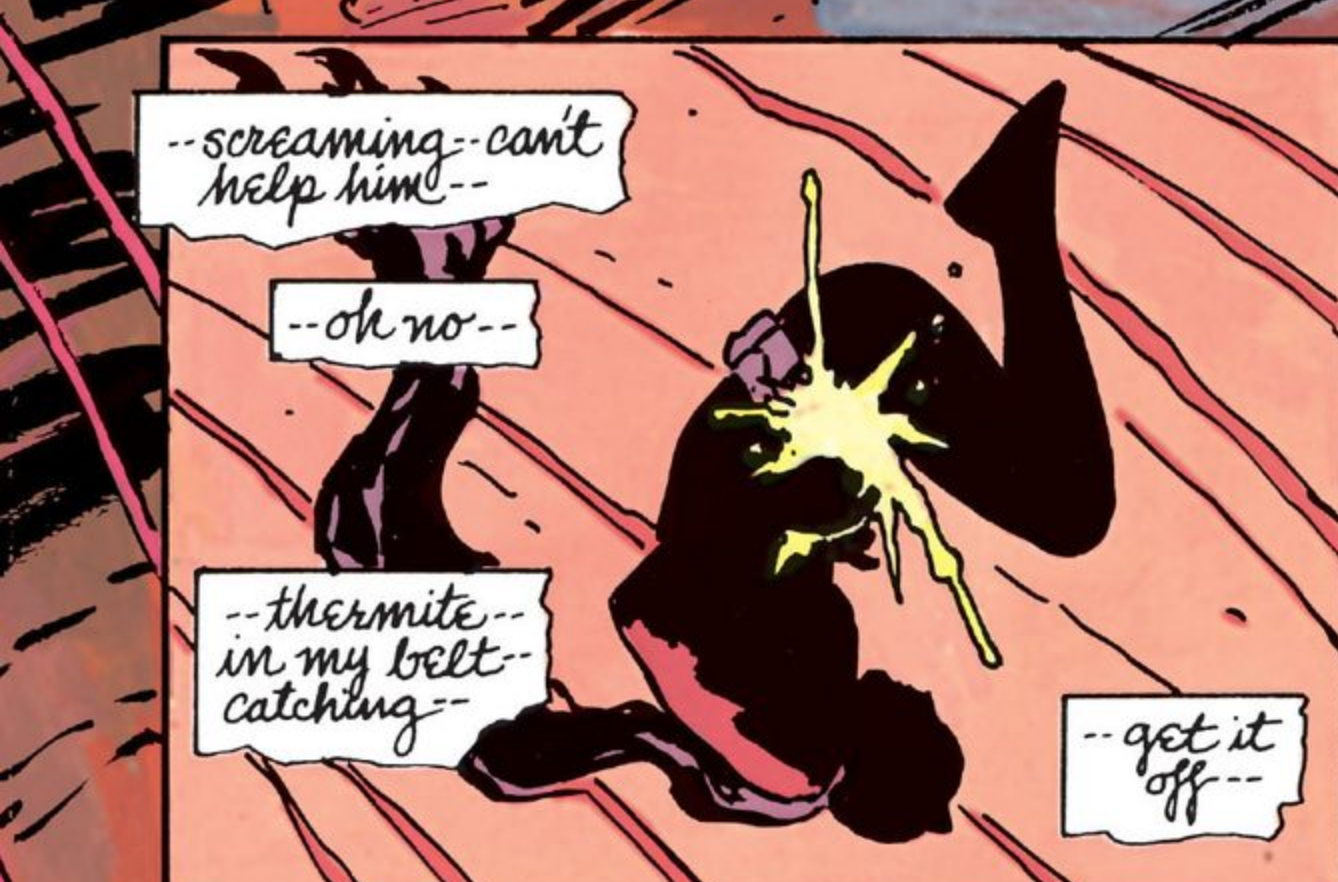
A large panel showing Batman in a dark, collapsing stairwell. He is crouched, looking up at falling debris. A man in a red shirt is lying on the ground nearby. The scene is filled with fire and falling wooden beams.

--stairwells
collapsing--
fall with--

--get away from
the fire--

--that old man--
doesn't have a
chance-- can't
help him--

--can't
help
him--

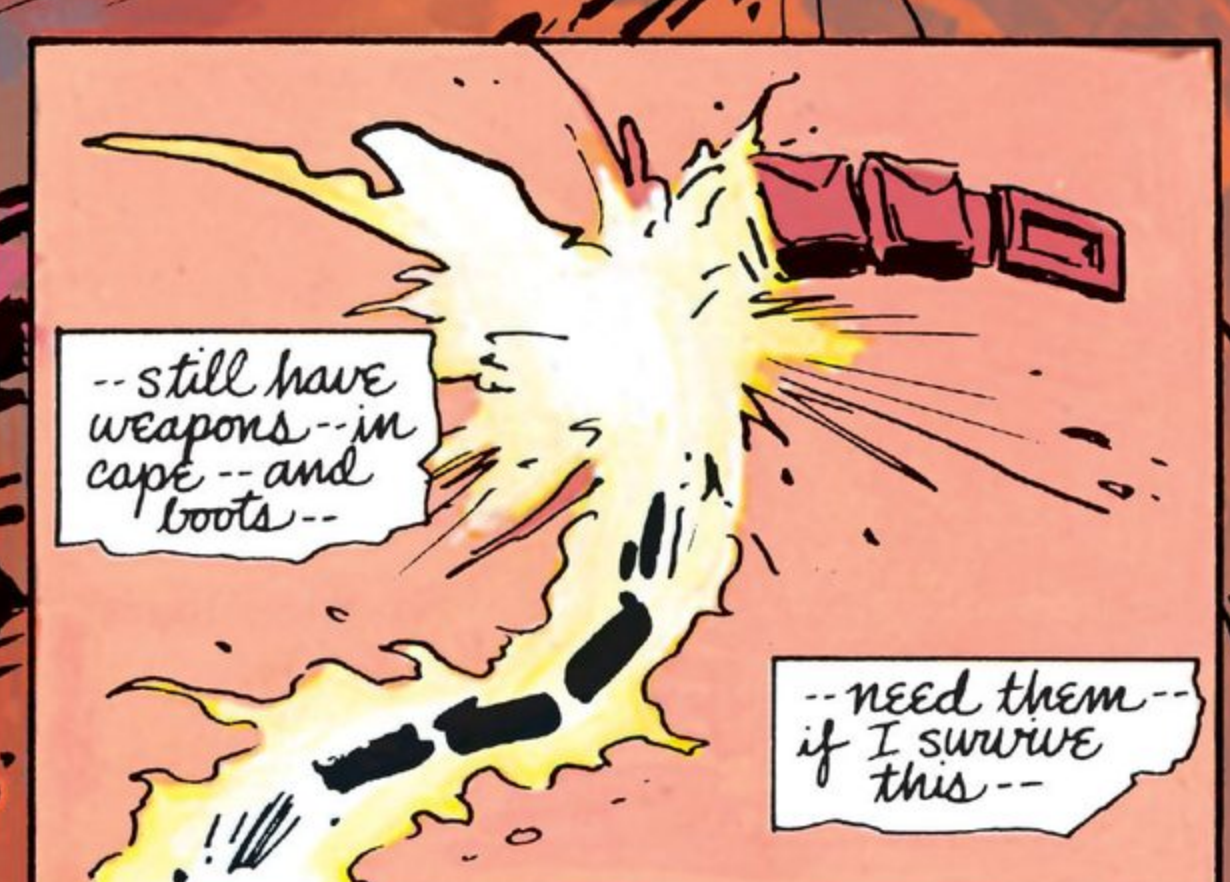
A panel showing Batman falling through the air. He is in a crouched position, and a bright yellow starburst indicates a point of impact or a specific action.

--screaming-- can't
help him--

--oh no--

--thermite--
in my belt--
catching--

--get it
off--

A panel showing a bright yellow and orange explosion. Debris is flying through the air, and the scene is filled with fire and smoke.

--still have
weapons-- in
cape-- and
boots--

--need them--
if I survive
this--

A panel showing Batman crouched on a metal plate. The plate has a warning sign that reads "DANGER ELECTRICITY 80,000 WATTS". He is looking down at the plate.

--metal--

--trap door's
metal--

--might be enough--
to protect me--

--provided
that warning--
is a lie--

A panel showing Batman's hands holding a pickaxe. The pickaxe is embedded in a wooden surface. He is looking at the pickaxe with a determined expression.

--lucky-- keep the
pick in my glove--

--lucky--



June 7

nffmgmm

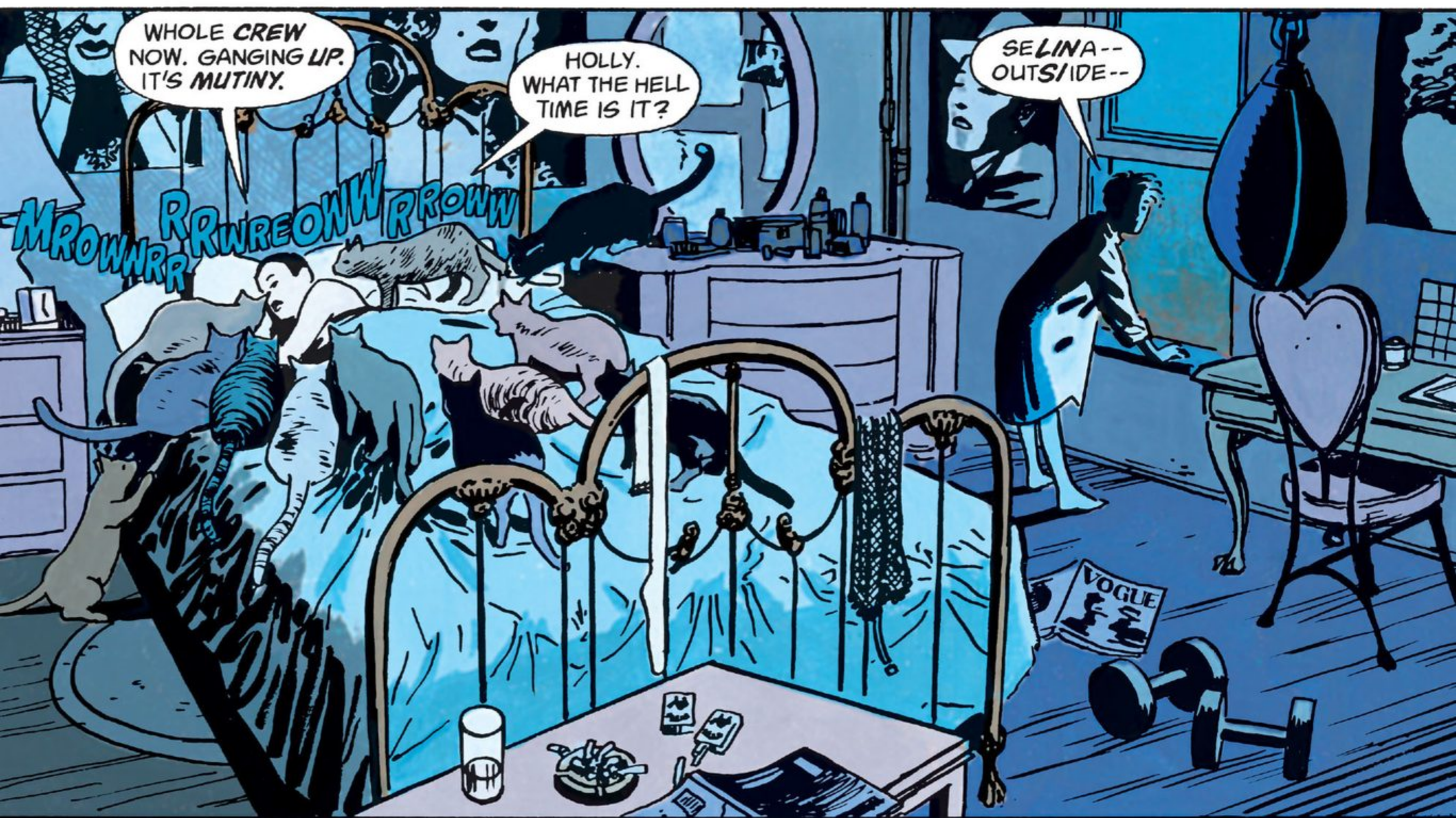
GO WAY, OTTO.
YOU DON' EAT
FR 'N' HOUR.



Mroww

mmfgg

SIAMESE.
TOO NOISY.
SHOULD'VE LEFT
YOU AT THE
MARKET.



WHOLE CREW
NOW. GANGING UP.
IT'S MUTINY.

HOLLY.
WHAT THE HELL
TIME IS IT?

SELINA--
OUTSIDE--

Mrowwrr
Rwreoww
Rroww



--EXPLOSIONS--

ggnf

CHRIST. NOT
EVEN LIGHT
OUT.

CHRIST.
FIVE IN THE
MORNING.

MMREEOWW
MRROWWRRR



I'M BEING *SERIOUS*,
SELINA. THINGS ARE
BLOWING UP OVER BY
ROBINSON PARK.

MAYBE
BRANDEN'S CORNERED
A JAYWALKER.

TURN THE TV ON,
HOLLY. GOT TO HAVE
SOMETHING ON
THIS...



The fifth load goes up. I pray it'll be the last.



He will be soon, anyway. Branden and the collection of sociopaths he calls a SWAT team will see to that.

Commissioner's orders. That's what Branden told me.

The Police Commissioner of Gotham City wants a corpse.

THIS IS UNIT *THREE*-- WE ARE APPROACHING *TARGET AREA*--

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE *GOING*, YOU--

NO *PRISONERS*, MEN.



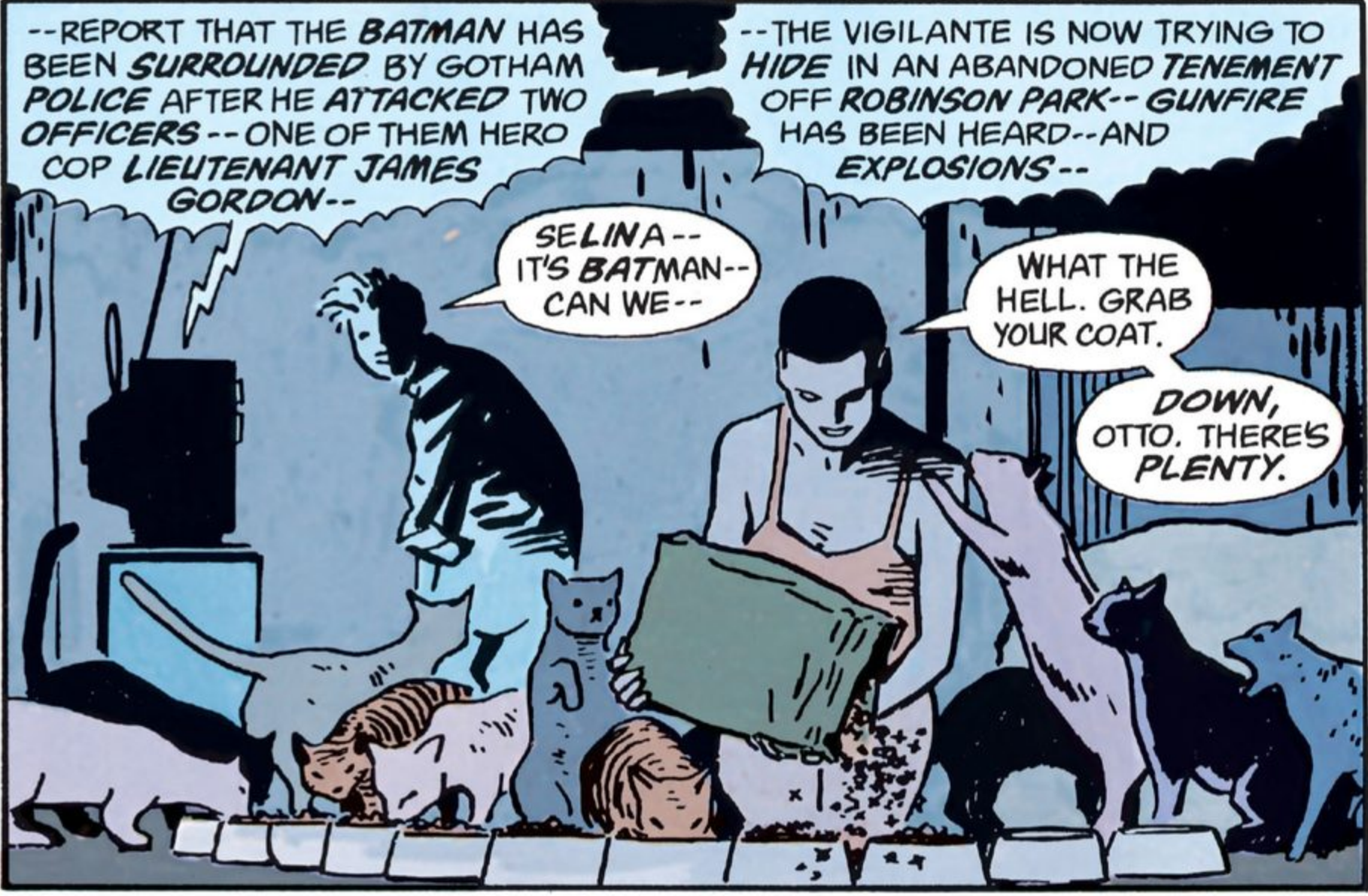
LIEUTENANT *GORDON*-- YOU SHOULDN'T BE *STANDING* JUST YET.

I'M ALL RIGHT...

Batman. He's made enemies of every criminal in Gotham--and nearly every elected official.

They've only got him cornered because he got hurt saving an old woman's life. They--

--I mean we, of course...



--REPORT THAT THE *BATMAN* HAS BEEN *SURROUNDED* BY *GOTHAM POLICE* AFTER HE ATTACKED TWO OFFICERS-- ONE OF THEM HERO COP LIEUTENANT JAMES GORDON--

--THE VIGILANTE IS NOW TRYING TO *HIDE* IN AN ABANDONED *TENEMENT* OFF *ROBINSON PARK*-- *GUNFIRE* HAS BEEN HEARD--AND *EXPLOSIONS*--

SELINA-- IT'S *BATMAN*-- CAN WE--

WHAT THE HELL. GRAB YOUR COAT.

DOWN, OTTO. THERE'S *PLENTY*.

--NOW THERE IS TENSE *SILENCE*-- EYEWITNESSES SAY A HEAVILY ARMED *SWAT TEAM* OF EIGHTEEN MEN HAS ENTERED THE BUILDING--





-- WE HAVE ENTERED THE LOBBY--NO SIGN OF HIM YET--

UNIT ONE, REPORTING-- SECOND FLOOR'S A MESS-- NOTHING LIVING--

UNIT TWO, REPORTING-- FOUND A BODY UNDER THE WATER HEATER-- JUST AN OLD WINO--

KEEP IT TIGHT--KEEP IT TIGHT--

OVER HERE--GIVE ME SOME LIGHT--



JUST A CHIMNEY--

-- NO-- DOWN THERE-- OVER THERE-- THE FLOOR--



-- IF HE GOT DOWN THERE--TRAPDOOR'S METAL--HE MIGHT'VE SURVIVED--

--SO PERFORATE IT, SOLDIER--

DANGER
ELECTRICITY
80,000 WATTS

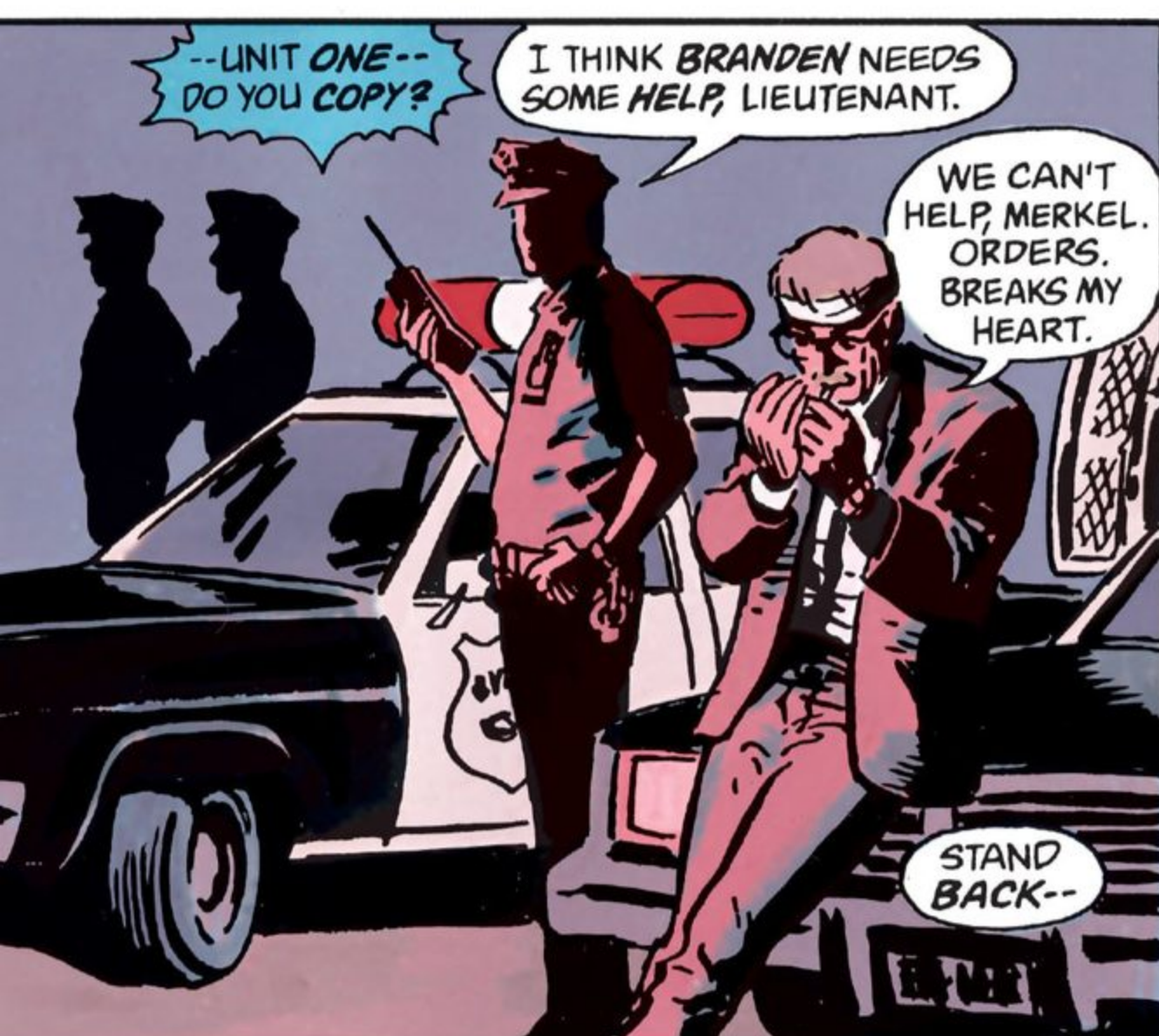
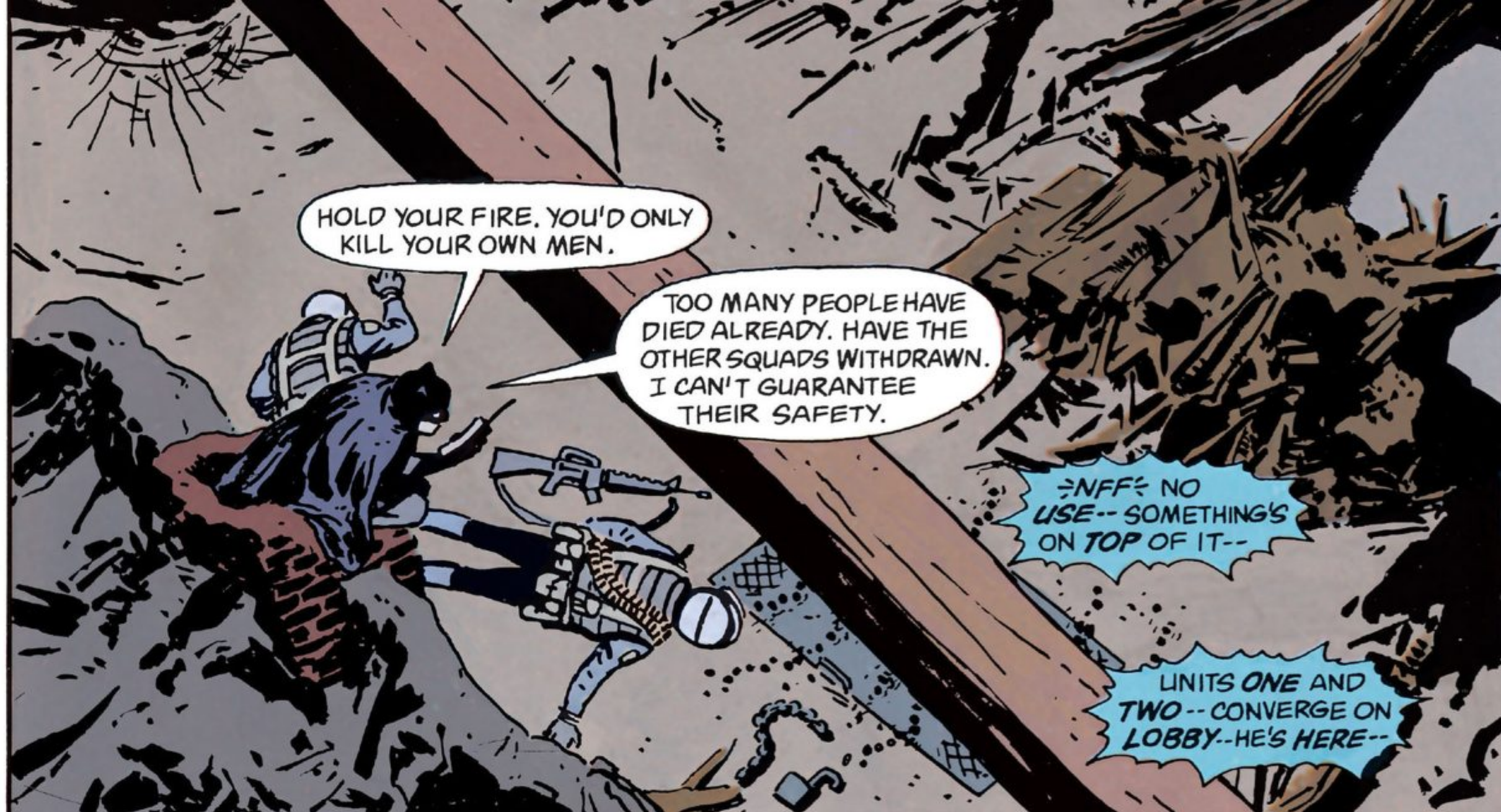


LIMITS ONE AND TWO--STAY WHERE YOU ARE--THIS IS ONLY PRECAUTIONARY FIRE--

IF HE'S DOWN THERE -- HE TRAPPED HIMSELF--

BRAKABRAKABRA









With my belt, I lost my rope, my thermite, my tear gas-- even my batarangs.

I'm down to the blowgun in my boot--



KREEE

STEP IT UP--

CAREFUL-- STAIRS ARE GIVING--



WHAT THE HELL--

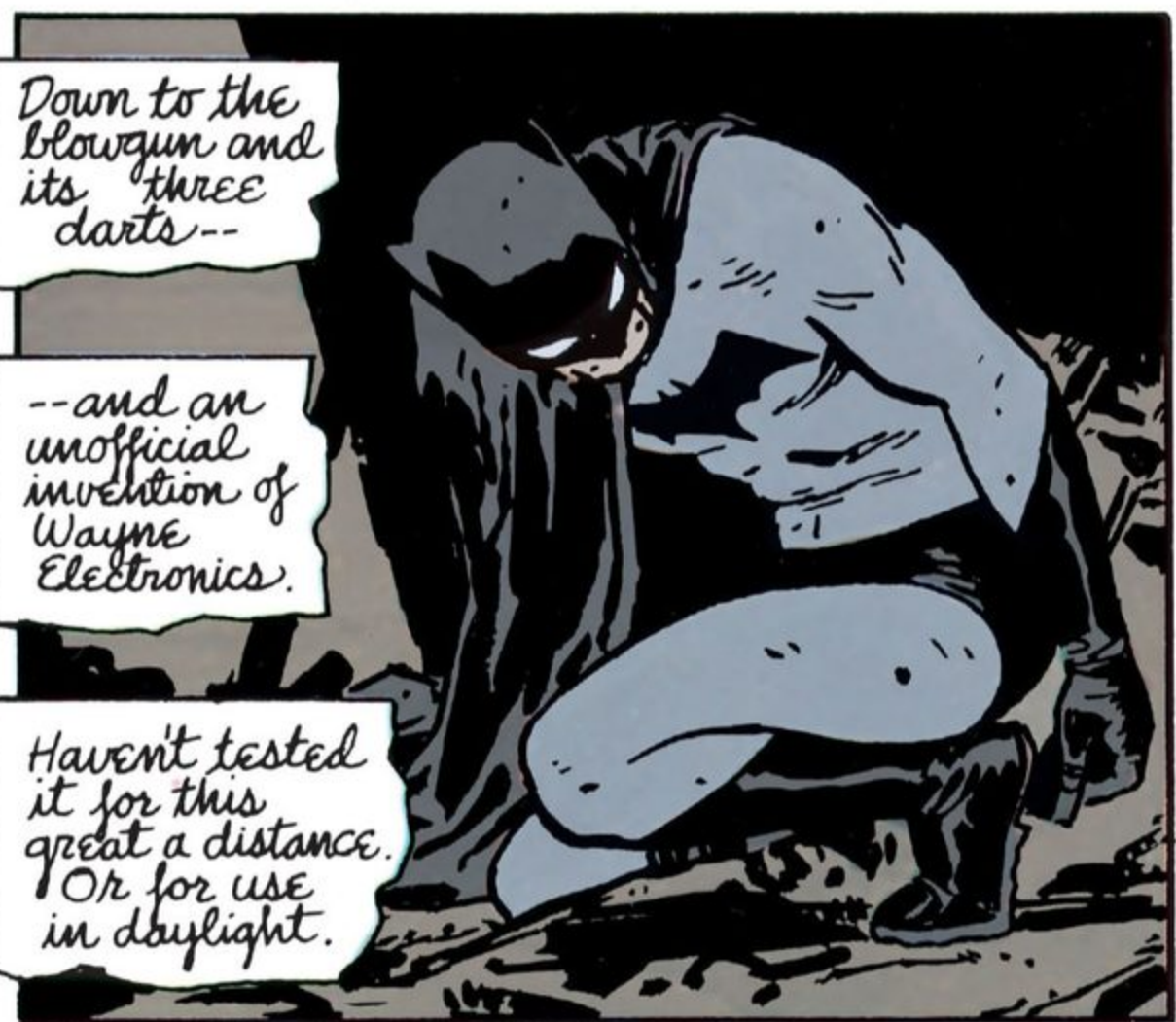
JUST A CAT, MAN--

KEEP AN EYE OUT--

IT'S A BAT WE'RE AFTER--

Knew he wouldn't stay quiet.

Siamese.



Down to the blowgun and its three darts--

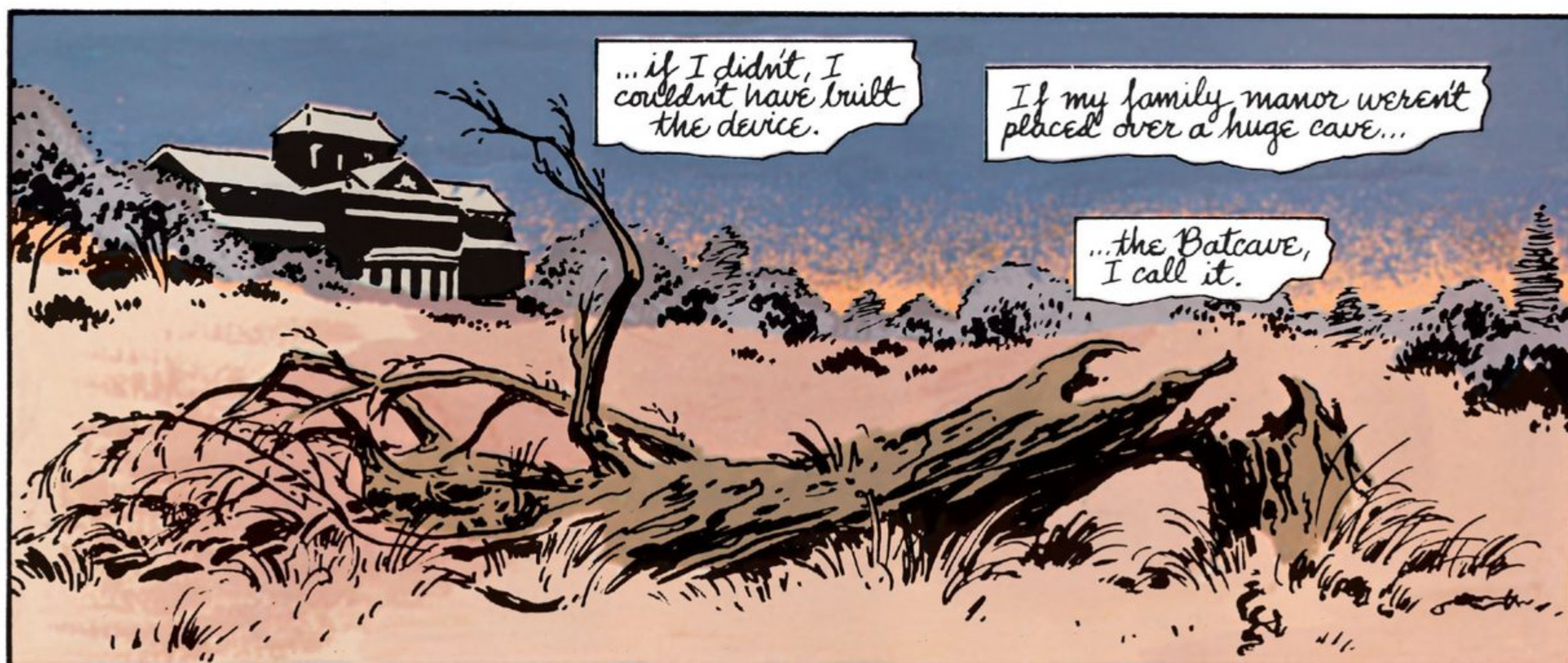
--and an unofficial invention of Wayne Electronics.

Haven't tested it for this great a distance. Or for use in daylight.



Too bad I can't afford to patent it. I'd make a fortune.

But then, I already have a fortune...



...if I didn't, I
couldn't have built
the device.

If my family manor weren't
placed over a huge cave...

...the Batcave,
I call it.



It's full
of bats.

Extraordinary
creatures, bats.
Nearly blind--



--they are sensitive to a
range of sound far beyond
our hearing.

Took me weeks to find an
ultrasonic tone that attracts
them.



All of them.

SKEE
SKEE
SKEE



Wayne Manor is miles
from Gotham. They'll
take a few minutes
to get here--

--should
things
go well.



Wait...
wait...

...let them waste
all the time
they want...



KEEEEOOOWNR

STEADY,
MAN-- JUST
THAT CAT
AGAIN--

--GETTING ON
MY NERVES--



WHFF-- WHOEVER
BATMAN IS-- HE'S
STRONGER THAN A...

QUIET--HE COULD BE
ANYWHERE...

SAID HE WAS IN
THE CHIMNEY--THERE--

HOLD IT,
YOU IDIOT--



DROP THAT BEAM--
THEY WEREN'T QUICK
ENOUGH--THEY'RE
USELESS--

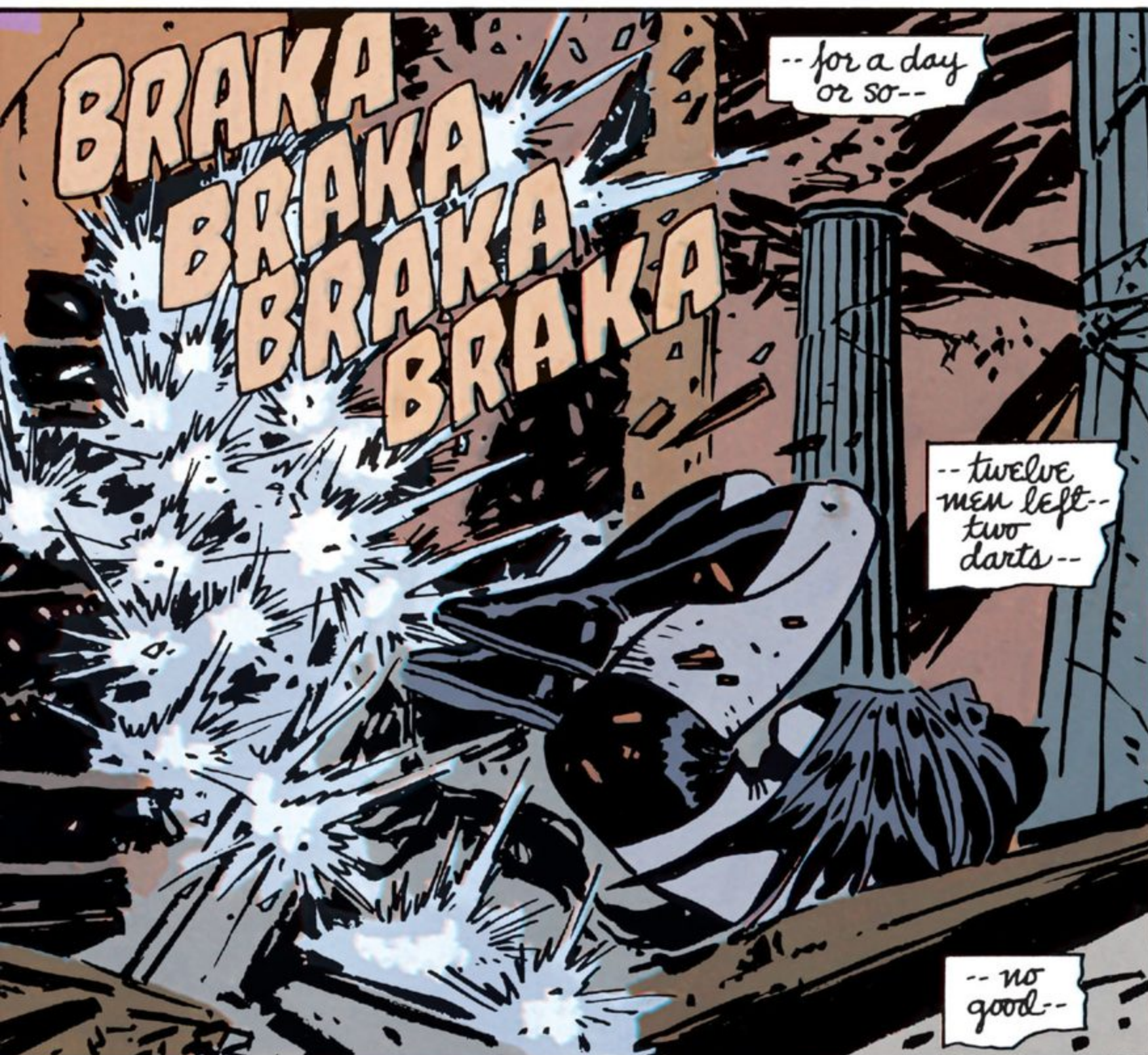
-- WE'RE
LUCKY HE DIDN'T
KILL THEM--



-- NOW FAN
OUT-- YOU'RE
LEAVING
YOURSELVES
WIDE OP

HHKKK

The slightest
dose of
Anaconda on
the darts--
enough to put
a man to
sleep--



-- for a day
or so--

-- twelve
men left--
two
darts--

-- no
good--



-- one bullet -- will make
all the difference--

-- they've got
thousands --

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAK

--THERE--

-- CAN'T
SEE HIM--
WHERE--

-- MOVES
SO FAST--

--DARK--

--COULD BE ANYWHERE--

REEOW!

WHA--

--DAMN
THAT
CAT--

BRABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

--THERE--

--SO FAST--

WREEE



--TAGGED
HIM--CLOSE
IN--

COMMISSIONER--
FOR GOD'S SAKE--
COME IN--

--THOSE *IDIOTS* ARE FIRING OUT THE *WINDOWS*-- FOR GOD'S--

NGAAA

--MERKEL!--



GOT HIM--

--GET IN
CLOSE-- CUT
THAT BASTARD
IN HALF--

--GOT HIM, MAN,
WE'VE GOT HIM--

Groggy-- losing--
too much blood--

--had to--
put a bullet--
in my good
leg--
didn't
they--

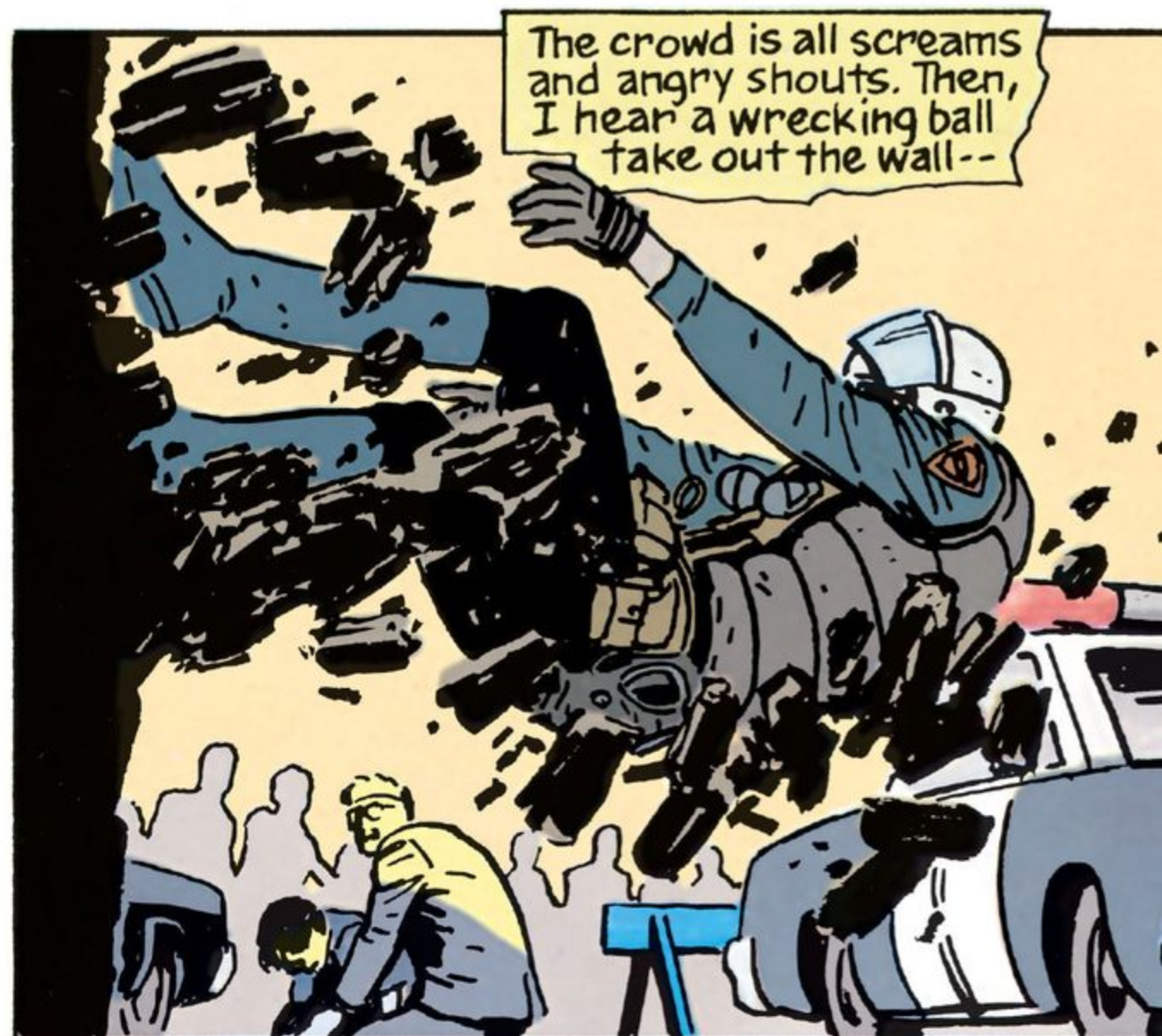


--forget it--
ignore it--

--put what's
left into it--



YOU'RE
THE ONE--





MY LORD,
WHAT'S--

THERE-- DOWN
THERE-- HE'S GOT
A MOTORCYCLE--
GET AFTER HIM OR
I'LL HAVE YOU
SHOT--

--GET
AFTER
HIM--

Commissioner Loeb chased a cloud of bats for twelve blocks. When the cloud broke up, he found out that was all he was chasing.

Somewhere along the way the Batman must've taken a turn--and told his pets to keep going.

Always eager to please the Commissioner, Detective Swanson pursued the bats to the bitter end...

...and, speaking of bitter ends...

...every member of Branden's team, every cop, and everybody in the crowd were vaccinated for their bat bites.

Never have so many had so much trouble sitting down.

The owner of a nearby men's store opened up his shop, four hours later, to find a three-piece suit missing--

--and payment for it sitting on his cash register.

Four of Branden's men were hospitalized with broken bones.

Pratt-- who Batman had punched through a brick wall-- suffered from five broken ribs and internal bleeding.

The dead winos had no relatives to complain about their firebombing.

Everyone who would've ordered Branden or Loeb up on charges remains unavailable to me by appointment or phone...

June 9

...as has my prime suspect in this case-- Bruce Wayne, the richest man in Gotham City.

Sgt. Essen informed me that Wayne's parents were murdered by a mugger when he was six years old. That's enough motive, I suppose, to make a man dress like Dracula and assault criminals...

...and save cats...

...Wayne's butler informed me that his boss has been skiing in Switzerland for six weeks.

I squeezed permission for an international call from Captain Pierce...

...I've had easier root canals--you'd think Pierce was paying for the call out of his own pocket...

...and I spoke to somebody in Switzerland who said he was Bruce Wayne--

--then told me he'd taken a nasty spill on the slopes--broken both legs and one arm--

--but assured me he'd be back in the country in a month. Said he'd be happy to talk with me. Laughed when I mentioned Batman.

Asked me for his autograph.

WAYNE COULD AFFORD AN IMPERSONATOR--AND CASTS ON HIS ARM AND LEGS WOULD COVER BULLET WOUNDS--EXACTLY WHERE BATMAN RECEIVED THEM...

...I'M SORRY, ESSEN. DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

WORLD'S GREATEST DAD



YES, SIR.
IT'S QUITTING
TIME.

SHARE
A CAB?

Think of her
as a cop.

Think of her
as a cop.

June 15

I leave the casts and
the sleeping alibis
back at the lodge.

They were so eager to support
my story with Lieutenant
Gordon-- all I had to say was
that a woman was involved--

--one of them even pretended
to be me, just for laughs,
before I arrived...

...the air is cold and
sharp and hard to
breathe-- it's good to
be alive--

--I don't deserve
to be alive.

This isn't a game. I can't
afford mistakes.



I have to learn to
make it work-- step
by step-- method
by method--

--but that won't
be enough.



Too many people
want me dead.

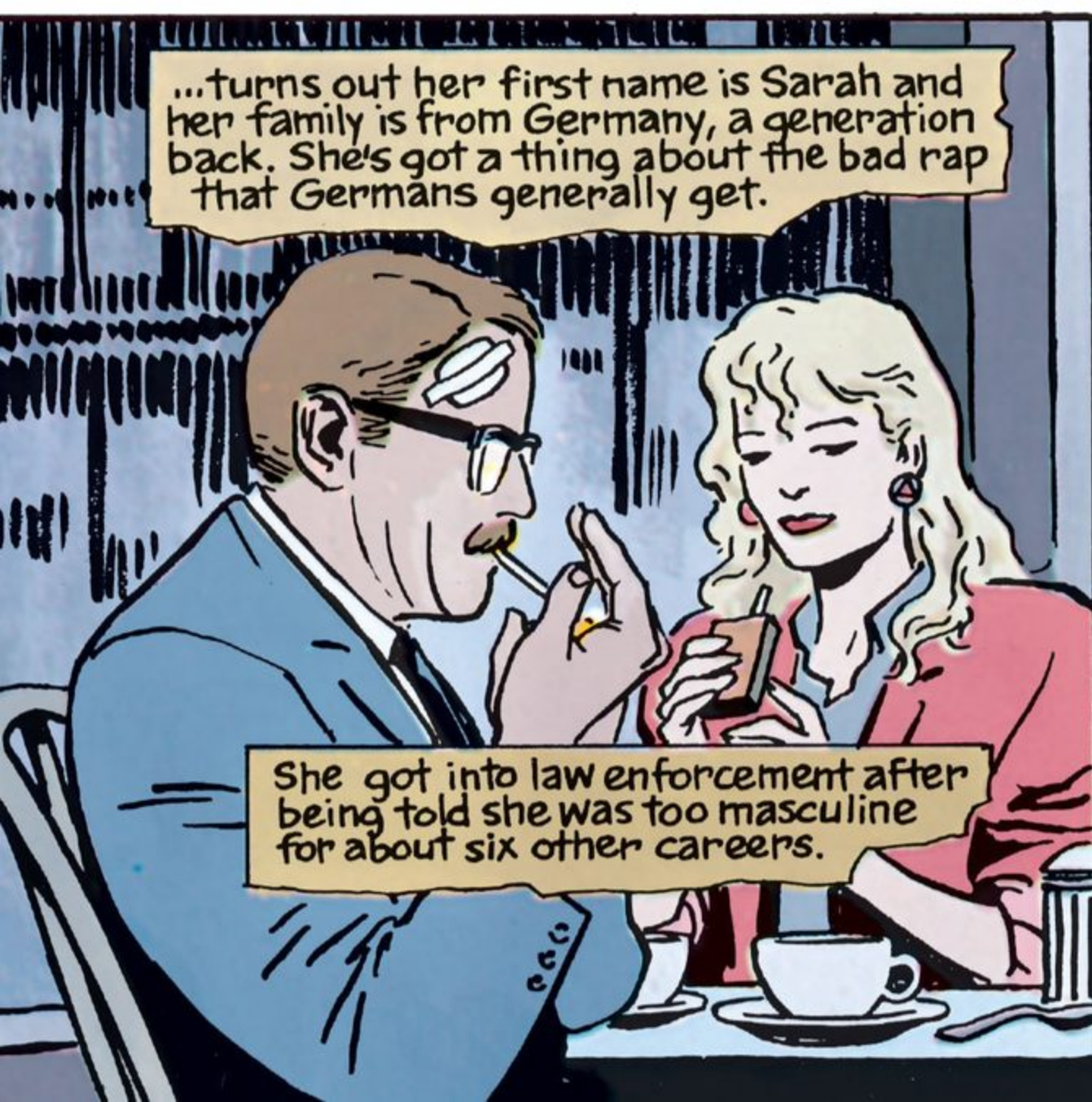
I can't do
it alone.

I need an ally-- an
inside man.

I need Jim Gordon.



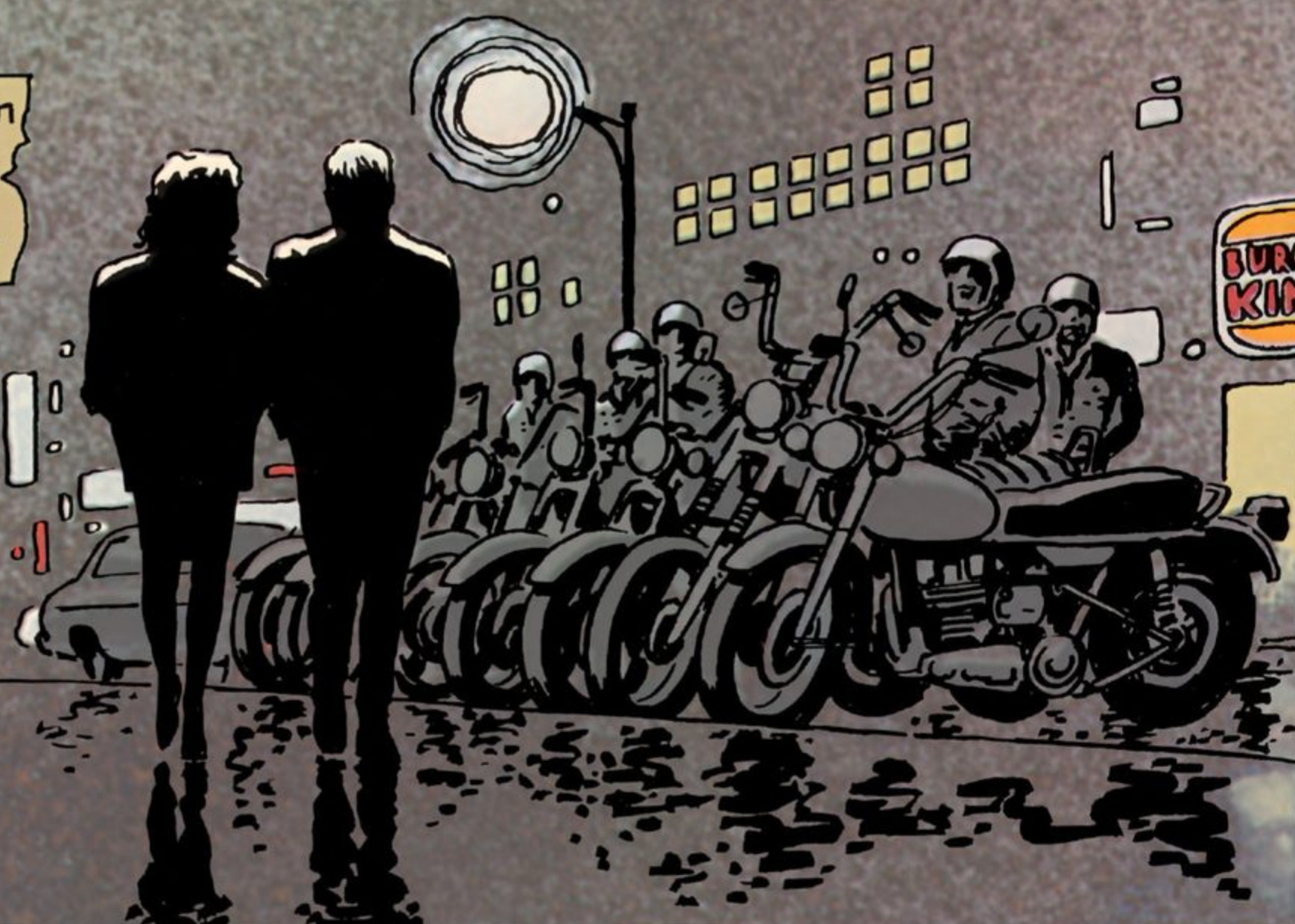
On my side.



The rain's eased up and I'm an hour late and feeling terrible about having forgotten to call Barbara when we decide to risk it and look for a cab.

A group of bikers notice Essen's legs and make the usual remarks.

We ignore them and keep walking.



Turns out she's from Chicago, some years back. Small world.

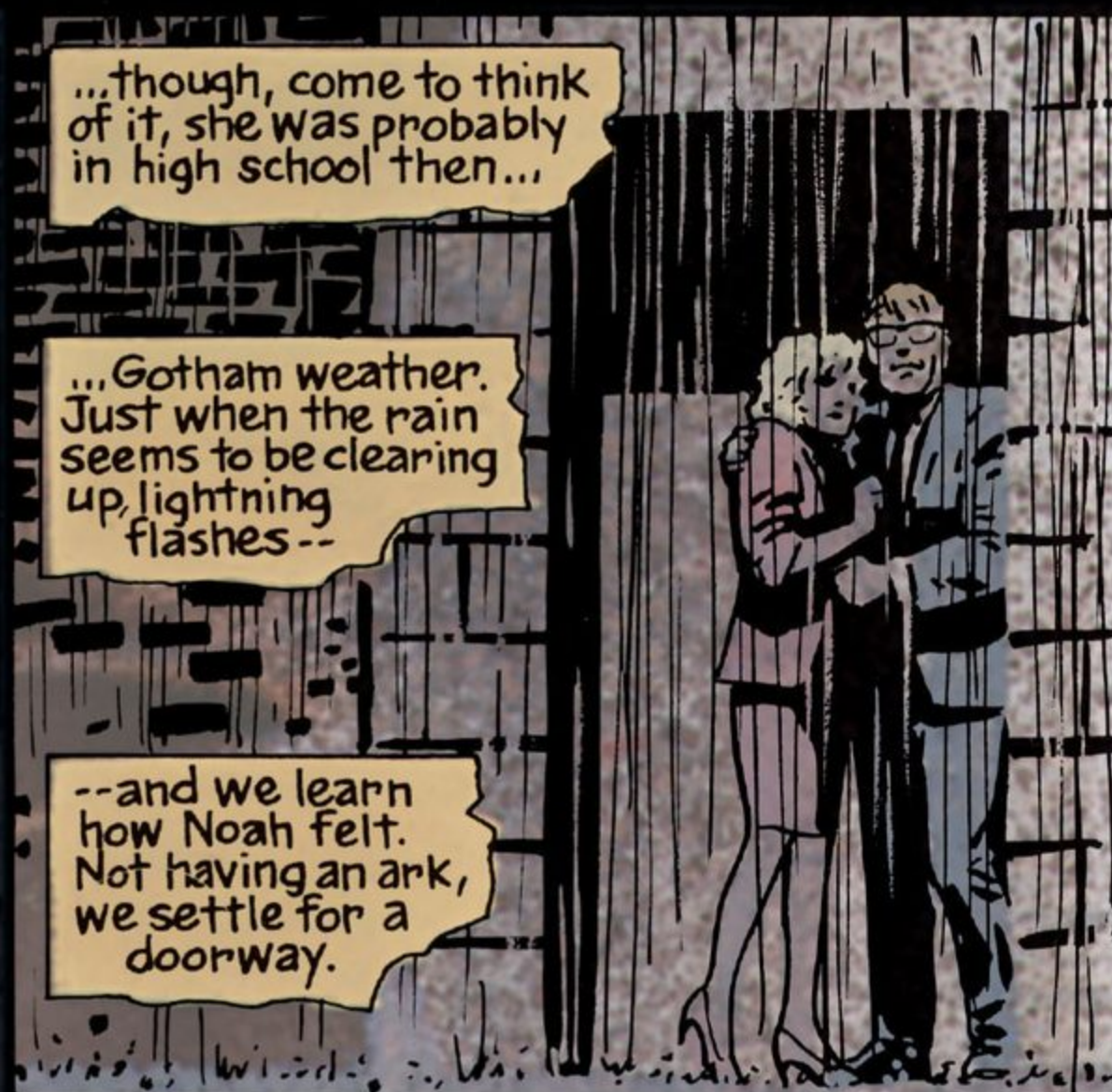
Even went to the same place for ribs. I'm sure I would've noticed her...

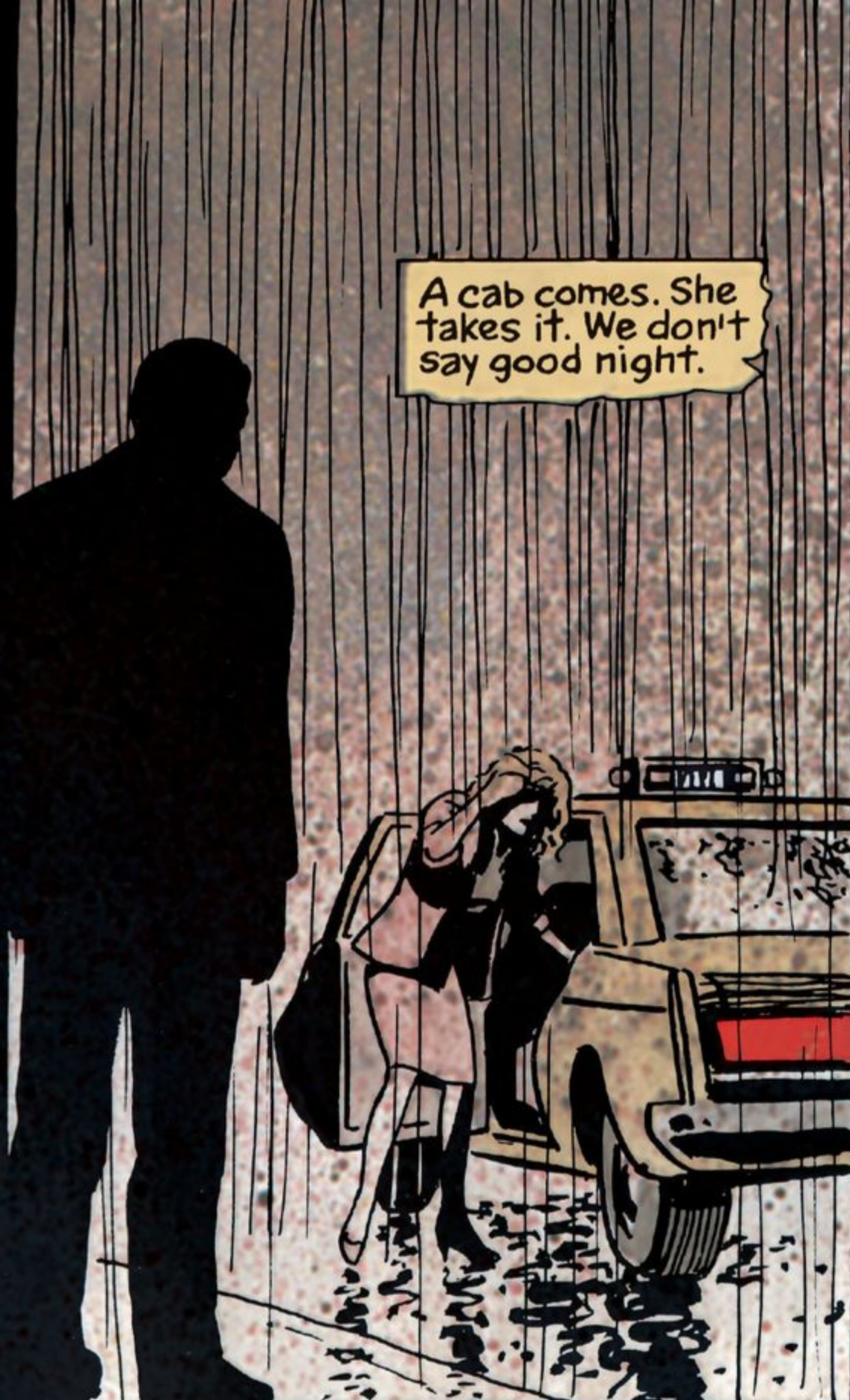


...though, come to think of it, she was probably in high school then...

...Gotham weather. Just when the rain seems to be clearing up, lightning flashes--

--and we learn how Noah felt. Not having an ark, we settle for a doorway.





A cab comes. She takes it. We don't say good night.

August 7



I DON'T KNOW, SELINA-- I MEAN, YOU SPENT ALL OUR MONEY ON THAT COSTUME--

I MEAN, IT'S PRETTY QUEER--

I MEAN--

IT'S **MONEY**, HOLLY. BE A KICK. JUST **WATCH**.



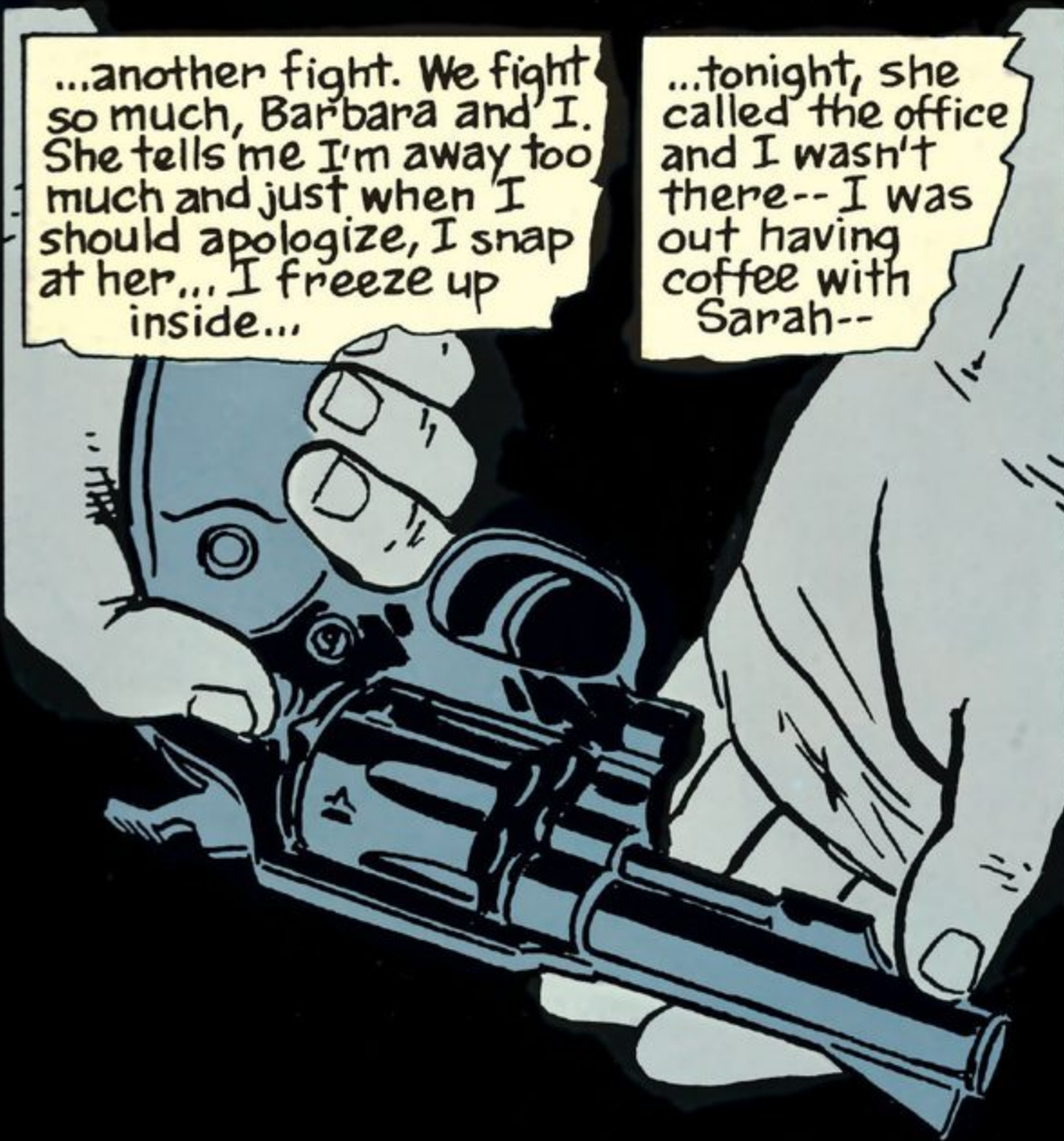
SELINA--



I hate this city.

I hate myself and the night and everything it brings.

Mostly, I hate it when she cries...



...another fight. We fight so much, Barbara and I. She tells me I'm away too much and just when I should apologize, I snap at her... I freeze up inside...

...tonight, she called the office and I wasn't there-- I was out having coffee with Sarah--



-- Sarah-- my God, I'm calling her Sarah now... it's all wrong...

...and Barbara's right, as always...

...and right now I should be
talking to her-- begging her
to forgive me for--

--for the baby in her stomach
and the way that I'm thinking
about Essen--that's right--call
her Essen--forget how she felt--
how her body and her lips felt--

--Barbara-- I should talk to her.
I shouldn't be thinking -- not
about Sgt. Essen--

--and not about Batman.

He's a criminal. I'm a cop.
It's that simple. But--



--but I'm a cop in a city where
the mayor and the commissioner
of police use cops as hired
killers...

...he saved that old woman.

He saved that cat.

He even paid for that suit.

The hunk of metal in my hands
is heavier than ever...



He's out to clean
up a city that
likes being dirty.

He can't do it alone.

CHAPTER FOUR: FRIEND IN NEED





HERO COP LIEUTENANT **JAMES GORDON** TODAY APPREHENDED NOTORIOUS NARCOTICS DEALER **JEFFERSON SKEEVERS**. IT LOOKS LIKE **GORDON'S** OUT TO SET A **RECORD**. RIGHT, TOM?

IT SURE DOES, TRISH. HE'S CAUGHT A **BIG FISH** THIS TIME. IF **SKEEVERS** IS **CONVICTED**, THIS'LL BE THE **FOURTH** TIME HE GOES TO PRISON. BET THEY THROW AWAY THE **KEY**.



September 7

Her arms are strong. Her whole body's strong.

It's late. We've both worked late again.

I never get tired around her.

She's requested a transfer. She's leaving Gotham City.

I'm in love with her.

It's the only thing to do.

I **KNOW** YOU AREN'T ON THE **TAKE**-- AND I DON'T **THINK** YOU'RE **CRAZY**--

-- SO TELL ME **WHY** YOU LET THEM LET **SKEEVERS** OUT ON THE **STREET**, DENT--

I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU **FEEL**, LIEUTENANT.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BORROW MY **UMBRELLA**?

September 10

JUDGE RAFFERTY SET **BAIL** FOR **JEFFERSON SKEEVERS**. SURPRISINGLY, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY **HARVEY DENT** DID NOT **ARGUE** WITH THIS DECISION...



September 11

NO. NO. NONE OF THAT. YOU STAY **CLEAN** UNTIL WE'VE GOTTEN YOU **OFF**.

DON'T SWEAT IT, BABE. JUST A COUPLE OF **LINES**.

DENT AND **GORDON** ARE **HOT** FOR YOU, **SKEEVERS**. THEY'D **LOVE** TO CATCH YOU WITH YOUR PANTS DOWN.

NNFF

CATCH ME? THEY **CAUGHT** ME, BABE-- AND THEY LET ME GO. AND YOU GOT ME A **COURT ORDER** TYING **GORDON'S** HANDS...

...I MEAN, I'D
BE **SWEATING**, BABE--
IF IT WASN'T FOR
OUR **COP**.

THEY **NAIL**
ME AND I **TALK**
ABOUT **FLASS**--

--AND MAYBE
FLASS TALKS ABOUT
COMMISSIONER LOEB...

YOU SAY
ONE WORD ABOUT
FLASS AND THEY'LL
KILL **BOTH** OF US,
SKEEVERS.

NOW TAKE THAT
THING OUT OF YOUR
NOSE AND **LISTEN**
TO ME.

JUST A
COUPLE OF
LINES...

WHERE
DO I START.
BAD ENOUGH
THAT YOU'RE
BLACK.

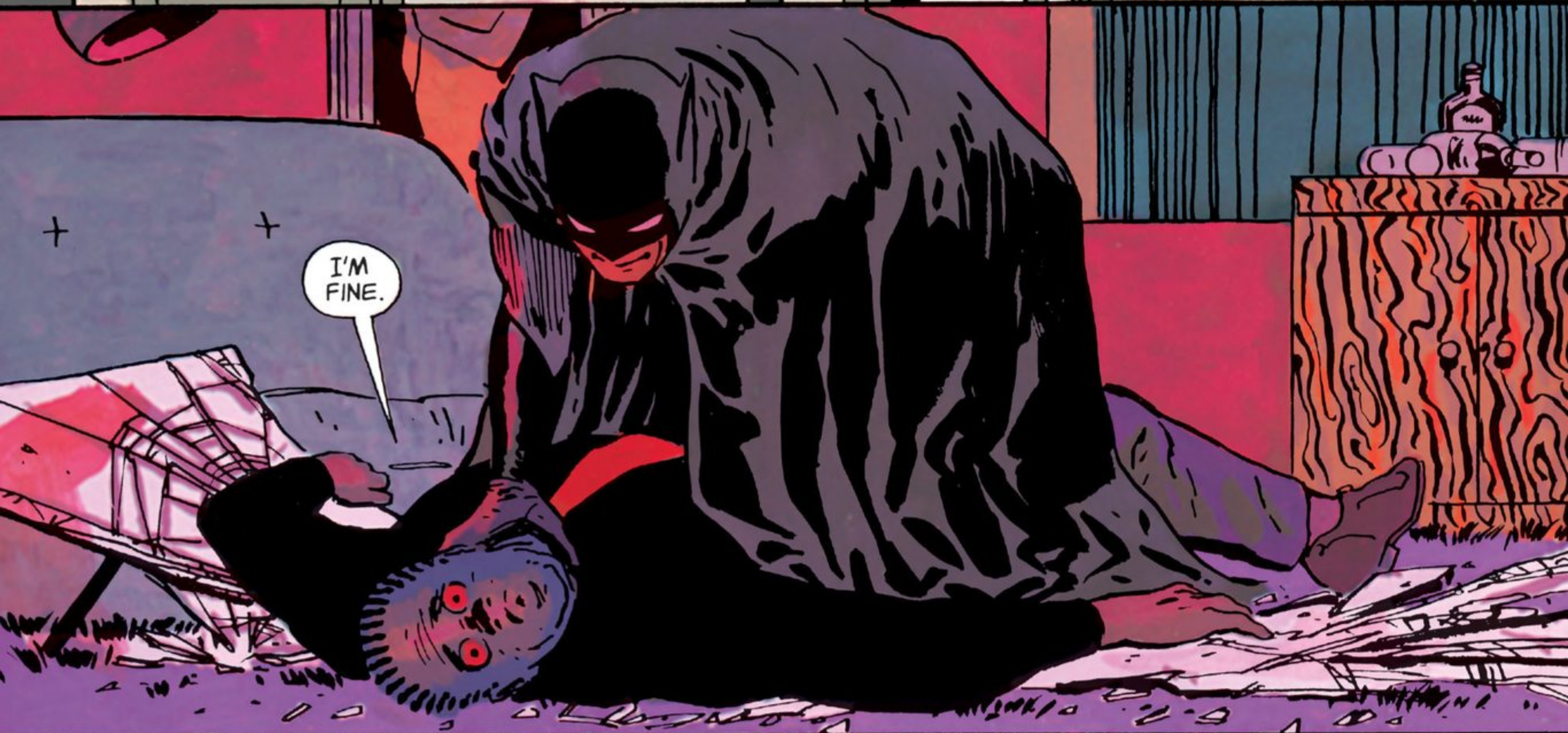
I WANT YOU IN
A **BLUE SUIT** AT THE
INQUEST. WITH A **TIE**.
MAKE IT **BLACK**. SAME
FOR THE **SHOES**. NONE
OF THAT **PIMP** STUFF.

AND WHEN
YOU **SMILE** AT THE
JURY, MAKE IT **NICE**.
PARTICULARLY THE
WOMEN.

I **SMILED** AT
THEM OKAY.

JUST
REMEMBER
THEY'VE STILL
GOT THEIR
CLOTHES
ON.

KLIK





YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE ME.

NNGG



BULLETS DON'T HARM ME.

NOTHING HARMS ME.



BUT I KNOW PAIN.

I KNOW PAIN.



SOMETIMES I SHARE IT.

WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU.



WANT TO TALK TO DENT. COP A PLEA. WANT TO TALK. ABOUT FLASS.

September 12

MERKEL. GET DENT.

FORGET TO TELL THE COMMISSIONER.

SOURCES INSIDE THE POLICE DEPARTMENT REVEALED THAT GOTHAM POLICE DETECTIVE **ARNOLD FLASS** HAS BEEN IMPLICATED IN SKEEVERS' DRUG OPERATION...

I'M GONE...



September 13

DETECTIVE *FLASS* IS A FRIEND OF MINE, GORDON. YOU MIGHT HAVE AT LEAST INFORMED ME OF YOUR PLANS BEFORE HANDING HIS HEAD TO *INTERNAL AFFAIRS*.

IT WAS A *SLIP*, SIR. EVERYBODY'S WORKING SUCH LONG HOURS.

GILLIAN B. L
COMMISSIONER
OF POLICE

FRIENDSHIP, GORDON. LOYALTY. THESE WORDS STILL COUNT FOR SOMETHING IN *GOOTHAM CITY*.

WE TOOK *YOU* IN. YES WE DID. BLEMISHES AND ALL. AND YOU *DO* HAVE YOUR BLEMISHES. AND YOU GO AND --

I'VE DONE EXACTLY WHAT I PROMISED, COMMISSIONER. YOU GET MY BEST WORK.

YOU GET GOOD *PRESS*, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

THEY *LIKE* YOU, DON'T THEY, *AGEE* AND HIS PACK AT THE *GAZETTE*.

BUT THEY DON'T *KNOW* YOU. NO THEY DON'T.

NOT THE WAY *WE* KNOW YOU.

TERRIBLE IF THEY--OR YOUR *WIFE*--LEARNED OF THE *SPECIAL NATURE* OF YOUR *RELATIONSHIP*--

-- WITH SERGEANT *ESSEN*.

WALLS HAVE EARS, JIMMY.

September 25

COMMISSIONER LOEB ASSURES GOTHAM THAT THE MANHUNT FOR THE **BATMAN** CONTINUES, WITH HERO COP **JAMES GORDON** ON THE CASE...

The butler makes us feel as welcome as a virus. He leads us through a few dozen rooms the size of small states to Wayne's study.

Wayne's been out of the country. Wayne's had the flu. This morning I was told he had a hangover, but he'd see me.

Better than having Barbara stay at home and worry about being so overdue...

POLICE LIEUTENANT AND MRS. GORDON, SIR.

MRS. GORDON. I'M CHARMED.

ALFRED-- BE A JOY AND GET SOME GLASSES FOR OUR GUESTS.

AND ANOTHER BOTTLE. THIS ONE'S EVAPORATED.

LITTLE *EARLY* IN THE DAY FOR US, THANKS.

MR. WAYNE-- I DON'T WANT TO WASTE YOUR *TIME*...

MY TIME IS *WORTHLESS*, LIEUTENANT. JUST ASK *ALFRED*.

HMF.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR *EXPLOITS*, LIEUTENANT, AND I MUST SAY THAT I'M *IMPRESSED*. YOU'RE GETTING AS MUCH PRESS AS *BATMAN*.

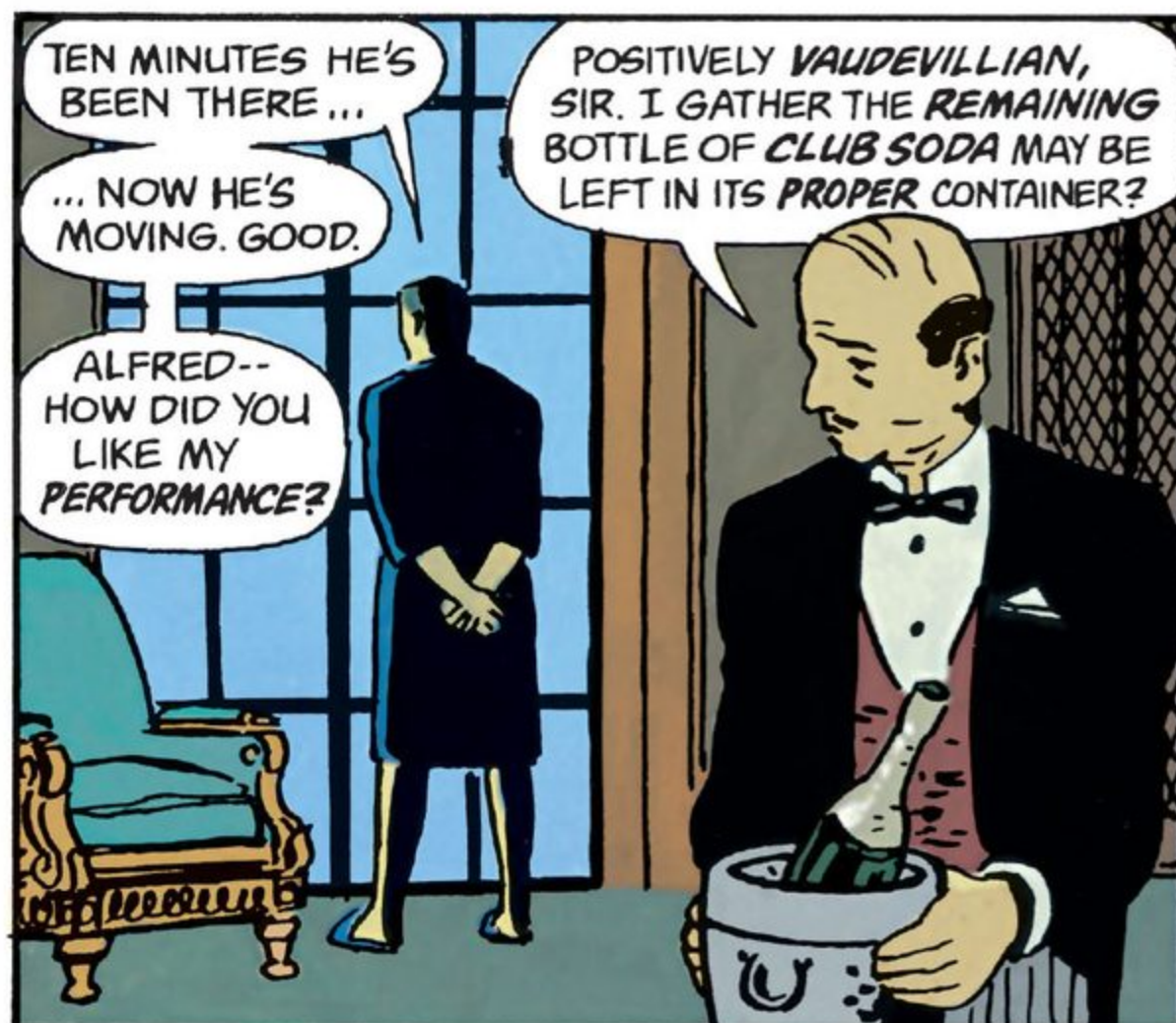
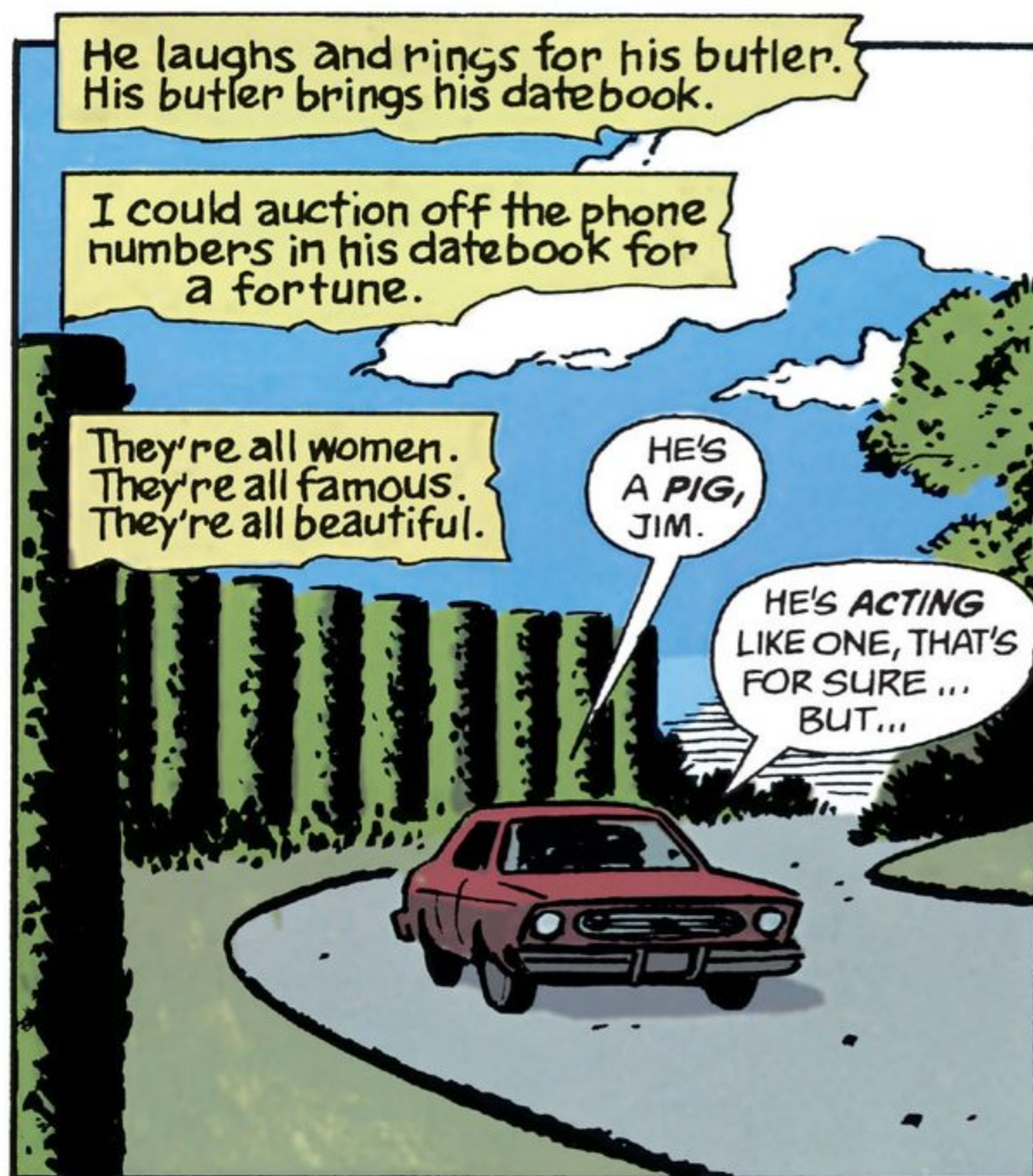
IT IS *BATMAN* YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, ISN'T IT? SOMETHING ABOUT MY *BEING* HIM?

EXCUSE ME. IT MUST BE THE *CHAMPAGNE*. I NEGLECTED TO INTRODUCE MY *FRIEND*-- YOU SEE, I'M NOT SURE OF HER *NAME*, AND SHE DOESN'T SPEAK ANY LANGUAGE *I* KNOW...

THAT MUST BE CONVENIENT.

BARBARA.

MR. WAYNE, I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE ON THE FOLLOWING DATES...



October 2





YES, SIR.
I KNOW ABOUT
SGT. ESSEN. PLEASE
DON'T BOTHER ME
AGAIN.



Somebody slips
rat poison into
Skeever's food.

Merkel gets
his stomach
pumped in
time.



SKEEVERS IS STILL GOING
TO *TESTIFY* AGAINST
FLASS. DOESN'T CARE
THAT HIS ATTORNEY
QUIT.

WHATEVER HE'S
SCARED OF, IT'S--
WHAT'S SO *FUNNY*,
DENT?



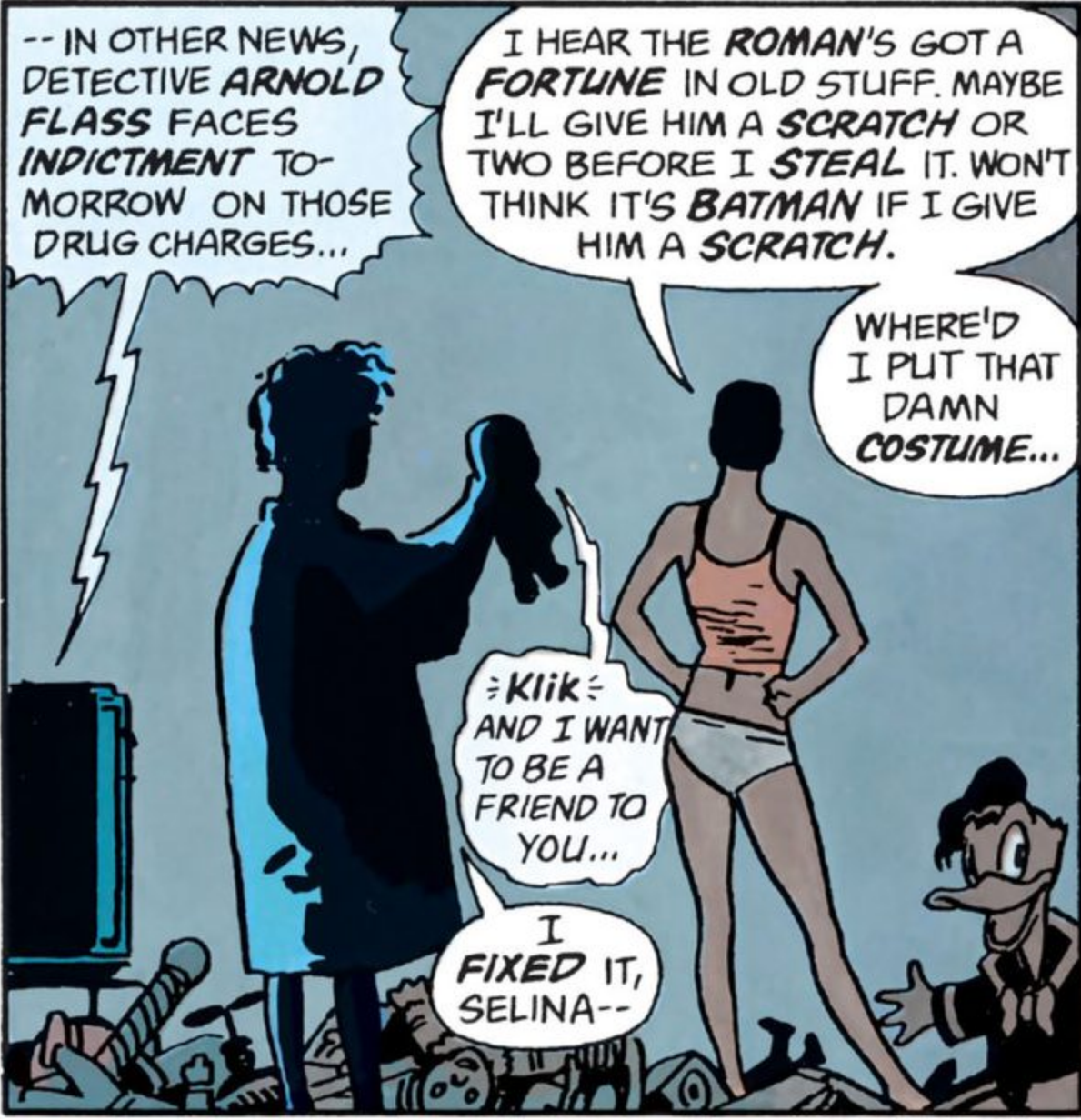
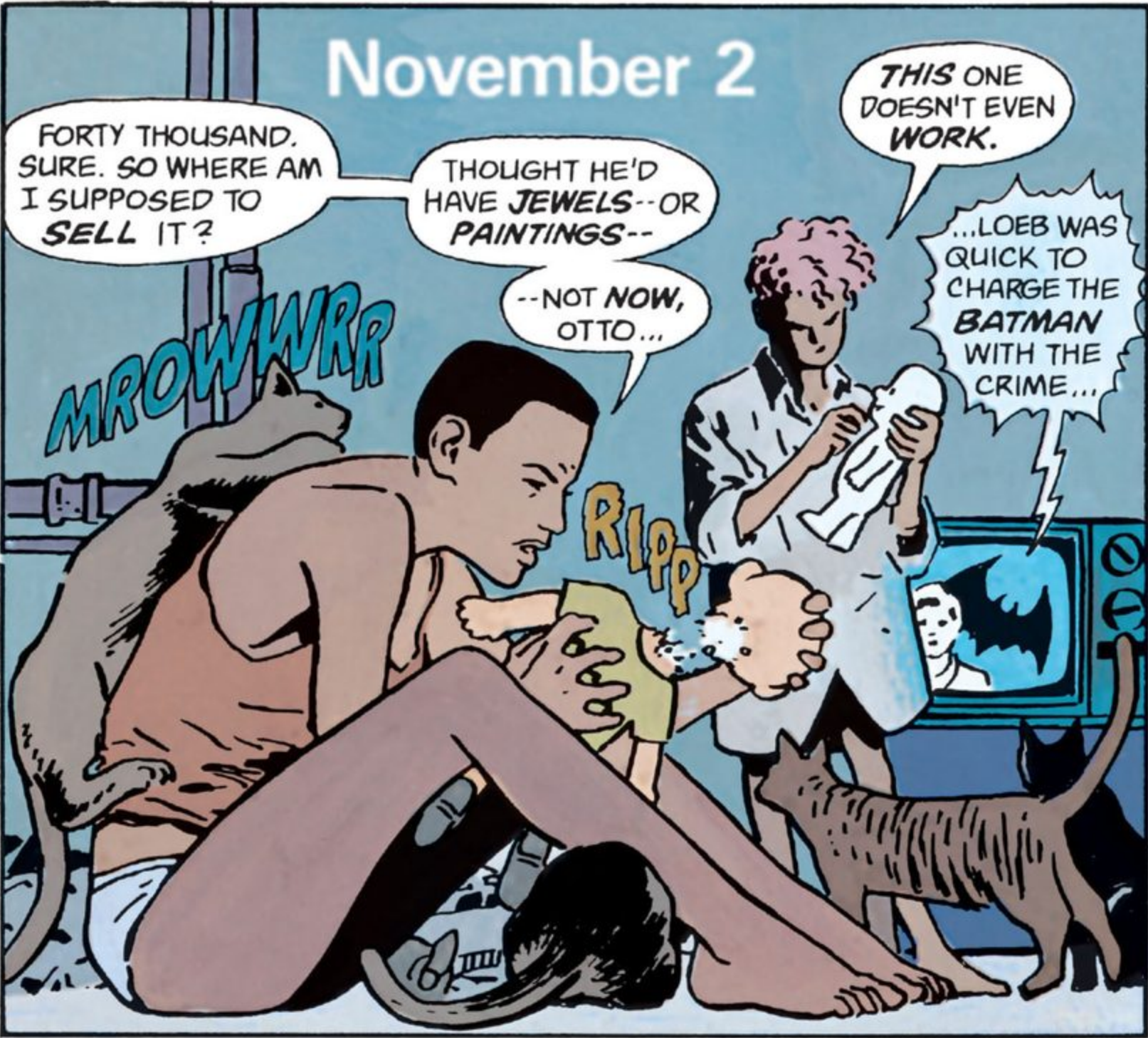
LIEUTENANT
GORDON?



IT'S A BOY. YOUR
WIFE IS FINE.

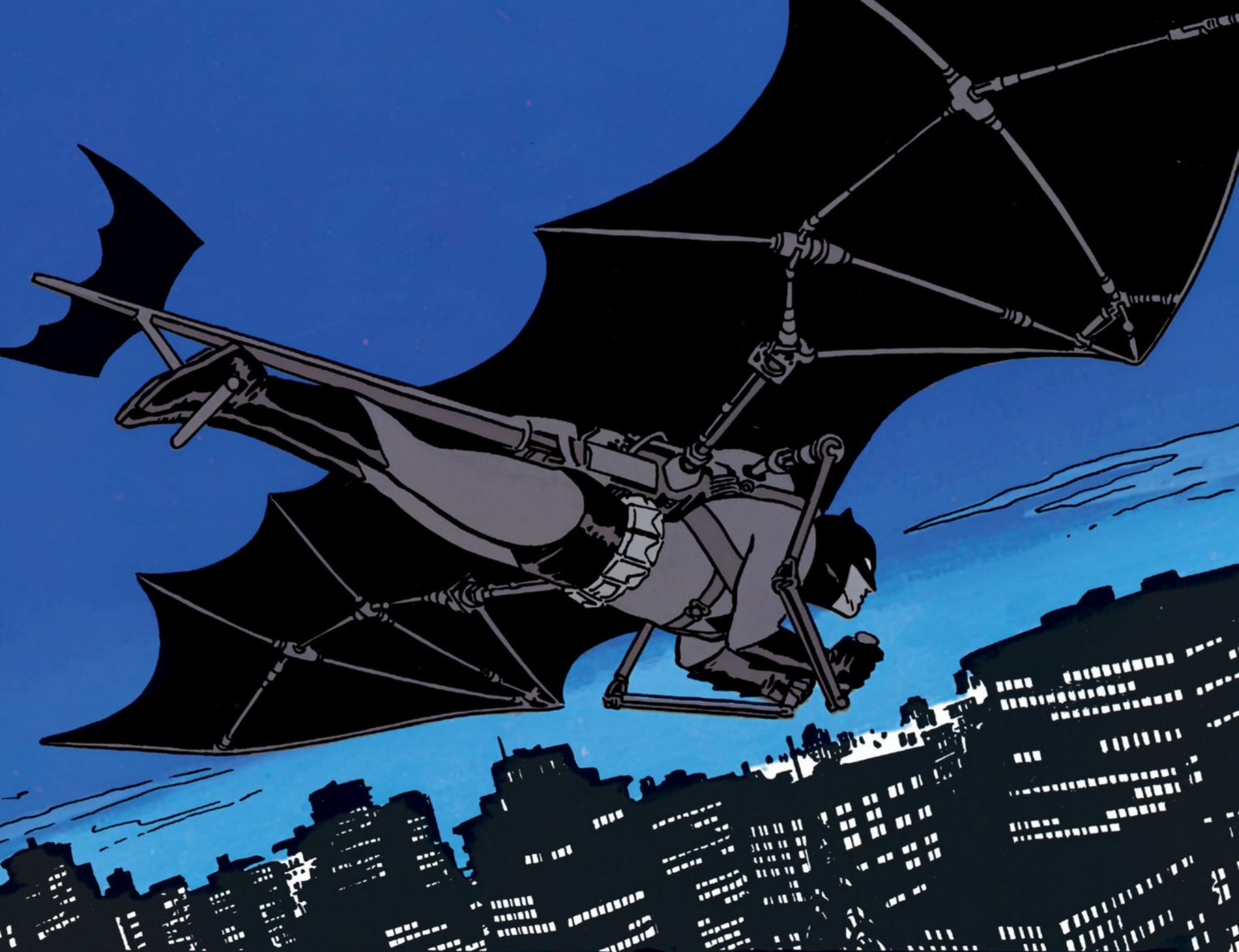
...*FOURTH* IN A
DARING SERIES OF
CAT BURGLARIES.
COMMISSIONER LOEB'S
PRIVATE COLLECTION
OF *POP MEMORABILIA*
IS VALUED AT *FORTY*
THOUSAND DOLLARS...





...INDUSTRY EXPERTS WERE **STUNNED** BY THE DEMONSTRATION OF **UNHEARD-OF** POSSIBILITIES FOR **LIGHTWEIGHT, DURABLE PLASTICS...**

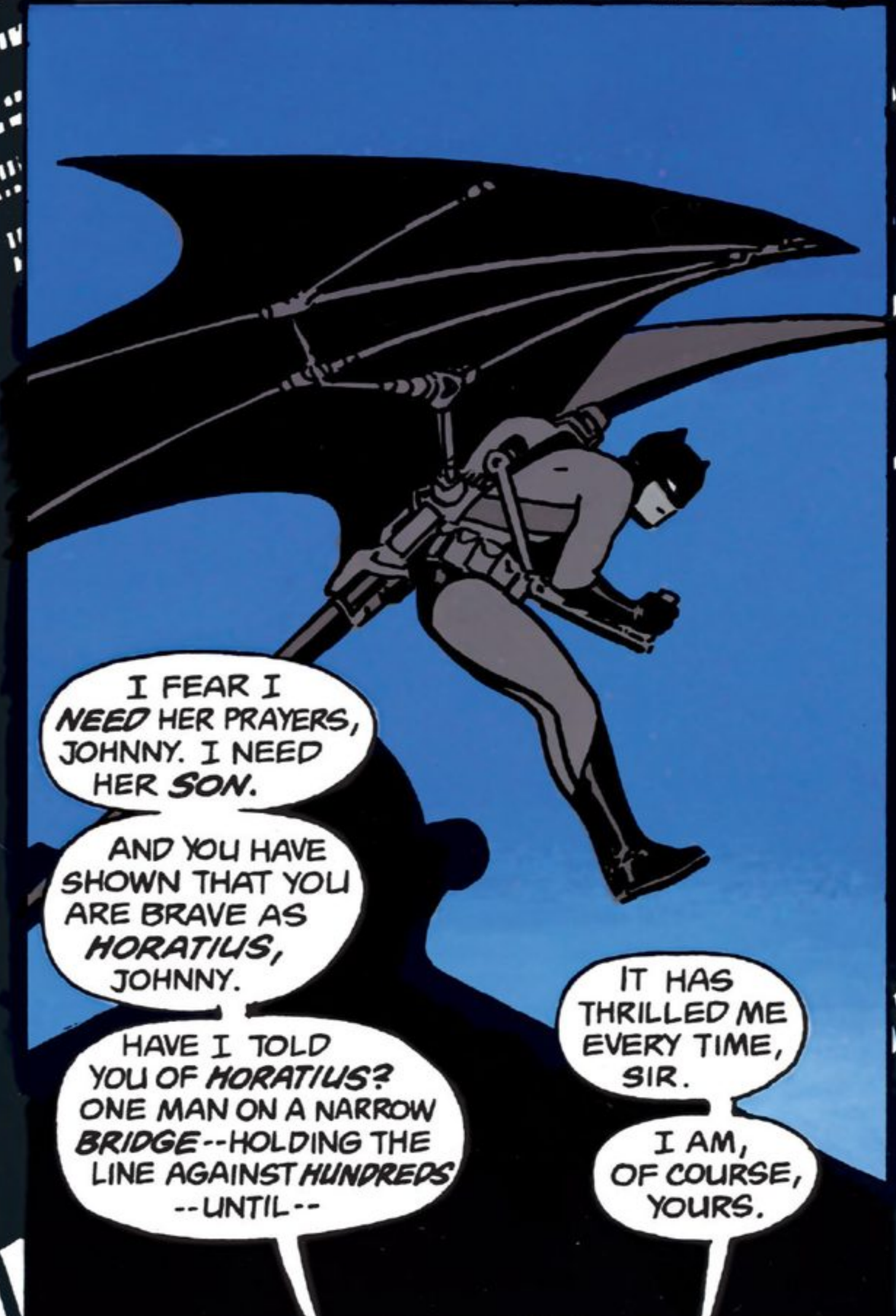




JOHNNY. LITTLE
JOHNNY. YOU'RE A
MAN NOW. A **STRONG**
MAN.

AND HOW IS
MY **SISTER**? MY
BEAUTIFUL, FAITHFUL
SISTER.

MOTHER IS
WELL, SIR. SHE
SENDS HER DEEPEST
DEVOTION. SHE
PRAYS FOR YOUR
CONTINUED
SUCCESS.



I FEAR I
NEED HER PRAYERS,
JOHNNY. I NEED
HER **SON**.

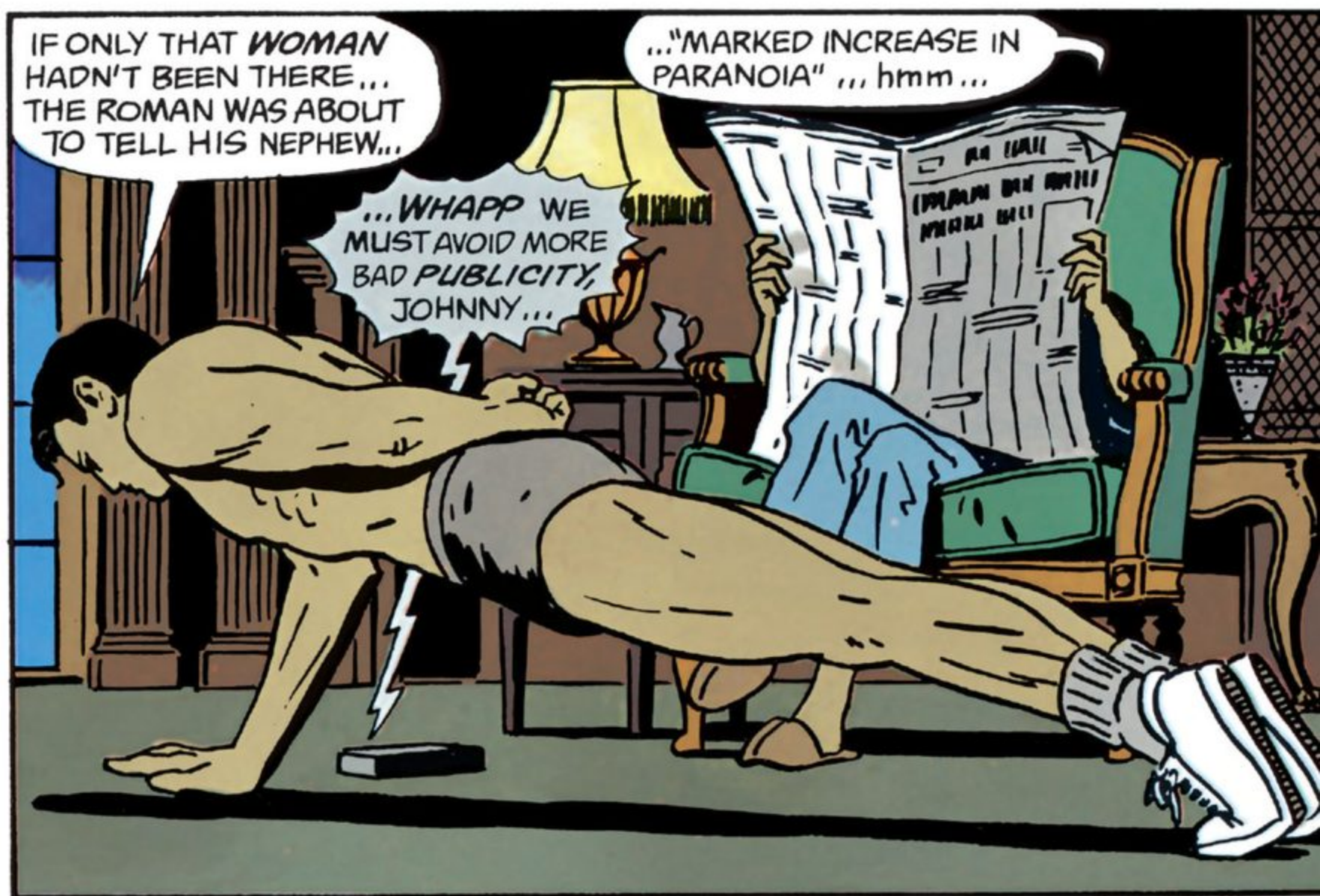
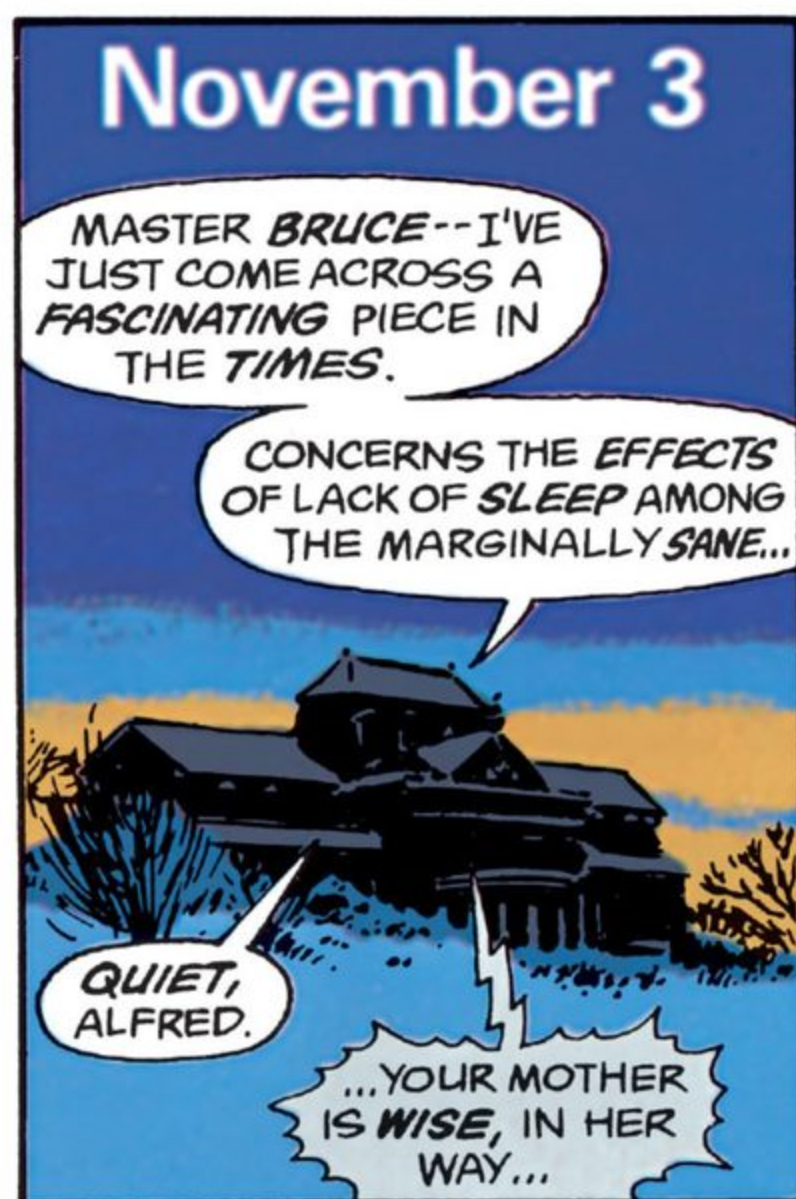
AND YOU HAVE
SHOWN THAT YOU
ARE BRAVE AS
HORATIUS,
JOHNNY.

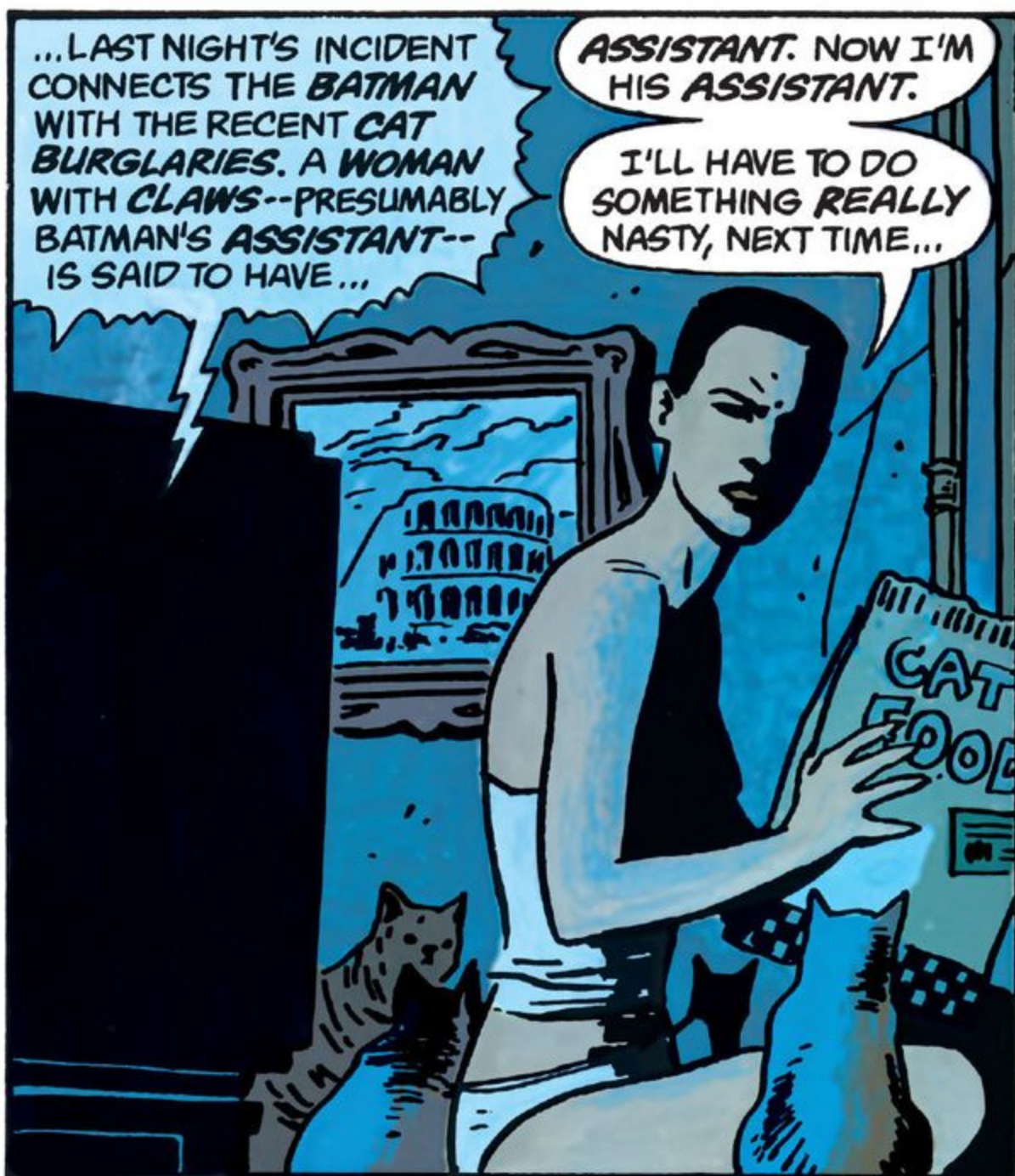
HAVE I TOLD
YOU OF **HORATIUS**?
ONE MAN ON A NARROW
BRIDGE--HOLDING THE
LINE AGAINST **HUNDREDS**
--UNTIL--

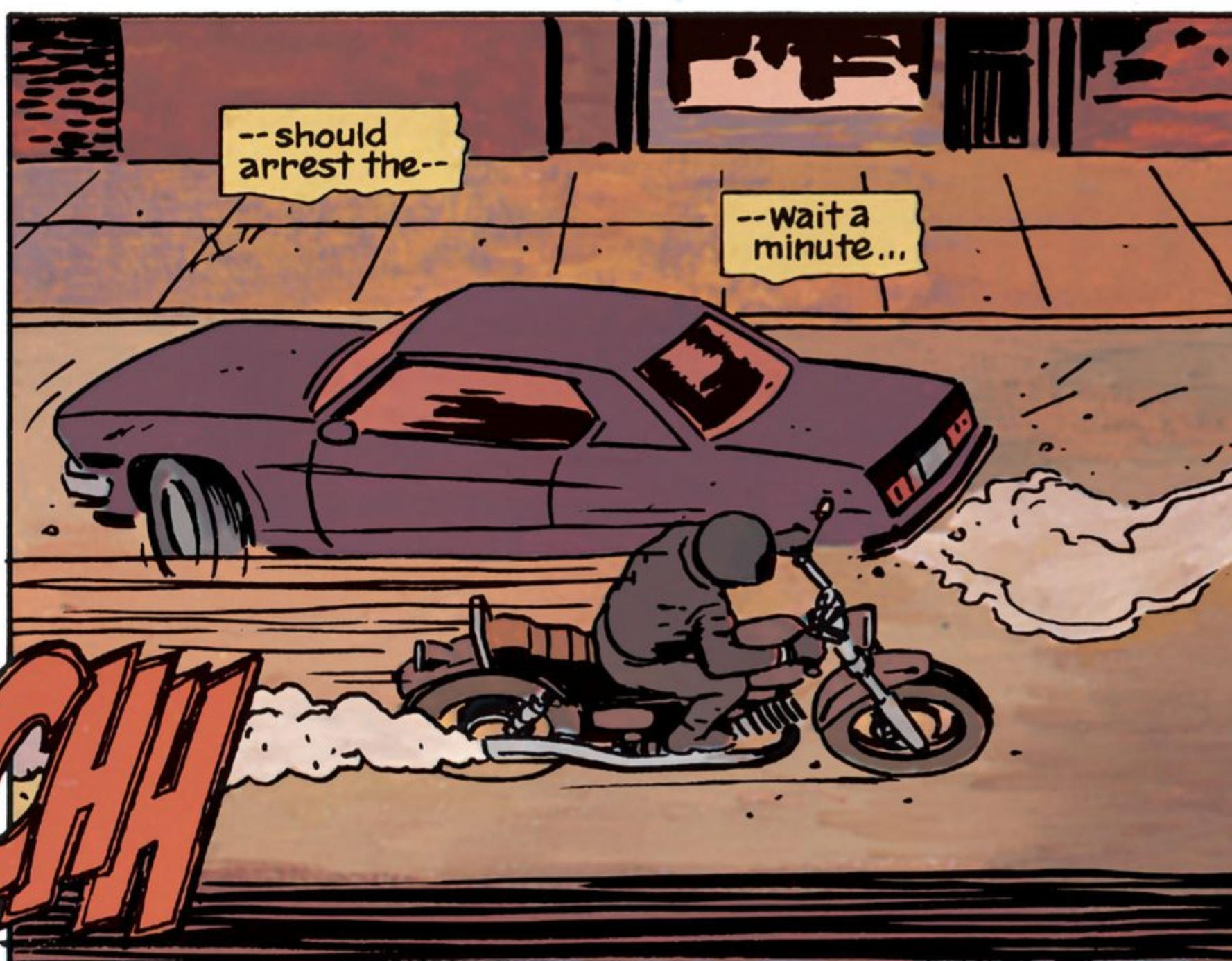
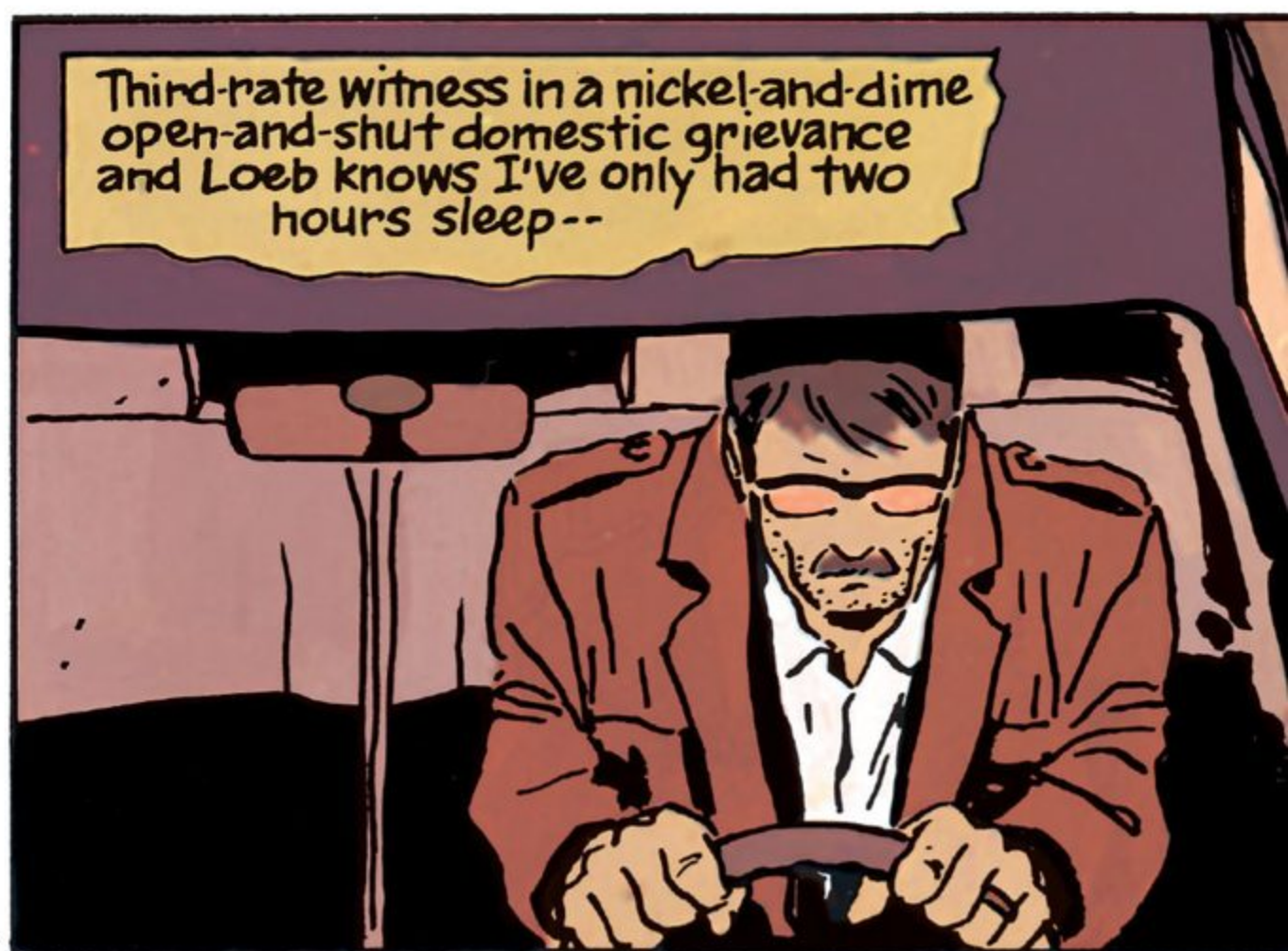
IT HAS
THRILLED ME
EVERY TIME,
SIR.

I AM,
OF COURSE,
YOURS.









...heading into my building's garage-- I don't recognize him--

--suddenly my stomach's cold as death and I'm twisting the wheel again--

--nickel-and-dime domestic--

--getting me out of the apartment--

--Barbara--

--James--

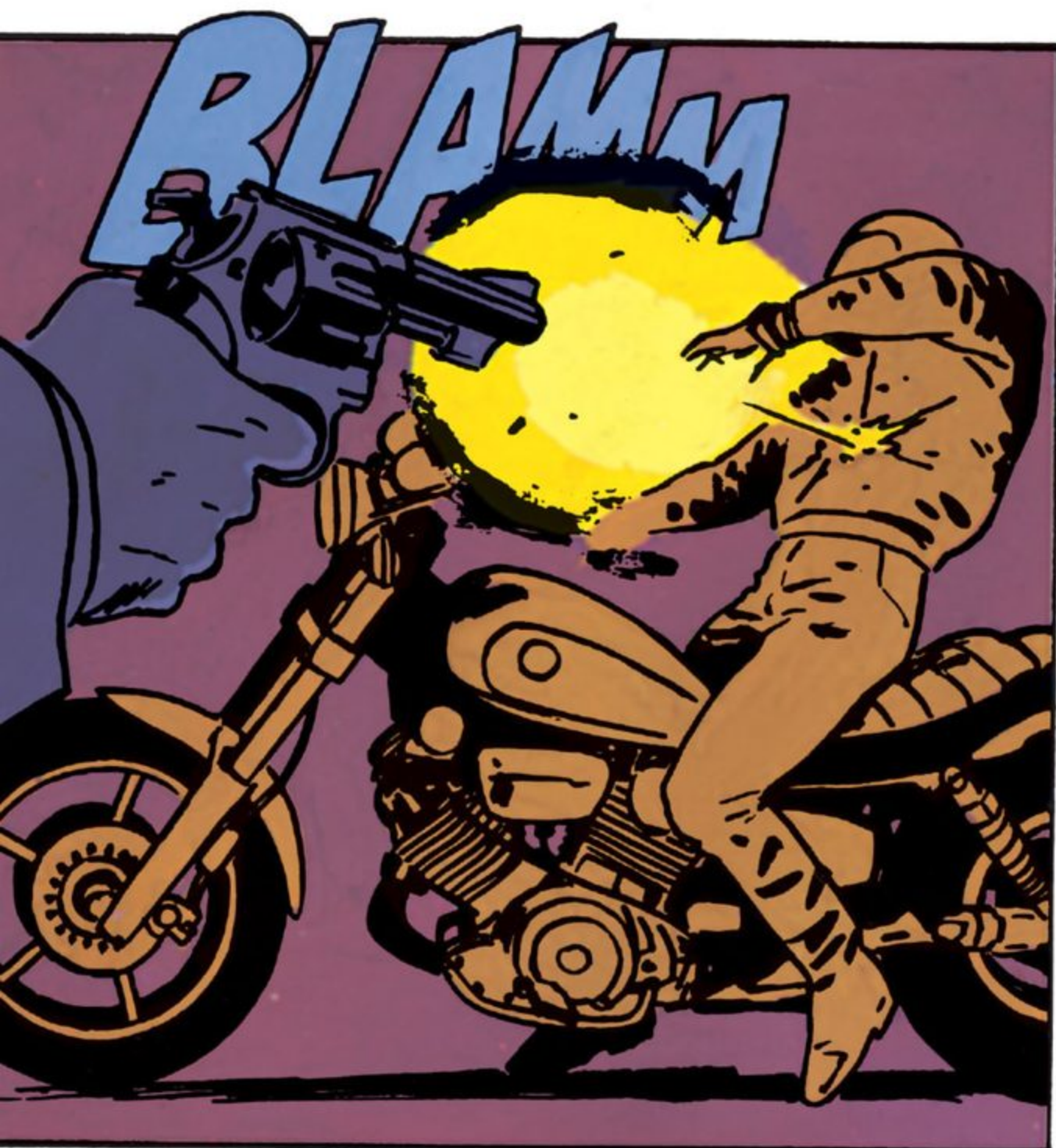
--no sign of the motorcycle-- plenty of places to hide in here--

--come on-- come on-- I'm ready for you--

DROP THE GUN, LIEUTENANT. GO TO THE OFFICE. WAIT FOR OUR CALL.

JIM--







The driver hits the brakes, too late-- going too fast--

--the bridge shakes--

--I listen to the rending metal and clattering glass--



--I listen-- the radiator hisses, spits water on the street--

--I don't hear a human sound--



--I don't hear my baby cry--



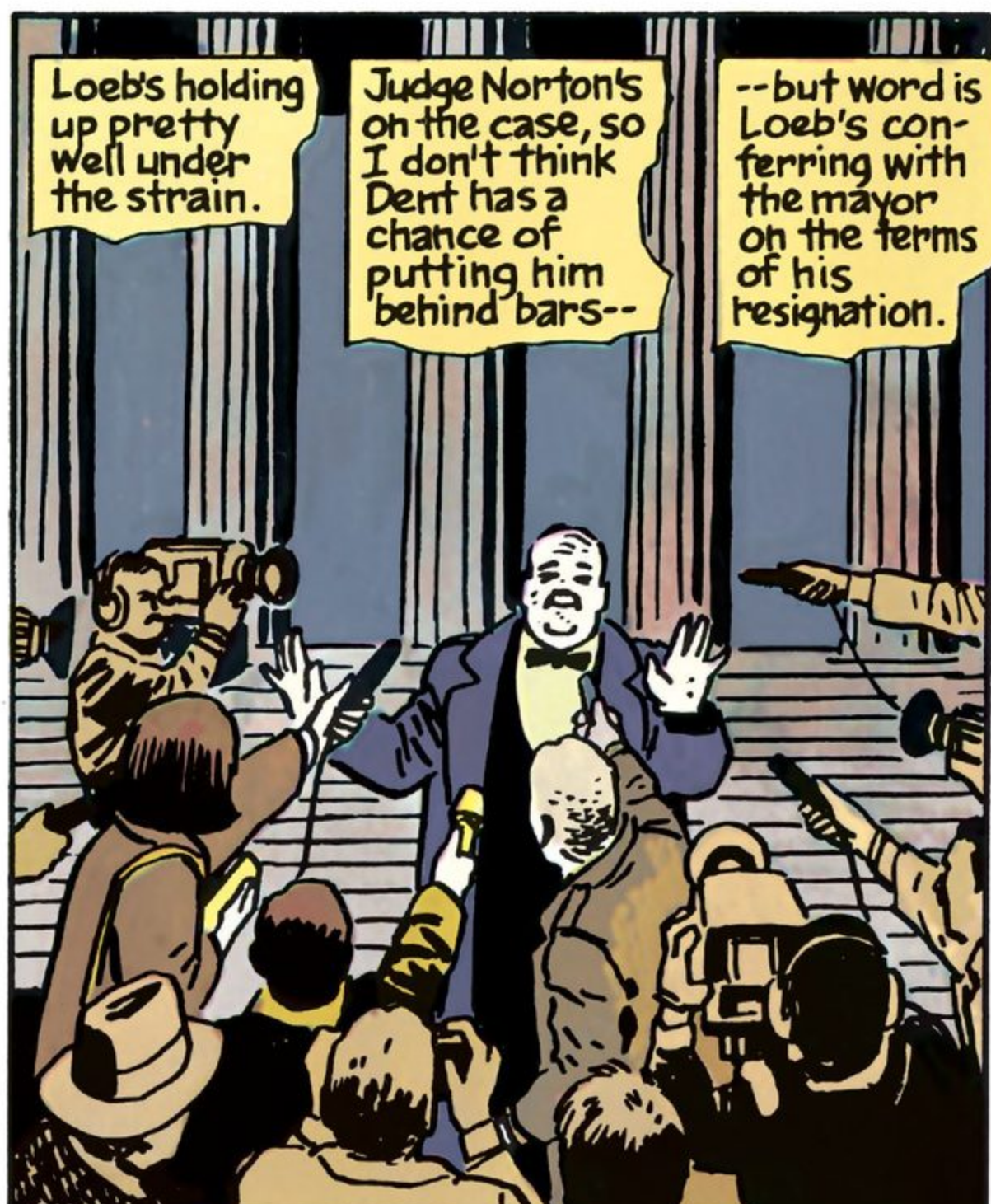




Turns out Flass is smarter than anybody knew.

He took notes on every little talk he'd had with Commissioner Loeb. Dates, times-- it was all there.

Two weeks and five days in jail and he remembered where he kept the notes.



Loeb's holding up pretty well under the strain.

Judge Norton's on the case, so I don't think Dent has a chance of putting him behind bars--

--but word is Loeb's conferring with the mayor on the terms of his resignation.



December 3

They've already got Grogan primed to replace him, who's worse. Still, things aren't so bad, right now.

The Roman's been at war with his sister ever since he tried to get a hired knife slid between his nephew's ribs.

I had a few run-ins with his sister, back in Chicago, a few years ago. I don't envy the Roman.

They were all too busy to stand in the way of my promotion to Captain.



Sarah's in New York, doing well, I hear.

Barbara's not crazy about the marriage counselor, but we're making progress.

As for me-- well, there's a real panic on. Somebody's threatened to poison the Gotham reservoir.



Calls himself the Joker.

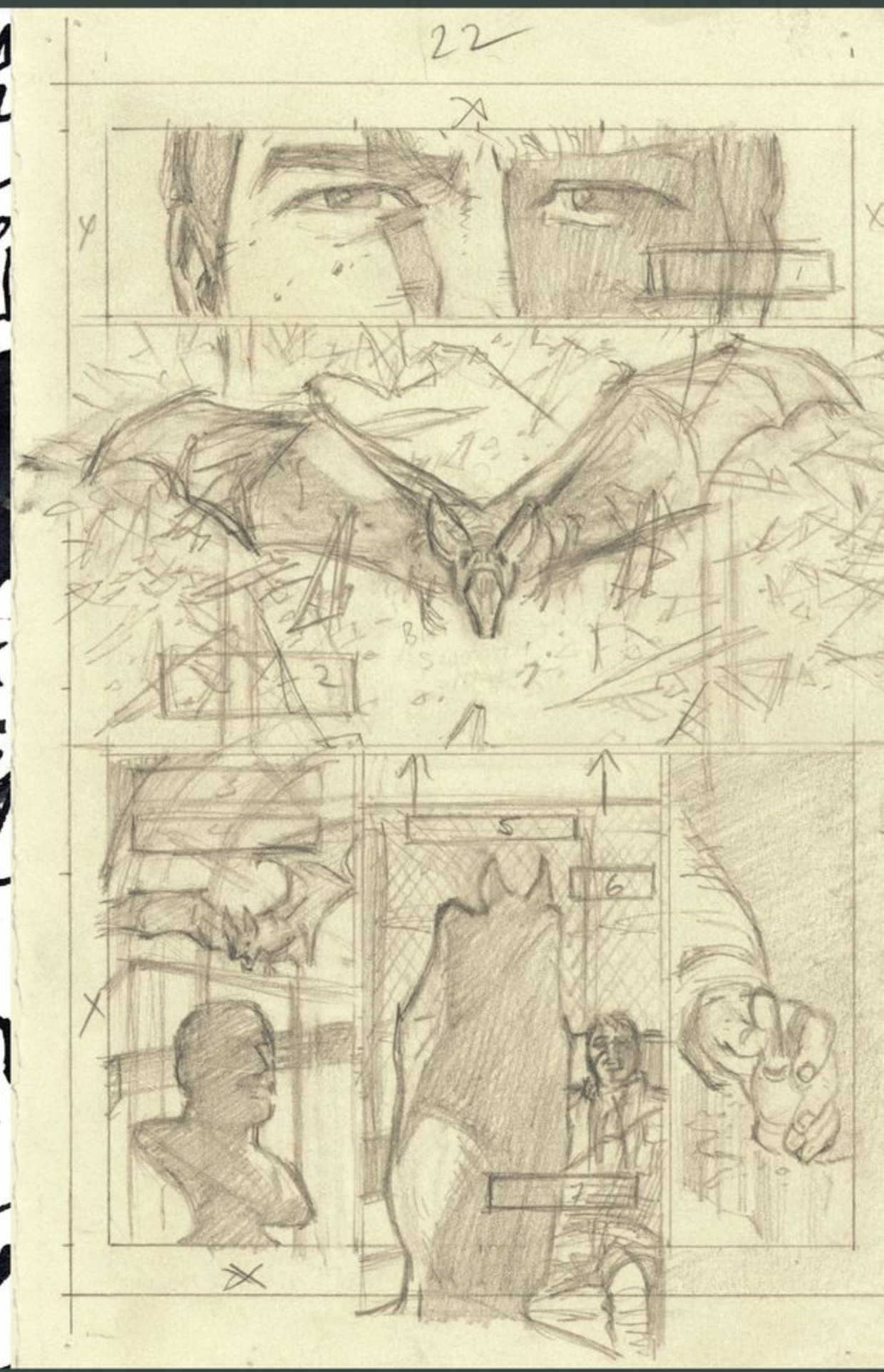
I've got a friend coming who might be able to help.

Should be here any minute.

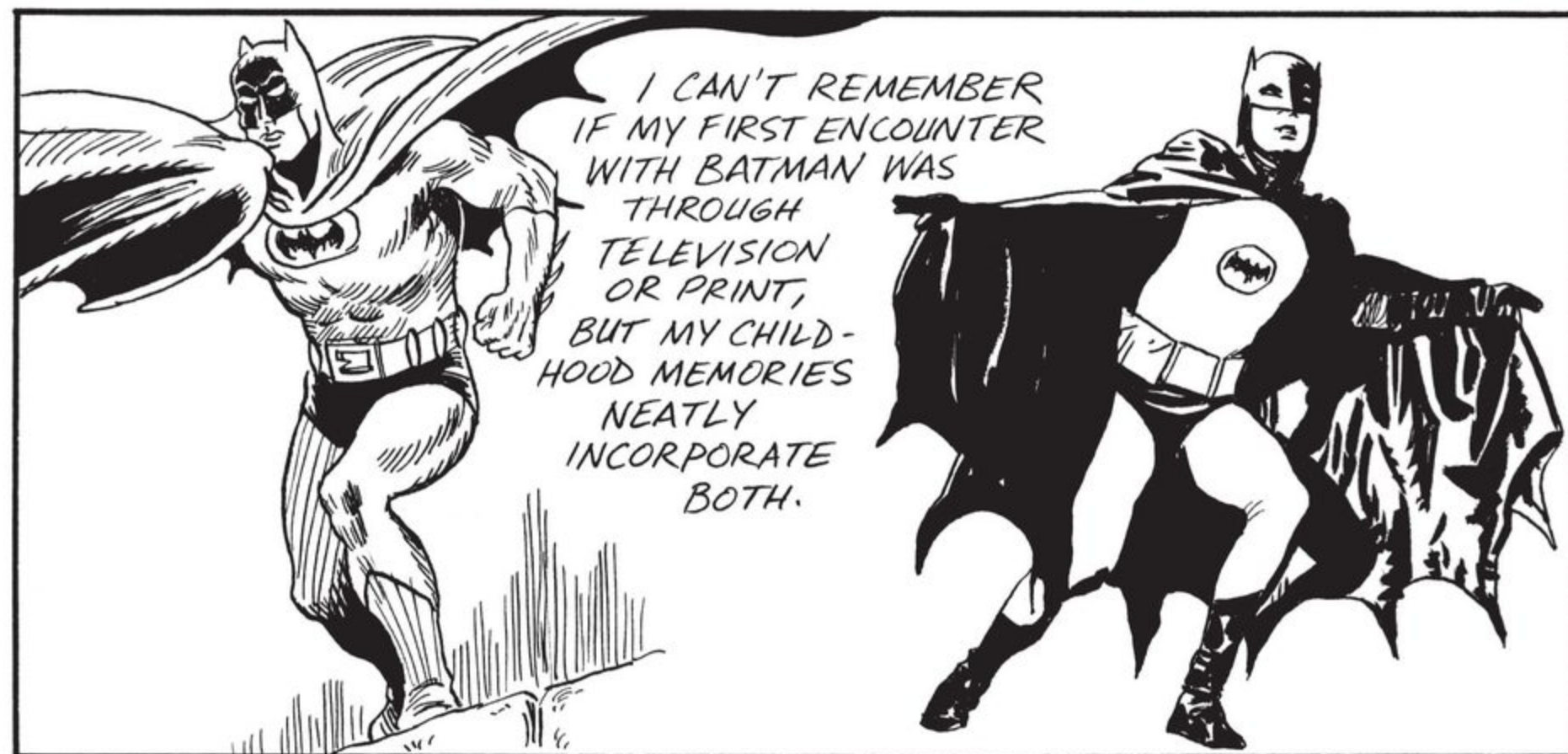


AFTERWORD(S)

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI



THE CAPE CRUSADER



LIKE THAT ONE COMIC IN WHICH BATMAN AND ROBIN EXAMINE THEIR ENEMY'S BRUISES BY MOVING TO THE SIDE OF THE TV IN ORDER TO SEE HIS FACE FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE.



I AM ALSO OF THE OPINION THAT THE ADAM WEST TV SHOW IS AN EXTREMELY FAITHFUL TRANSLATION OF A COMIC BOOK INTO LIVE ACTION.



PICK UP A BATMAN COMIC FROM THE EARLY 1960s AND READ IT OUT LOUD. YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN.



IN ANY CASE, 1966, WHEN I WAS 6 YEARS OLD (A NICE TRIO OF SIXES, REMINISCENT OF THE ADDRESS OF DC COMICS AT THE TIME I DREW YEAR ONE.), WAS WHEN IT ALL BEGAN.



MANY OF MY DRAWINGS FROM THAT YEAR ARE OF BATMAN, INCLUDING MY FIRST PAGE OF PANEL CONTINUITY.



SO IT SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE THAT AT THAT YOUNG AGE, I MADE A FATEFUL DECISION.



THE WEIRD CREATURE OF DARKNESS

FROM MOMOTARŌ TO MOSES, LITERATURE IS RICH WITH ADOPTED ORPHANS WHO, DISCOVERING THEIR OWN HIDDEN SPECIALNESS, GROW TO BECOME HEROES.



THIS ARCHETYPE-POPULAR THROUGHOUT THE WORLD-MUST RESONATE WITH OUR EARLIEST FEARS AND FANTASIES.



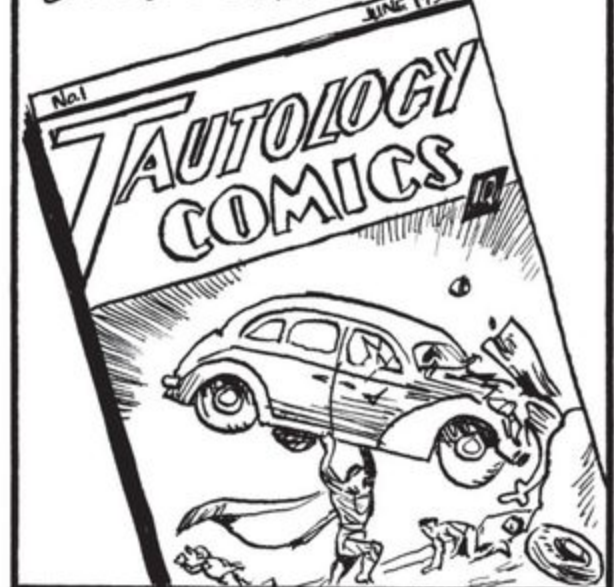
THAT'S WHY SUPERMAN IS A PERFECT EXPRESSION OF CHILDHOOD DESIRES.



BUT IN SECRET, HE HAS THE ABILITY TO ACT, TO EFFECT CHANGE, TO SET THINGS RIGHT.



AS A BOY, I ASSUMED THAT HEROES (SUPER OR NOT) WERE "GOOD GUYS" BECAUSE THEY WERE **GOOD GUYS**—THAT IS, INHERENTLY GOOD FOLKS.



BATMAN'S ORIGIN, THOUGH, HAS ALWAYS HINGED ON **CIRCUMSTANCE**: NO MURDER, NO BATMAN.



DESPITE HISTORICAL PRECEDENT, I'VE NEVER BEEN COMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA OF **VENGEANCE** AS A HEROIC IDEAL.



HERE'S WHAT FRANK TOLD **AMAZING HEROES** IN 1986:

"He's clearly a man with a mission, but it's not one of vengeance. Bruce is not after personal revenge... He's much bigger than that; he's much more noble than that. He wants the world to be a better place, where a young Bruce Wayne would not be a victim..."



"In a way, he's out to make himself unnecessary. Batman is a hero who wishes he didn't have to exist."



THE DYNAMIC DUO

BECAUSE OF THEIR SIMPLICITY, SUPERHEROES ARE EASY PREY FOR REVISIONISTS.



IN 1954, DR. FREDERIC WERTHAM SAW IN BATMAN AND ROBIN'S RELATIONSHIP A CODED METAPHOR FOR HOMOSEXUALITY.

FIRST, LET'S REMEMBER THAT SUPERHERO COMICS WERE INVENTED FOR CHILDREN-- BOYS, REALLY.



WERTHAM MADE THE FUNDAMENTAL MISTAKE OF EXAMINING THESE COMICS WITH AN ADULT SENSIBILITY-- AND WITHOUT HUMOR.

HERE'S HOW I SEE IT: WHEN BRUCE WAYNE WAS A KID, HIS PAMPERED, IDYLIC LIFE WAS SHATTERED TO PIECES.



SINCE THEN, HE'S BEEN TRYING TO PUT IT BACK TOGETHER.



IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE THAT HIS BEST FRIEND WOULD BE TWELVE YEARS OLD, BECAUSE BATMAN IS STILL A LITTLE BOY STUCK IN A MAN'S BODY.



IF THERE'S A "NO GIRLS ALLOWED" SIGN ON THEIR BATCAVE/CLUBHOUSE, IT'S BECAUSE GIRLS ARE ICKY.



THAT'S WHY CATWOMAN IS DANGEROUS-- SHE REPRESENTS A MATURITY THE BOYS AREN'T READY FOR.



(THE TV SHOW GOT A LOT OF MILEAGE FROM THIS DYNAMIC.)

SUPERHEROES LIVE BEST IN THEIR OWN WORLD-- A PREADOLESCENT WORLD.



WHILE AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT, IT'S PROBABLY NOT A GOOD IDEA TO SHOE-HORN TOO MUCH "REALITY" INTO THE FANTASY REALM OF THE SUPERHERO.



...OOPS

EVER SINCE STAN LEE INTRODUCED ANXIETY INTO SUPERHEROES--

FAULT--ALL FAULT! IF I HAD KILLED HIM I COULD HAVE LIVED! BUT I DIDN'T--AND NOW I'M DEAD...

--NO, EARLIER, SINCE HARVEY KURTZMAN FIRST TRAINED A SATIRIC EYE ON THEM IN MAD--



--THE QUESTION, "WHAT WOULD SUPERHEROES BE LIKE IN THE REAL WORLD?" HAS BEDEVILED SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS OF COMICS CREATORS.



FRANK WROTE *THE DARK KNIGHT* IN A FORTISSIMO, OPERATIC MODE.



BUT HE RECOGNIZED THAT MY STRENGTHS AS AN ARTIST WERE MORE ATTUNED TO THE MUNDANE.

SO WITH *YEAR ONE*, WE SOUGHT TO CRAFT A CREDIBLE BATMAN, GROUNDED IN A WORLD WE RECOGNIZE.



BUT, DID WE GO TOO FAR?

ONCE A DEPICTION VEERS TOWARD REALISM, EACH NEW DETAIL RELEASES A TORRENT OF QUESTIONS THAT EXPOSES THE ABSURDITY AT THE HEART OF THE GENRE.



THE MORE "REALISTIC" SUPERHEROES BECOME, THE LESS BELIEVABLE THEY ARE.



IT'S A DELICATE BALANCE.

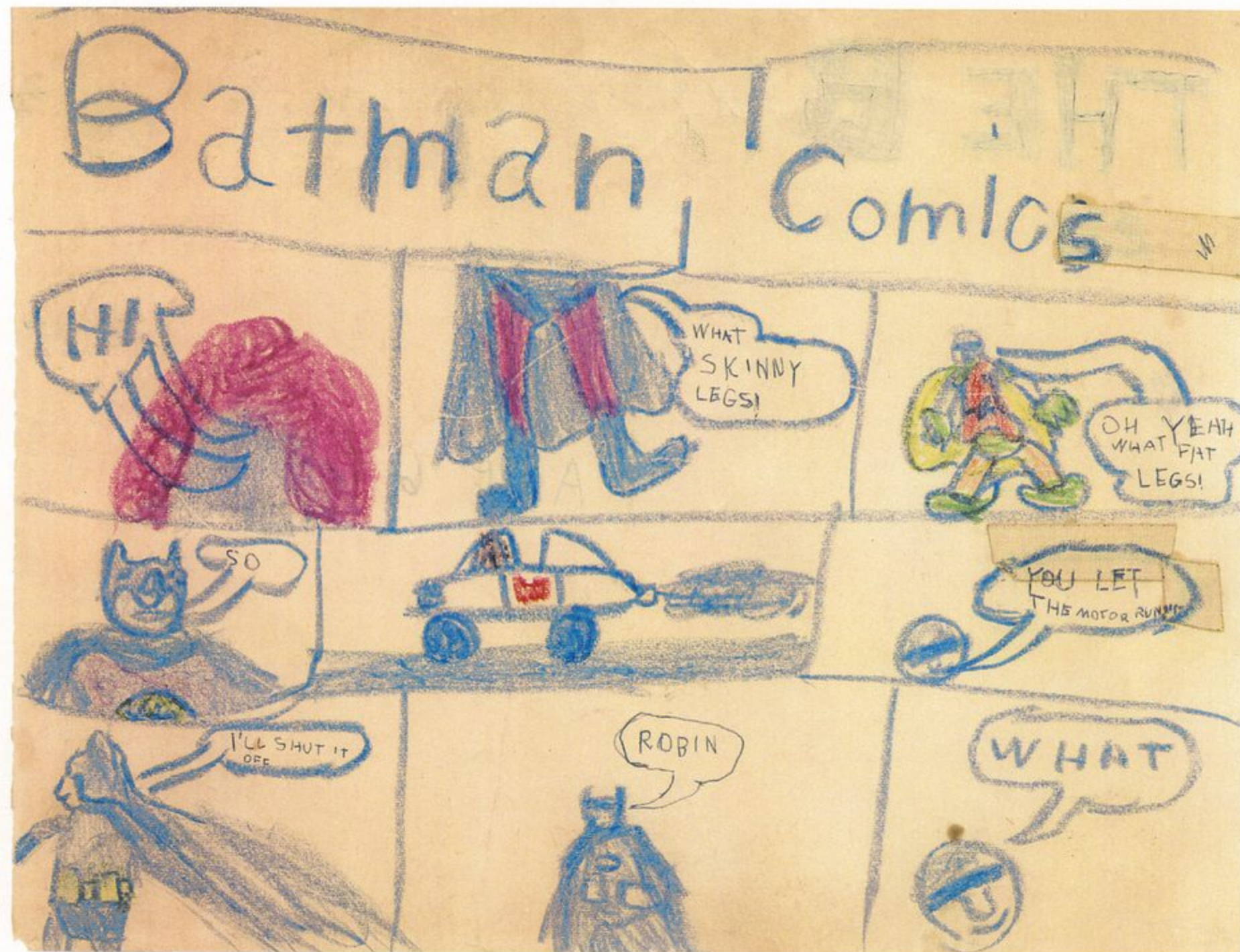


BUT THIS MUCH I KNOW:

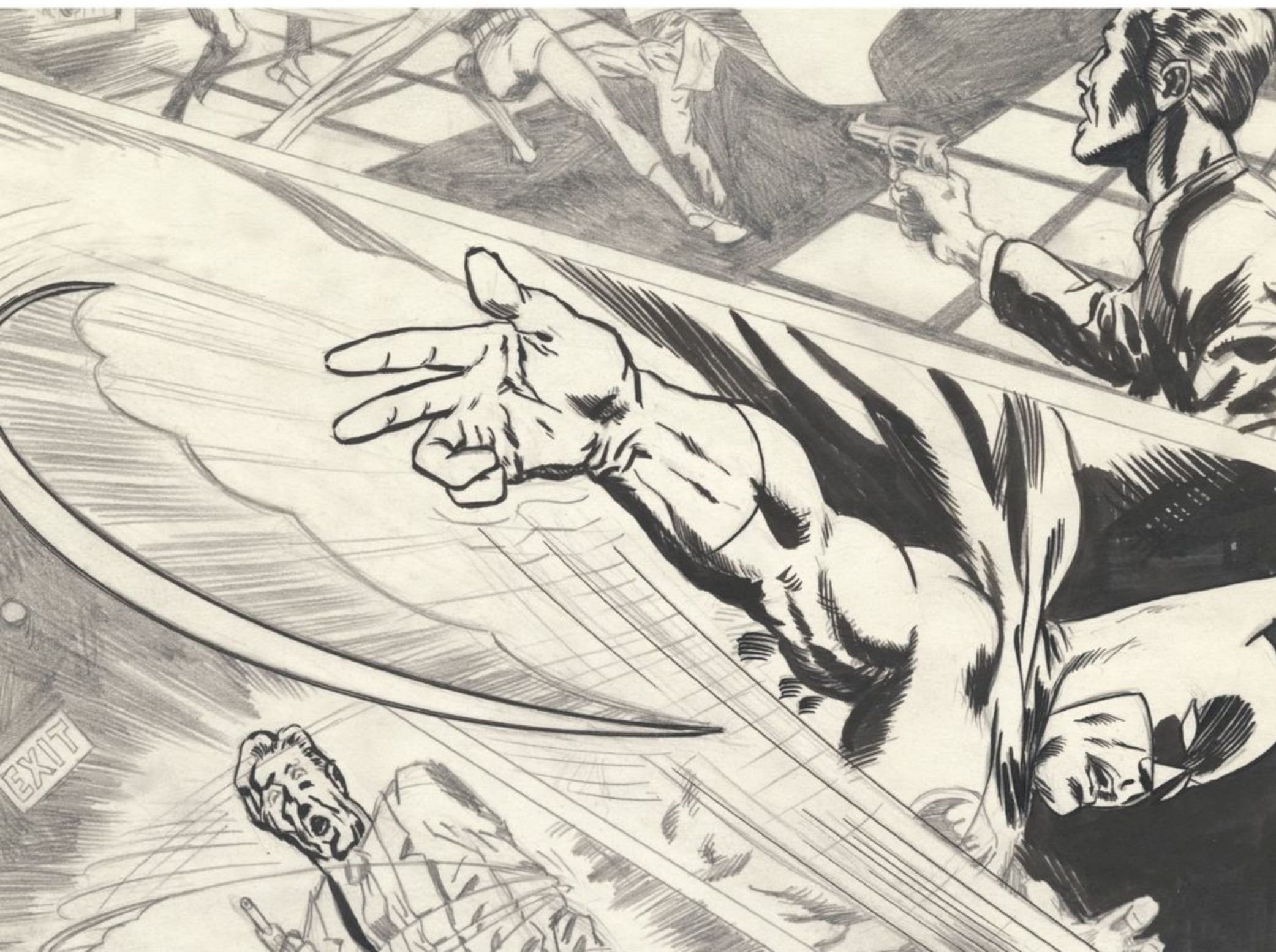
SUPERHEROES ARE REAL WHEN THEY'RE DRAWN IN INK.



MAZZUCHELLI 2005



"Batman Comics," 1966 (above). My first comic page.
 Submission sample, 1983 (facing page).
 Submission sample, c. 1981 (below).

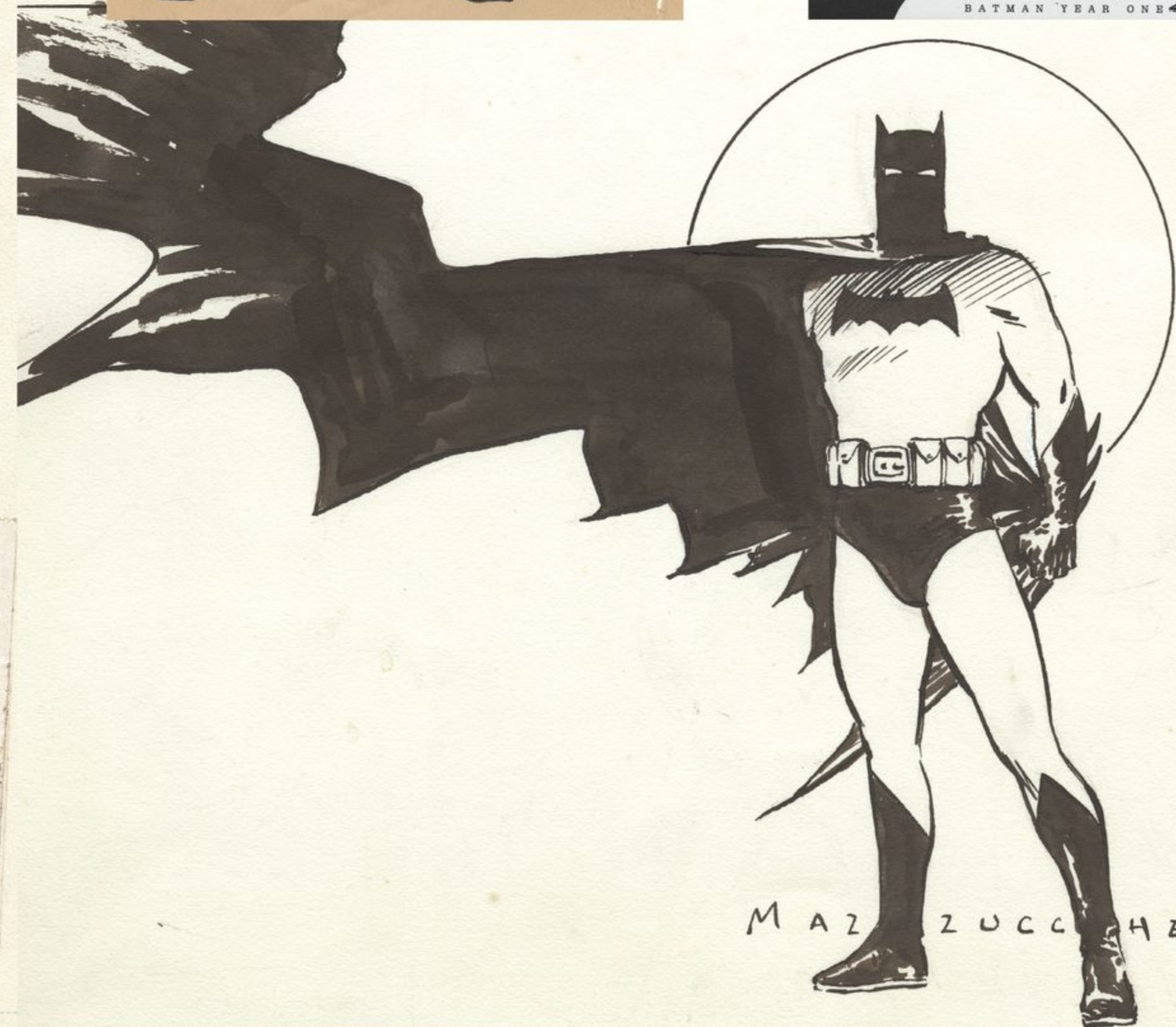
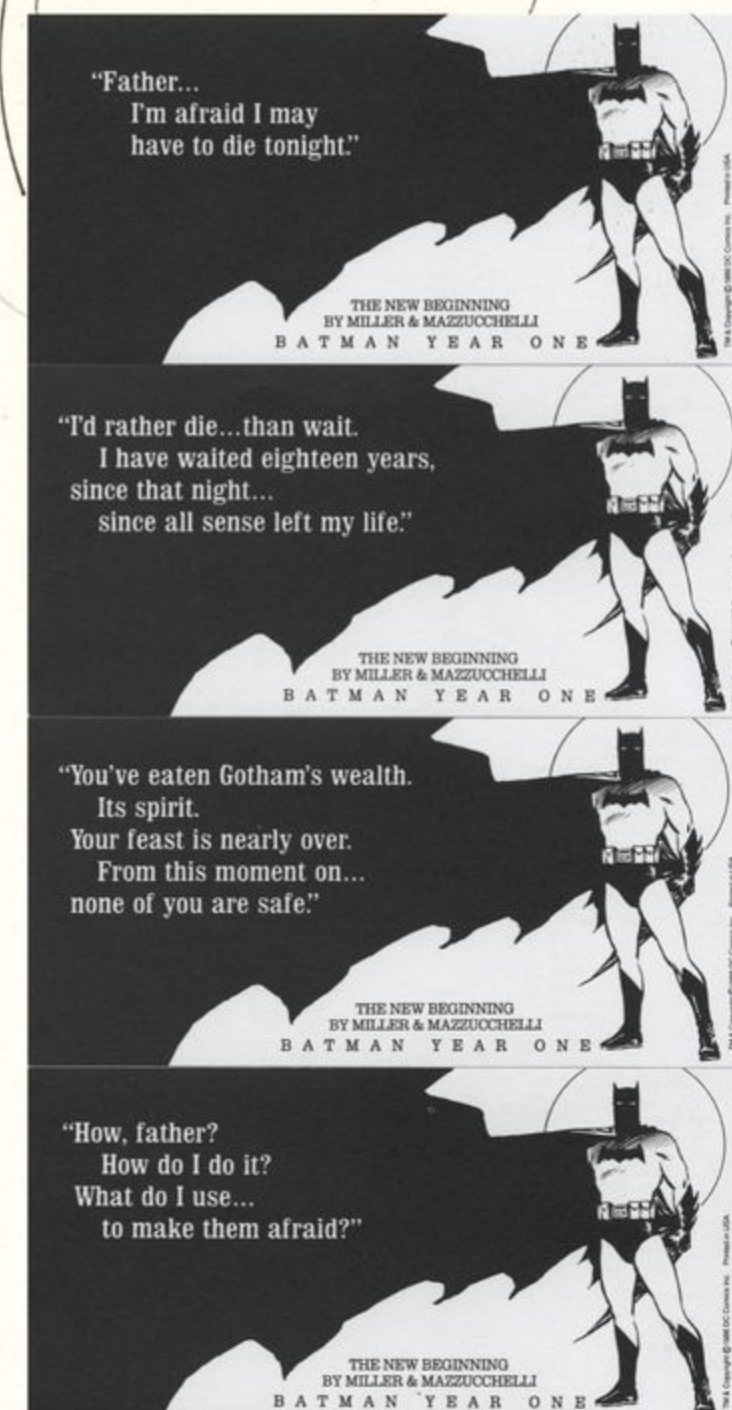




Promotional drawings for a DC house ad (this page), and a series of bumper stickers (facing page). The coffee stains were added by an anonymous DC staffer.

MAZZUCCHELLI

58%
~~Julia~~
Janice



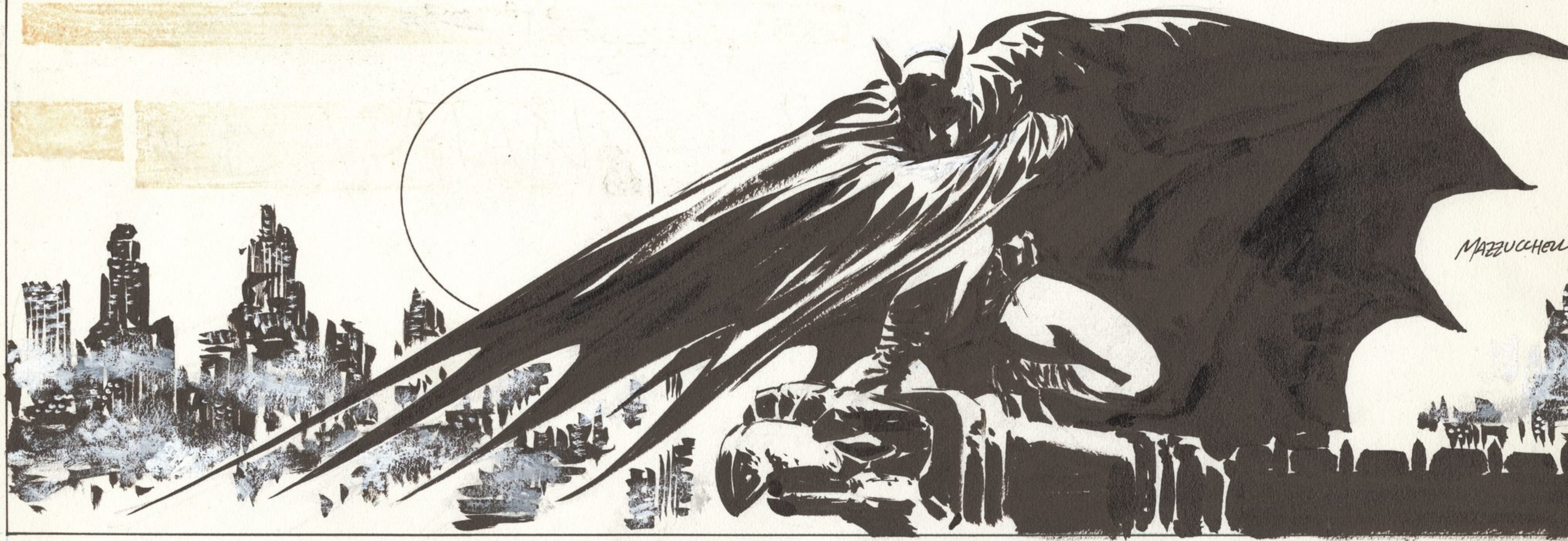
MAZZUCCHELLI

ISSUE/MONTH:

BOOK:

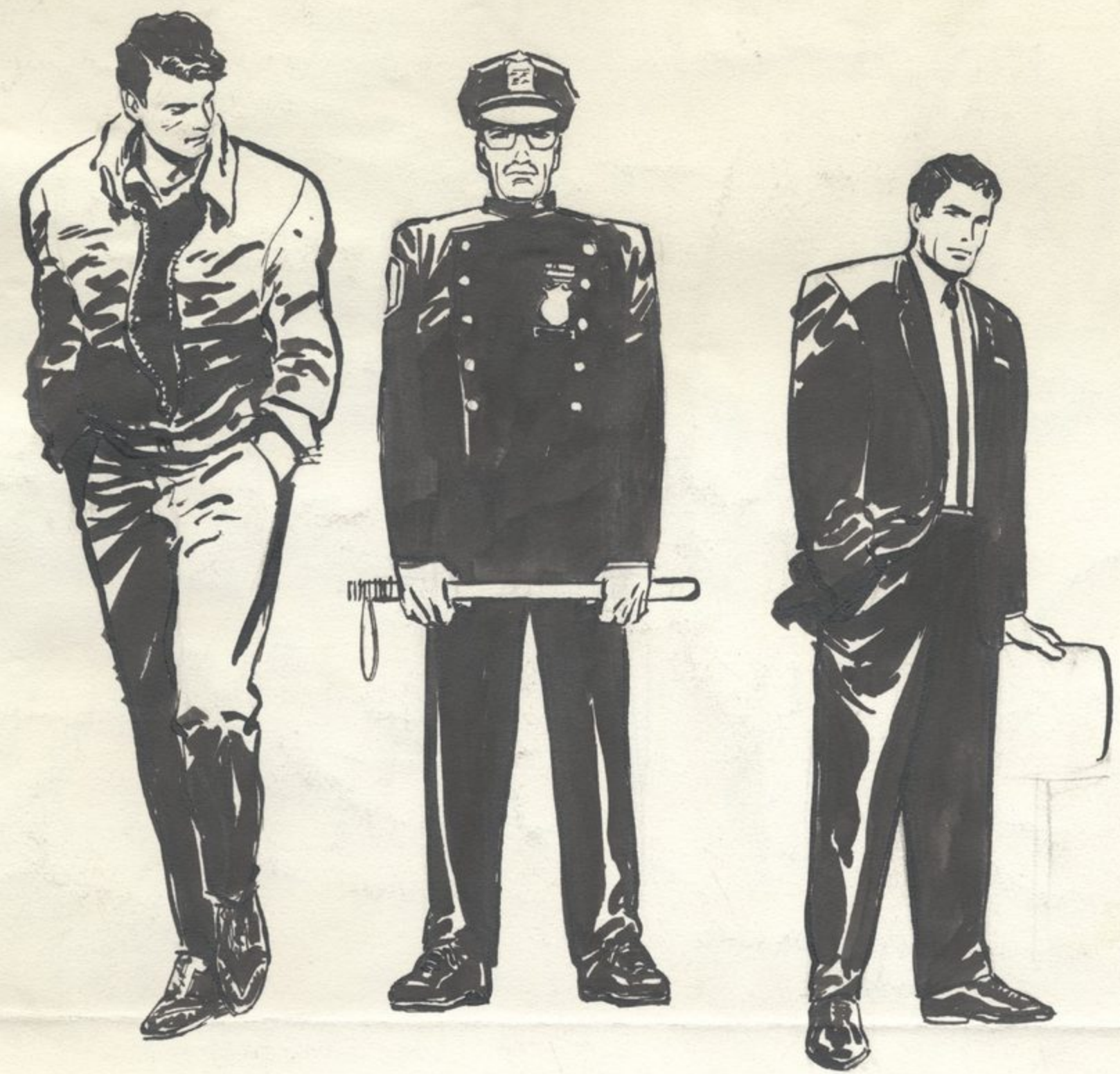
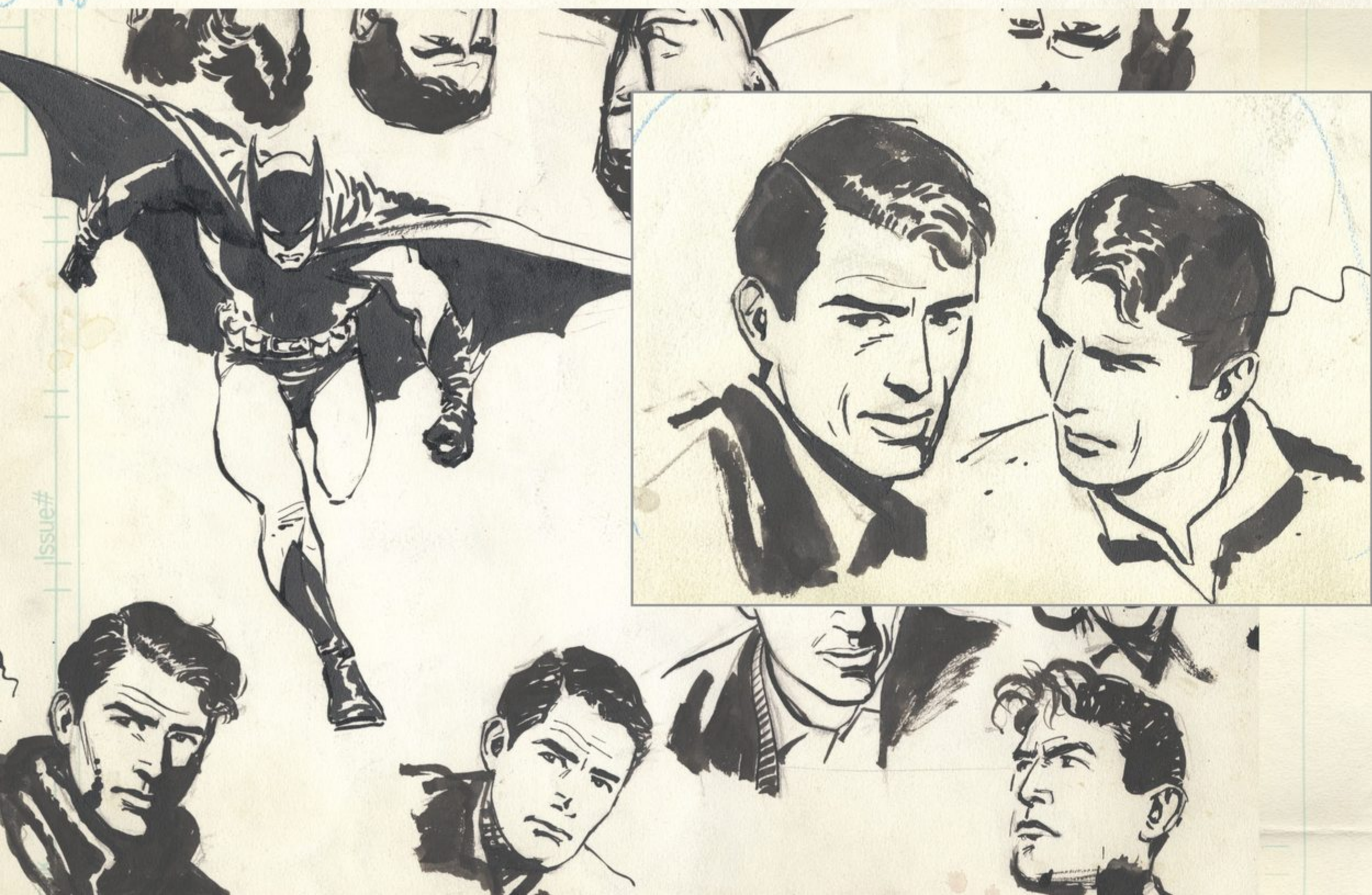
0/85
5" 15"

Issue#



My first rendering of a "Year One" Batman (above), used for a DC house ad (note the bat-like ears).

Sketches of Bruce Wayne, after photos of Gregory Peck (below).



BATMAN/p8

1. BIG PANEL. INTERIOR A LARGE PARKING GARAGE. THE SIDES OF THE GARAGE ARE EXPOSED, MAKING VISIBLE GOTHAM ROOFTOPS. THE GARAGE IS DARK. AND ONLY A FEW CARS, ALL OF EXPENSIVE MAKE, ARE VISIBLE. PROMINENT IN THE FOREGROUND IS A GLEAMING BLACK PORSCHE. ITS HEADLIGHTS ON, ITS WINDSHIELD TINTED BLACK.

* TITLE (AS ON PAGE 2): ~~THE DARK KNIGHT~~ MARCH II
CAP(B): The engine hums, gently, not quite convinced it should stop.

3 CAP(B): Everything is in place. The ATTENDANT was ~~even~~ even obliging enough to ask me for my AUTOGRAPH. My ALIBI is SET.

4 CAP(B): BRUCE WAYNE has been SIGHTED at the ~~the same~~ HOTEL as a ~~visiting Hollywood~~ SEX QUEEN.
CAP(B): -- to account for my WHEREABOUTS, for the next few hours.

2. CLOSE ON BRUCE, UNDERLIT BY THE DASHBOARD, ~~SPREADING GREY MAKE UP ON HIS CHEEK. HIS FACE IS CALM.~~

6 CAP(B): This is a RECONNAISSANCE mission. Until I know MORE, I must avoid combat. Until I'm READY...

7 CAP(B):...My ANONYMITY is an OBVIOUS priority. The murder of my PARENTS is a matter of public RECORD.

3. CLOSE ON BRUCE, ADHERING A HIDEOUS FAKE SCAR TO HIS CHEEK AND NECK.

8 CAP(B): All it requires is a change in CLOTHING and COMPLEXION --

9 CAP(B): -- and a single, memorable, distracting DETAIL.

[MORE]

BATMAN/p8, continued

11. [4.] MEDIUM ON GORDON, IN HIS GARAGE, OPENING THE DOOR TO HIS CHEAP, BATTERED SEDAN [A RUST PATCH ON ITS SIDE WOULDN'T HURT]. HE LOOKS BACKWARD, OVER HIS SHOULDER, AS HE HEARS A VOICE. [DAVID -- GARAGE MUST BE IDENTIFIABLY DIFFERENT THAN THE ONE BRUCE IS IN.]

10 CAP(G): Requested OFF this NIGHT SHIFT four times now -- damn it, Barbara NEEDS me at night, these days, Barbara, and little JAMES...

11 CAP(G): ...so I hope it's a BOY. So WHAT.

12 CAP(G): FOUR TIMES and no REPLY. I'm not making FRIENDS in the department --

13 VO: Going to WORK, Lieutenant?

[5.] MEDIUM LONG ON GORDON, STANDING. HUGE IN FOREGROUND ARE SEVERAL ARMS, HOLDING BASEBALL BATS.

14 VO: Going to be LATE.

15 [2]: May have to skip the whole NIGHT.

REVERSE? GORDON UP CLOSE -
LINE OF SIGHT/POSES IN
LOCAL POSES 4 DAYS IN BG?

BATMAN/p10

1. STREET SCENE. IN FRONT OF A HOTEL THAT ADVERTISES HOURLY RATES. ONE OR TWO HOOKERS STAND ON THE SIDEWALK. A PIMP, WHITE, VERY TOUGH LOOKING, STANDS IN A DOORWAY. VARIOUS PEOPLE, NONE DRESSED WELL, COME AND GO, INCLUDING A COUPLE OF TEENAGERS WHO OGLE THE WHORES. PROMINENT IN THE FOREGROUND, HIS BACK TO US, WALKING, IS BRUCE. HE'S DRESSED IN ARMY SURPLUS BOOTS, BLUE JEANS, AND A WEATHERED ARMY JACKET.

(DAVID -- THIS IS THE MASTER SHOT FOR THE ACTION ON THE NEXT FEW PAGES. WE NEED A STRONG SENSE OF LOCALE. IT SHOULD DOMINATE THE PAGE.)

2 CAP(B): It's a twenty block walk to the enemy camp.

3 CAP(B): It's been EDUCATIONAL. I was sized up like a piece of MEAT by the LEATHER boys in ROBINSON PARK. I waded through PLEAS and half-hearted THREATS from JUNKIES at the FINGER MEMORIAL. I stepped across a field of human RUBBLE that lay sleeping in front of the overcrowded SPRANG MISSION.

4 CAP(B): Finally, the WORST of it.

5 CAP(B): The EAST END.

2.7. MEDIUM CLOSE ON BRUCE, CROPPED AT THE CHEST, LOOKING DOWN AS HE HEARS A VOICE. THE SCAR, ~~and~~ AND THE CLOTHES SHOULD MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE HE'S TRYING OUT FOR THE TRAVIS BICKLE LOOK ALIKE CONTEST.

3 CAP(B): Hard to believe it's gotten WORSE.

4 BALLOON FROM BELOW: Cheer you up.

3. MEDIUM LONG ON BRUCE AND HOLLY, A PRETTY, THIRTEEN YEAR OLD WHORE. SHE STANDS FACING BRUCE, LOOKING UP AT HIM, HER HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HER BACK, HER HEAD TILTED COQUETTISHLY. (DAVID -- THROUGHOUT THIS SEQUENCE, TREAT HER AS A LITTLE GIRL, NOT AS A TOUGH URBAN WHORE. SHE SHOULDN'T SNEER OR ACT SLUTTY: SHE HAS NO IDEA THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH WHAT SHE'S DOING. SHE JUST WANTS TO PLEASE HER PIMP.)

BRUCE HAS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS. HE STANDS CASUALLY, SMILES AT HER A LITTLE PAINFULLY. THE PIMP APPROACHES THEM FROM BEHIND.

7 BRUCE: I doubt it. How old are you?

8 HOLLY: Young as you WANT me to be.

9 PIMP: Stupid B -- that's all WRONG, Holly.

10 You don't do it wrong.

[MORE]

PIMP
WEARING
RED?

BATMAN/p11

1. MEDIUM ON ACTION AS THE PIMP TURNS, IRRITATED, TO SEE HOLLY STILL STANDING BESIDE HIM. BRUCE WATCHES.
PIMP: You still HERE? TOLD you to GO, Holly.
HOLLY: He hadn't SAID.

2. CLOSE AS THE PIMP GRABS HOLLY'S HAIR, ROUGHLY. HER MOUTH OPENS WIDE IN PAIN.
PIMP: We talk this over LATER, sweet chunks.
VO: No ...

3. CLOSE ON BRUCE, SMILING CHEERFULLY, VERY EAGER.
BRUCE: ... I think you're FINISHED with her.
CAP(B): I'm PROVOKING him.
CAP(B): really shouldn't.

4. MEDIUM LONG, LOOKING DOWN AT BRUCE AND THE PIMP. THE PIMP STANDS, SIZING BRUCE UP, ANGRY. BRUCE REMAINS STILL, HIS HANDS STILL IN HIS POCKETS.

5 PIMP: Man, you PUSHIN. You on the EDGE.

6 (2): You lookin for NEW scar. THAT right.

7 Jus tell me WHERE, man ...

8 BALLOON FROM ABOVE: ON, CHEIST.

5. LOOKING UP AT A HOTEL WINDOW. SELINA KYLE, YOUNG, DARK, EXOTIC, AND SLEAZY, LEANS ON THE SILL, LOOKING OUT. SHE WEARS A LEATHER CORSET. HER HAIR IS SHORT, CUT CLOSE TO HER HEAD. SHE HOLDS A CIGARETTE IN ONE HAND; A RIDING CROP IN THE OTHER. SHE'S IRRITATED.

6 SELINA: ... can't be VICE. We're paid UP.

7 Just some IDIOT out to get himself KILLED.

8 VOICE FROM INSIDE WINDOW (SMALL LETTERS, LARGE, WOBBLY BALLOON): Selina ... don't stop NOW ...

6. SAME ANGLE. SELINA LEANS FORWARD, DROPS AN ASH

12 SELINA: Shut up, Skunk.

13 (2): You know what I hate MOST about MEN, Skunk?

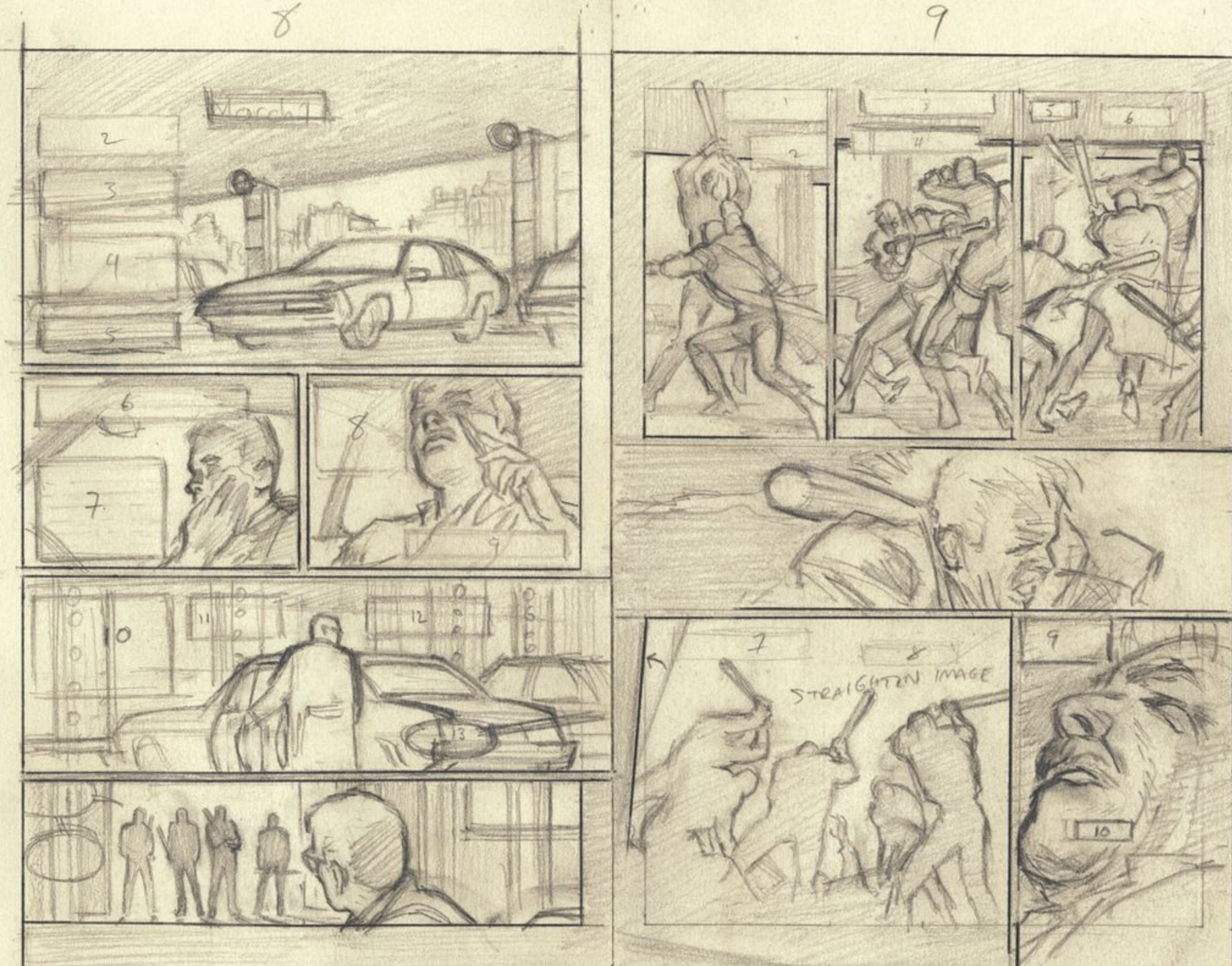
14 VOICE FROM INSIDE WINDOW (SAME AS PREVIOUS PANEL): PLEASE, Selina ... TELL me ... why you HATE us so ... oh, PLEASE ...

7. CLOSE ON SELINA, LOOKING DOWN, DISGUSTED.

15 SELINA: Never met one.

16 VO (AS BEFORE): Say it AGAIN ...

[MORE]



2.1. SAME ANGLE AS BRUCE STEPS INSIDE THE PIMP'S GUARD. GRABS HIS WRIST WITH ONE HAND, TWISTING IT, FORCING THE PIMP TO DROP THE KNIFE. WITH HIS OTHER ARM, BRUCE DRINGS HIS ELBOW INTO THE PIMP'S STERNUM. THE PIMP IS STARTLED, IN PAIN.

1 CAP(B): -- I won't say he has a CHANCE --
2 CAP(B): -- but he's fast.
3 CAP(B): This is getting a little too GOOD to me -- better wrap it UP --

2.2. FULL FIGURES AS BRUCE DEMOLISHES THE PIMP WITH A SPINNING KICK. THE PIMP IS KNOCKED BACKWARD, INTO THE CROWD. SOMEWHERE IN SHOT, HOLLY PICKS UP THE PIMP'S SWITCHBLADE FROM THE SIDEWALK.
NO COPY

2.3. CLOSE ON BRUCE, HIS MOUTH OPEN IN SUDDEN PAIN.
4 CAP(B): IDIOT -- NEVER should have done this --
5 CAP(B): -- have to get OUT of here before I draw ~~ATTENTION~~ ..
6 BRUCE: AAAA

2.4. MEDIUM LONG ON ACTION AS HOLLY HOLDS TIGHT TO BRUCE'S LEG WITH ONE ARM; THE OTHER HAS DRIVEN THE SWITCHBLADE DEEP INTO BRUCE'S THIGH.

7 HOLLY: Come ON you GUYS -- I GOT him --

2.5. MEDIUM LONG AS: HOLLY DRAWS THE KNIFE OUT, BACK, TO STAB AGAIN. BRUCE GRABS HER WRIST; ANOTHER HOOKER, WITH ANOTHER KNIFE, TRIES TO STAB BRUCE; HE KICKS HER IN THE STOMACH WITH HIS FREE LEG; A THIRD HOOKER, A HUGE BULL OF A WOMAN WITH INHUMANLY LARGE BREASTS, TALLER THAN BRUCE, TUNDERS AT HIM FROM BEHIND, HER ARMS REACHING AROUND HIS HEAD IN AN ATTEMPT TO GRAB HIM.

7 CAP(B): Very GOOD, Bruce.
7 CAP(B): You've really put the fear of GOD into them.

2.6. LOOKING UP AT THE HOTEL WINDOW AS SELINA LEAPS TO THE SILL, VAULTING FORWARD, ANGRY, THROWING HER CIGARETTE AWAY.

10 SELINA: DAMN it --

2.1. FULL FIGURE OF SELINA, WEARING KNEE HIGH BLACK LEATHER BOOTS, THE CORSET, AND SKIN TIGHT BLACK LEATHER PANTS. WITH A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS DANGLING FROM HER BELT, SWINGS ACROBATICALLY ON THE LADDER OF A FIRE ESCAPE.

1 SELINA: -- NOBODY hurts HOLLY --

2.2. FULL FIGURES AS: HOLLY SITS ON THE SIDEWALK, HOLDING HER WRIST. HOWLING IN PAIN; BRUCE FLIPS THE BIG ONE OVER HIS BACK, FORWARD; THE SECOND ONE WITH A KNIFE HOLDS HER STOMACH, IS ON HER KNEES AND ONE HAND ON THE SIDEWALK, GASPING FOR BREATH.

2 HOLLY: HURTS bet he broke my WRIST --

3 CAP(B): MESS -- made a MESS of it --

4 CAP(B): -- no EXCUSE -- didn't CONTROL myself --

2.3. THE BIG ONE FLIES INTO A ROW OF GARDAGE CANS; SELINA LANDS ON THE PAVEMENT, CROUCHED FORWARD, FURIOUS.

5 CAP(B): -- ANOTHER one -- hissing like a CAT --

6 CAP(B): -- looks like she KNOWS what she's doing -- be CAREFUL --

2.4. MEDIUM LONG AS SELINA THROWS A KARATE KICK AT BRUCE'S FACE; BRUCE BLOCKS IT WITH A FOREARM.

7 CAP(B): -- that's GOOD -- she's had KARATE training --

8 CAP(B): -- but ONLY karate --

2.5. MEDIUM CLOSE AS BRUCE PUNCHES SELINA IN THE FACE. HER HEAD TWISTS AROUND, HER MOUTH IS LOOSE; SHE'S BEEN KNOCKED SENSELESS.

9 SE (RUNNING ACROSS BACKGROUND): EEEEEEEEEEEEEE

10 CAP: -- oh, NO --

2.6. LONG ON ACTION AS A POLICE CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT AT THE CURB, LIGHTS FLASHING, COPS LEAPING FROM EITHER SIDE, GUNS DRAWN. BRUCE WHEELS, MOVING TOWARD THE COPS. SELINA LIES FLAT ON HER BACK, DAZED, WITH A CONCUSSION. HOLLY LEANS OVER SELINA, TERRIFIED.

SE: EEEEE SKREEECHH

COP: FREEZE --

HOLLY: Selina get UP -- Selina --

10 CAP(B): -- if I'm CAUGHT -- it's OVER --

[1.] SILHOUETTE OF FLASS, HUGE, UNSTEADY, A BEER IN HIS HAND.

1 CAP[G]: Finally.

2 CAP[G]: Flass.

[2.] MEDIUM ON GORDON, LEANING FORWARD IN HIS SEAT AS HE STARTS THE ENGINE.

3 CAP[G]: He staggers to his STATION WAGON and gets in. It only takes him two tries.

4 CAP[G]: I hear his engine start and watch him pull out. He almost ~~flattens~~ flattens the MAILBOX before he remembers to turn his LIGHTS on.

[3.] ON A STRETCH OF DIRT ROAD, SURROUNDED BY TREES, GORDON'S SEDANE SIDESWIPES FLASS' STATION WAGON. SPARKS FLY.

5 CAP[G]: I keep mine off and follow.

6 CAP[G]: I haven't seen a house in three minutes when I ~~pull~~ pull up beside him and jerk the wheel.

7 CAP[G][AT BOTTOM]: He's ten miles over the speed limit.

[4.] FLASS STEPS OUT OF HIS CAR, HIS GUN DRAWN. THE FRONT END OF HIS CAR IS CRUMPLED INTO A LARGE TREE. LARGE IN FOREGROUND, GORDON'S HEAD POINTS

8 CAP[G][AT TOP]: Not fast ~~enough~~ enough to KILL him when he hits the TREE. ~~His 38.~~

9 CAP[G][AT BOTTOM]: I show him my GUN. He says my NAME and drops his.

[5.] MEDIUM LONG ON GORDON AND FLASS, STANDING A FEW YARDS APART. FLASS HAS DROPPED HIS GUN, LOOMS A FULL HEAD TALLER THAN GORDON. GORDON HOLD THE BASEBALL BAT IN BOTH HANDS, ONE HAND ON EACH END, HORIZONTALLY ACROSS HIS WAIST.

10 CAP[G]: He's BIG.

11 CAP[G]: GREEN BERET training.

12 CAP[G]: It's been FIFTEEN YEARS since I had to take out a GREEN BERET.

[6.] MEDIUM ON GORDON AS HE TOSSES THE BAT FORWARD, IN FLASS' DIRECTION.

13 CAP[G]: Even so --

14 CAP[G]: -- he deserves a HANDICAP.

[1.] MEDIUM AS FLASS CHARGES, SWINGING THE BAT WITH BOTH HANDS. GORDON DUCKS PAST THE BAT, PUNCHES FLASS ACROSS ONE EYE, DRAWING BLOOD.

1 CAP[G]: I don't crack his skull.

[2.] MEDIUM CLOSE AS GORDON FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH A STRAIGHT-FINGERED BLOW TO FLASS' THROAT.

2 CAP[G]: I don't crush his larynx.

[3.] FULL FIGURES AS GORDON LIFTS FLASS FROM THE GROUND WITH AN UPPER CUT TO HIS SOLAR PLEXUS. FLASS DROPS THE BAT.

3 CAP[G]: I don't break his RIBS or punch my hand through his CHEST.

[4.] MEDIUM ON ACTION AS: FLASS, ON HIS KNEES, FALLS BACKWARD AS GORDON KICKS HIM IN THE FACE.
NO COPY

[5.] MEDIUM CLOSE ON GORDON, HIS HAND LIFTED FROM A PUNCH, BLOODY.

4 CAP[G]: I do just ENOUGH --

5 CAP[G]: -- to keep him out of the HOSPITAL.

[6.] FULL FIGURES AS GORDON HANDCUFFS FLASS'S ARMS BEHIND HIS BACK. FLASS IS FACE DOWN ON GRASS, COMPLETELY NAKED.

6 CAP[G]: ~~THAN~~ I toss his GUN into the WOODS, It should be RUSTY by MORNING.

7 CAP[G]: I take his CLOTHES off and leave him in his own CUPPS by the side of the ROAD.

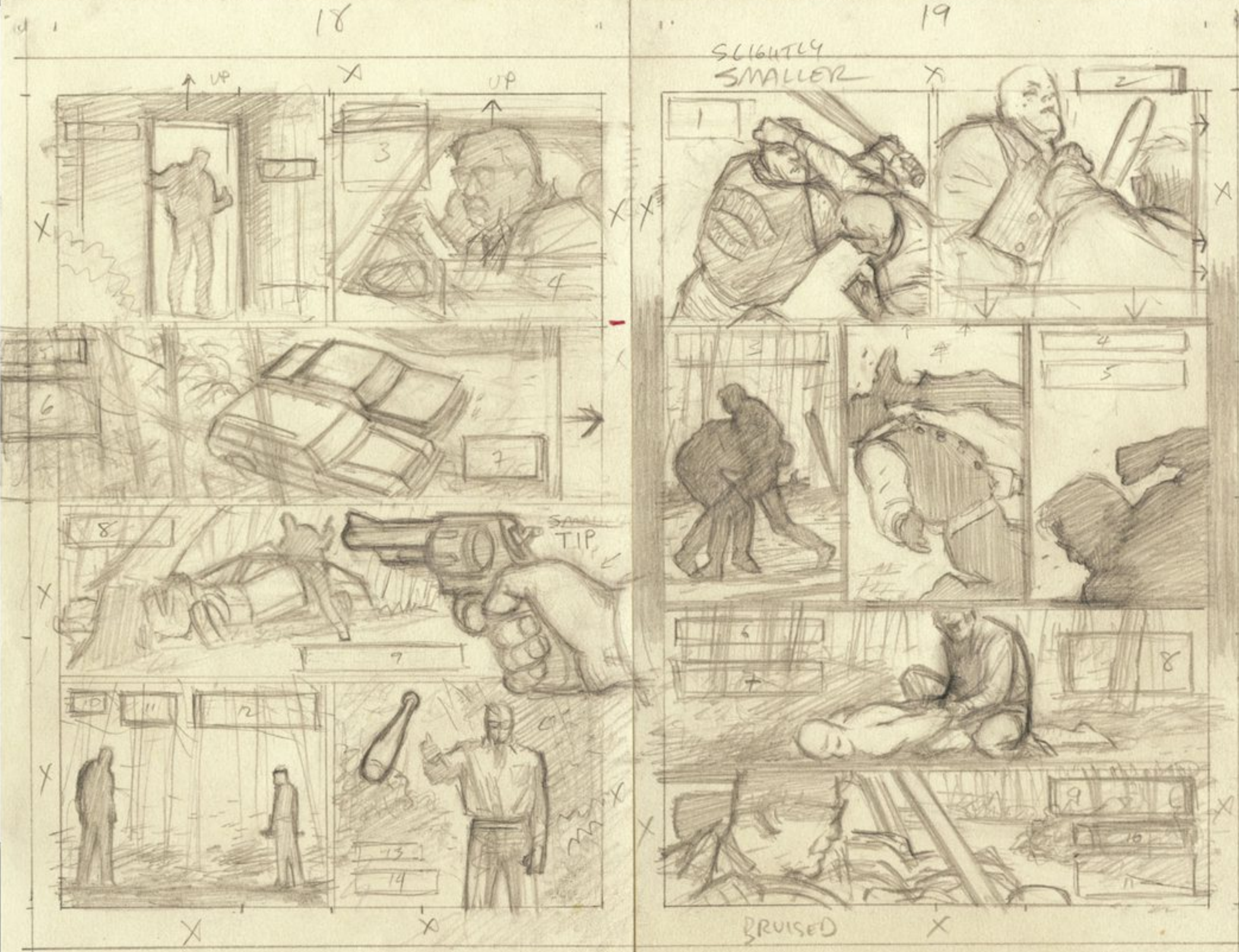
8 CAP[G][AT BOTTOM]: He'll never REPORT it. Not FLASS. He'll make up some STORY that involves at least TEN attackers and NEVER admit I DID it.

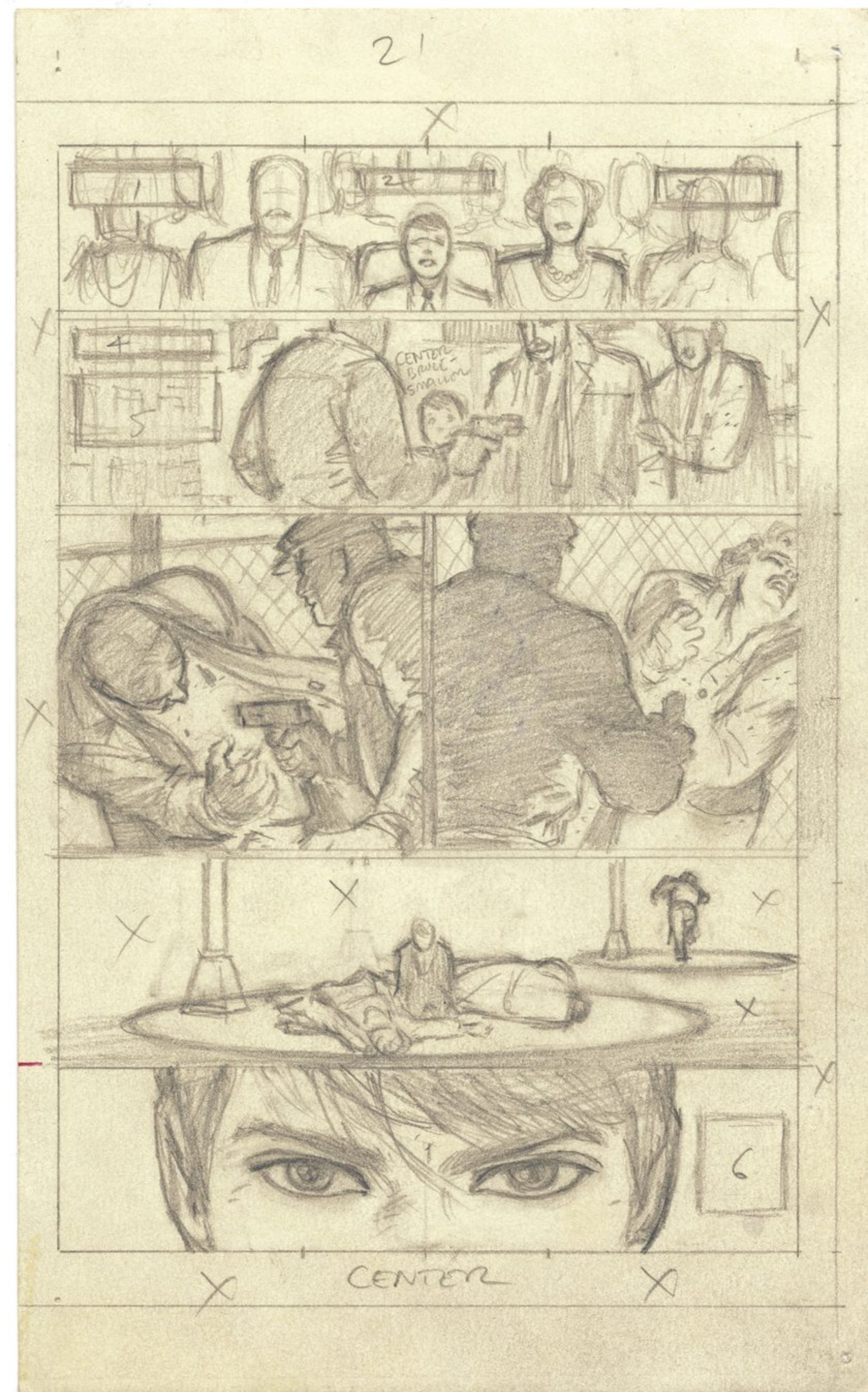
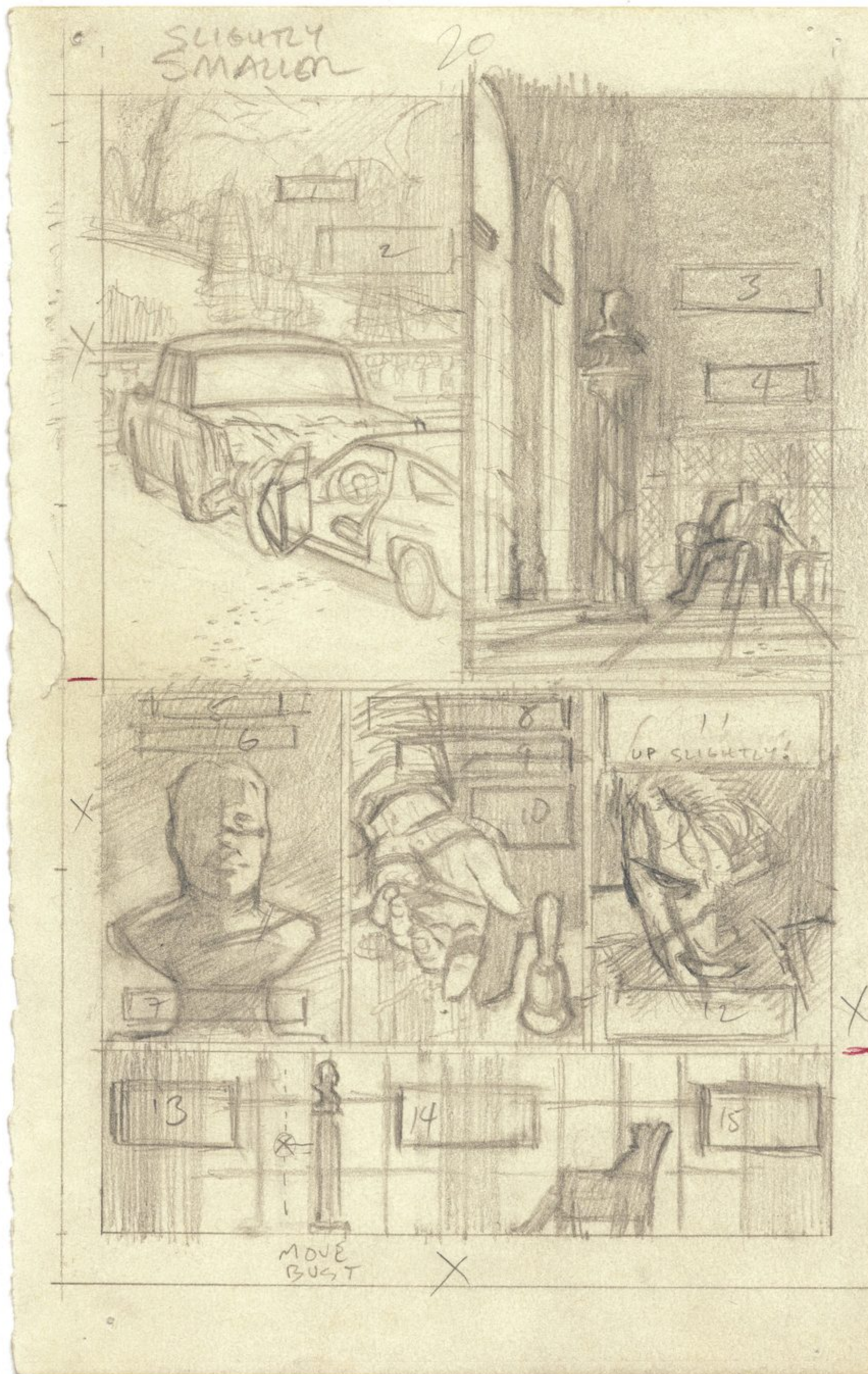
[7.] CLOSE ON GORDON, DRIVING, LOOKING BACK, DISGUSTED.

9 CAP[G]: But he'll KNOW. And he'll stay away from BARBARA.

10 CAP[G]: Thanks, Flass.

11 CAP[G]: You've shown me what it TAKES to be a COP in GOTHAM CITY.







[1.] BIG PANEL. FULL FIGURE OF BATMAN, BACKLIT, TUMBLING DOWN A COLLAPSING STAIRWELL DOWN WHICH FIRE IS STREAMING. A WINO, CROUCHED IN THE STAIRWELL, WAKES, SCREAMING, FINDING HIMSELF ON FIRE. PATCHES OF FIRE ARE ON BATMAN'S CAPE.

1 CAP[BATMAN]: -- stairwell's COLLAPSING -- fall WITH --
2 CAP[B]: -- get away from the FIRE --
3 CAP[B]: -- that old MAN -- doesn't have a CHANGE -- can't HELP him --
4 CAP[B]: -- can't HELP him --

[2.] FIGURE OF BATMAN, UPSIDE DOWN. FLAME, AND PIECES OF THE STAIRWELL, JUST FRAGMENTS, SURROUND HIM. BREAKING HIS SILHOUETTE, PART OF HIS UTILITY BELT CATCHES FIRE. HE'S REACHING FOR HIS BELT.
5 CAP[B]: -- SCREAMING -- can't HELP him -- BCKLE.
6 CAP[B]: -- oh no --
7 CAP[B]: -- THERMITE -- in my BELT -- catching --
8 CAP[B]: -- get it OFF--

[3.] CLOSE ON BATMAN'S BELT, IN FLAME, EXPLODING, NO LONGER ON BATMAN. FLAME IN BACK GROUND.

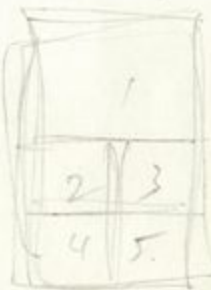
9 CAP[B]: -- still have ~~XXXX~~ WEAPONS -- in CAPE -- and BOOTS --
10 CAP[B]: -- NEED them -- if I ~~XXXX~~ survive this --

[4.] LOOKING PAST A METAL TRAPDOOR, ON THE FLOOR, AS BATMAN LANDS ON THE FLOOR. THE DOOR IS MARKED "DANGER ELECTRICITY 80,000 WATTS". FLAMING RUBBLE IS FALLING, ALL ROUND. BATMAN'S CAPE IS SERIOUSLY ON FIRE. THE DOOR IS LOCKED BY A CHAIN AND PADLOCK.

11 CAP[B]: -- METAL --
12 CAP[B]: -- trap door's METAL --
13 CAP[B]: -- might be ENOUGH -- to PROTECT me ---
14 CAP[B]: -- provided that WARNING -- is a LIE --

[5.] CLOSE ON BATMAN'S HANDS, SLIDING A PICKLOCK INTO THE LOCK.

15 CAP[B]: -- LUCKY -- keep the PICK in my GLOVE --
16 CAP[B]: -- LUCKY --



[1.] FULL FIGURES AS: IN FOREGROUND, BATMAN LEAPS BEHIND COLUMNS, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CAT, WHO RUNS, BULLETS STRIKING BEHIND HIM. THE SWAT TEAM IS IN THE BACKGROUND FIRING, HITTING COLUMNS. ONE SWAT IS TRYING TO SHOOT THE CAT.

1 SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
2 BALLOONS[NO TAILS, NEAR SWAT]: -- THERE --
-- can't SEE him -- where --
-- moves so FAST --
-- dark --
-- could be ANYWHERE --
3 SE[NEAR CAT]: reeowwwrrrr
4 SWAT SHOOTING AT CAT: Wha --
5 [2]: -- DAMN that cat --

[2.] FULL FIGURE OF BATMAN, ROLLING ACROSS THE FLOOR, HOLDING THE CAT IN BOTH HANDS. HE'S ROLLING TOWARD A SHATTERED WINDOW. BULLET HOLES MARK HIS PATH, RIPPING PLASTER FROM THE WALL.

6 SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
7 BALLOONS[NOT TAILS]: -- THERE --
-- so FAST --
8 SE[NEAR CAT]: WREEOWWWWW

[3.] MEDIUM ON ACTION AS BATMAN PLINGS THE CAT BACKWARD, OVER HIS HEAD, OUT THE WINDOW. BULLETS STRIKE THE WALL, AT WINDOW LEVEL. ONE HITS BATMAN BELOW THE ELBOW.

9 SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKA
10 SE[NEAR CAT]: WREEEEEE
11 SE[NEAR BATMAN]: NGG

[4.] THE CAT RUNS ACROSS A STRETCH OF PAVEMENT OUTSIDE THE BUILDING.

12 VO[FROM DIRECTION OF BUILDING]: -- TAGGED him -- close in --
13 VO[FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTION]: COMMISSIONER -- for God's SAKE -- come IN --

[5.] MEDIUM ON ACTION AS THE CAT RUNS LEAPS TO THE TOP OF A SQUAD CAR, PAST GORDON AND MERKEL. KERENXIXXXXXXXXXXXXXX WHO ARE OUTSIDE THE CAR. GORDON SCREAMS INTO THE CAR MICROPHONE. MERKEL XXXX JERKS BACKWARD AGAINST THE CAR, CLUTCHING HIS SHOULDER, HIS HAT TOPPLING FROM HIS HEAD. A BULLET HOLE APPEARS IN THE CAR WINDOW.

14 GORDON: -- those IDIOTS are firing X out the WINDOWS -- for God's --
15 [2]: -- MERKEL! --
16 SE[NEAR MERKEL]: NGGAH

[6.] MEDIUM ON ACTION AS THE CAT LEAPS INTO SELINA'S OUTSTRETCHED XXXX HANDS. SELINA LOOKS FIERCE. SHE'S THE ONLY ONE STANDING. HOLLY X DUCKS, TERRIFIED.

NO COPY

[1.] ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ -- GREY DAYBREAK OVER GOTHAM CITY. SMALL IN THE SKY, TITLE: JUNE 7, A HELICOPTER DROPS A PAYLOAD, CHAIRS.
2 VO [FROM BELOW]: Nifingmm
3 [2]: Gox way, Otto. You don eat fr n hour.

[2.] CLOSE ON SELINA KYLE, IN BED, TRYING NOT TO WAKE UP, AS A ~~XXXX~~ SIAMESE CAT TRIES TO SQUIRREL ITS NOSE UNDER HER CHIN. CRANKY AS SELINA IS, SHE'S ALWAYS NICE TO HER CATS, SO THIS IS HER AT HER SOFTEST.

4 SE [FROM CAT]: Mroww
5 SELINA: Mmiff
6 [2]: Siamese. Too noisy. Should've left you at the market.

[3.] INTERIOR A SMALL TENEMENT. THE ROOM IS CLUTTERED WITH MAGAZINES, EMPTY PACKS OF CIGARETTES, AND SELINA'S CLOTHING, STREWN ABOUT -- A PAIR AMOUNT OF WHICH SHOULD BE STRAIGHT FROM FREDRICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD. SEEMINGLY OUT OF PLACE, A SMALL FUNCHING BAG XX HANGS IN XX THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, OVER A SMALL PAIR OF ONE-HAND BARBELLS. SELINA LIES IN A LARGE, ORNATE, ANTIQUE BRASS BED. SHE'S CURLED, WRAPPING HERSELF IN BLACK SATIN SHEETS. CONVERGING ON HER ARE A DOZEN CATS, ALL COLORS AND SIZES. LINING THE WALLS ARE POSTERS OF MARLENE DIETRICH, BARBARA STANWYCK, GRETA GARBO, ANXXXXXXXXXXXX MARILYN MONROE, AND ANY OTHER CLASSIC SCREEN SEX SYMBOLS YOU CARE TO THROW IN. THE POSTERS ARE INTERRUPTED ONLY BY EXPOSED PIPES, AND ONE WINDOW. HOLLY, WEARING ONE OF SELINA'S BLOUSES AS A NIGHTSHIRT, WHICH HANGS DOWN NEARLY TO HER KNEES, LEANS AGAINST THE WINDOW SILL, POINTING OUTWARD, EXCITED AND A LITTLE SCARED. HEY. NO PROBLEM. I MEAN, THROW A MARCHING BAND IN WHILE YOU'RE AT IT. HOW ABOUT A MURAL OF THE TAKING OF TROY AND A COMPLETE MAP OF THE WORLD? MAYBE SOME DANCING ELEPHANTS?

7 SE [FROM CATS]: Mrowwrr
RRwreoww
Rroww
8 SELINA: Whole CREW now. Ganging UP. It's MUTINY.
9 [2]: Holly. What the hell time is it?
10 HOLLY: Selina -- outside --

[4.] MEDIUM ON SELINA, SITTING UP IN BED, CATS CRAWLING ALL OVER HER, HOLDING A PORTABLE ALARM CLOCK IN ONE HAND, PETTING ONE OF THE CATS WITH THE OTHER HAND. HER HEAD IS CRANED FORWARD. SHE SQUINTS AT THE CLOCK. SHE'S WEARING A BLACK LACE BRA.

11 VO: -- exPLOsions --
12 SELINA: Ggnff
13 [2]: Christ. Not even LIGHT out.
14 [2]: Christ. Five in the morning.
15 SE [FROM CATS]: Mrowweoww
Mrowwrrrr

[MORE]

[1.] FULL FIGURES AS: THE ENTIRE SWAT TEAM RUSHES TOWARD BATMAN, WHO CROUCHES, XXXXXXXXXXXX LEANING AGAINST A COLUMN, GETTING A LITTLE GROGGY FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. NOBODY'S FIRING. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ HAVING HIS ARM,
1 BALLOON[NO TAIL]: GOT him --
2 BALLOON[NO TAIL]: -- get in CLOSE -- out that bastard in HALF --
3 BALLOON[NO TAIL]: -- GOT him man we've GOT him --

4 CAP[B]: GROGGY -- losing -- too much BLOOD --
5 CAP[B]: -- had to -- put a BULLET -- in my GOOD leg -- didn't they --

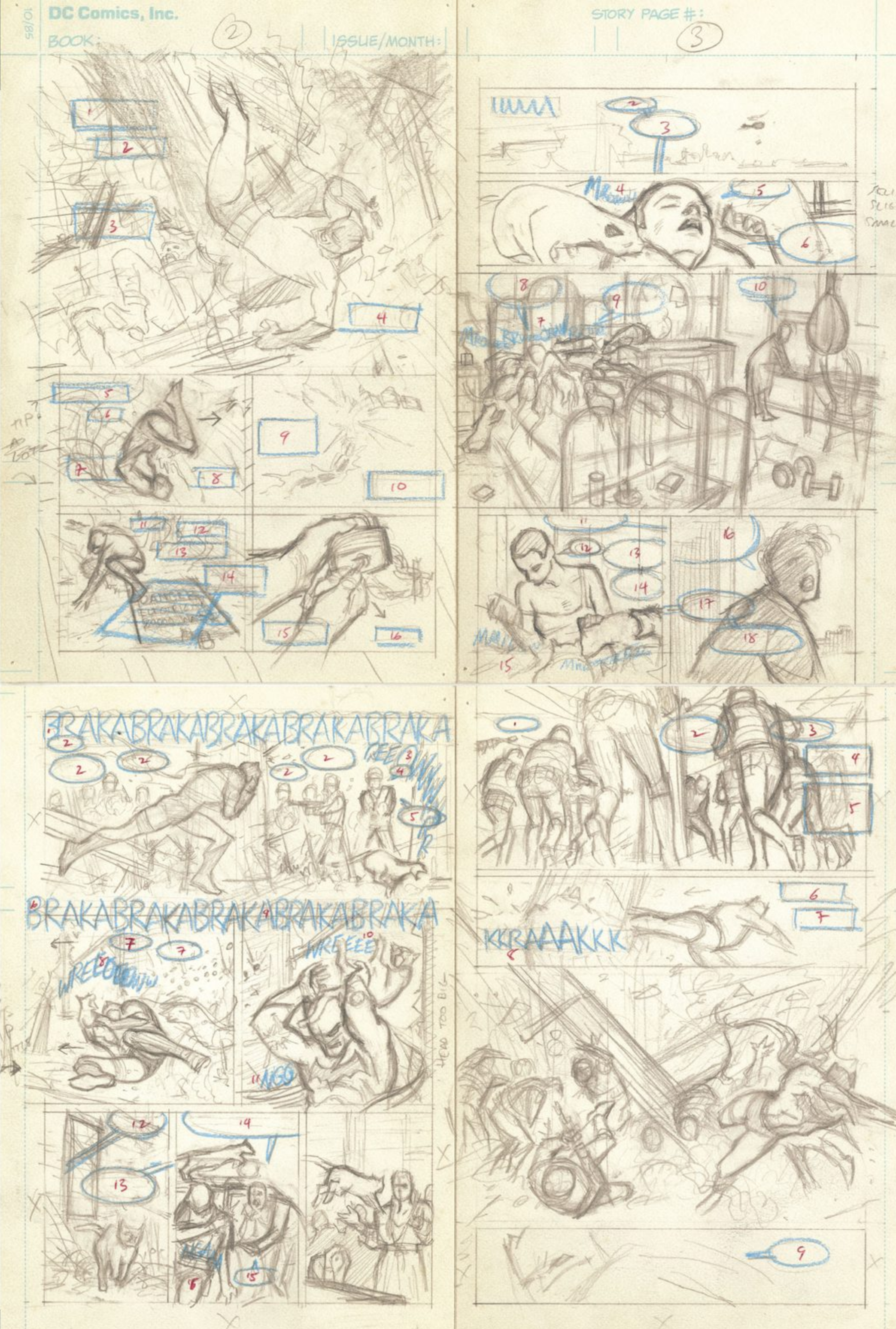
[2.] MEDIUM LONG ON ACTION AS BATMAN KICKS THE PILLAR WITH HIS WOUNDED LEG [I SUGGEST YOU REPEAT THE LAYOUT OF PANEL 3, PAGE 7. CHAPTER ONE].
6 CARLB: -- FORGET it -- IGNORE it --
7 SE: KKRRAAAKKKK
8 CAP[B]: -- put what's LEFT -- INTO it --

[3.] BIG PANEL. BATMAN LEAPS CLEAR AS A SECTION OF CEILING COLLAPSES, INCLUDING A LARGE BEAM THAT HITS TWO OF THE SWAT. WOOD, PLASTER, ETC., CRACK AND BREAK ACROSS THE REST. A BATHTUB COMES XXXXXXXXXXXX TUMBLING DOWN, DEMOLISHING ONE OF THEM. PLASTER FLIES THROUGH THE AIR. DUST BLOWS UP. ONE OF THEM, THE ONE WHO SHOT AT THE CAT, ROLLS OFF TO THE SIDE, HOLDING HIS MACHINE GUN, RELATIVELY OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

NO COPY

[4.] XXXXXXXXXXXX CLOSE ON BATMAN, TURNING HIS HEAD, LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER, SEVERE.

9 BATMAN: XXXXX YOU'RE the one --



10/85

DC Comics, Inc.

BOOK:

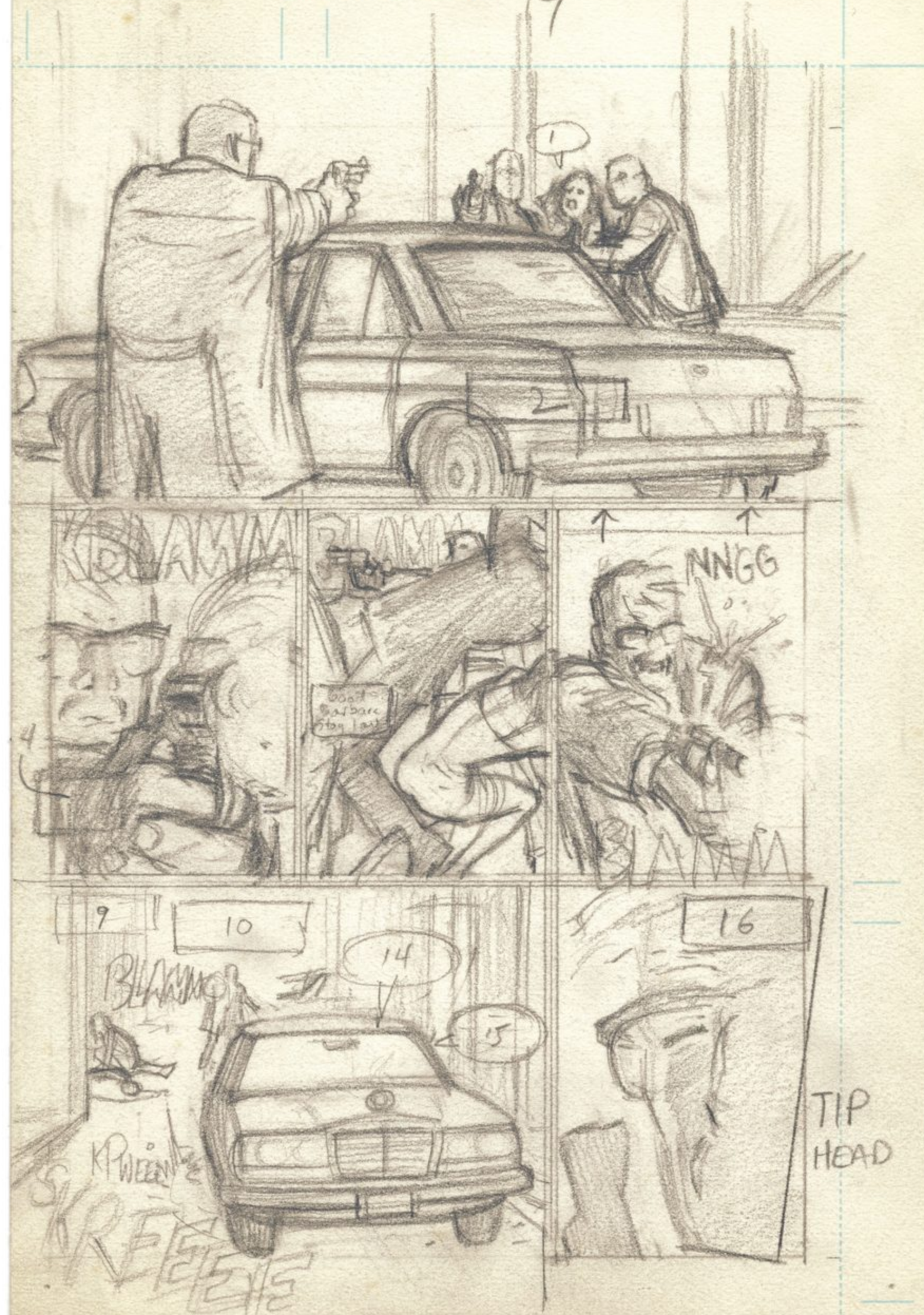
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ISSUE/MONTH:



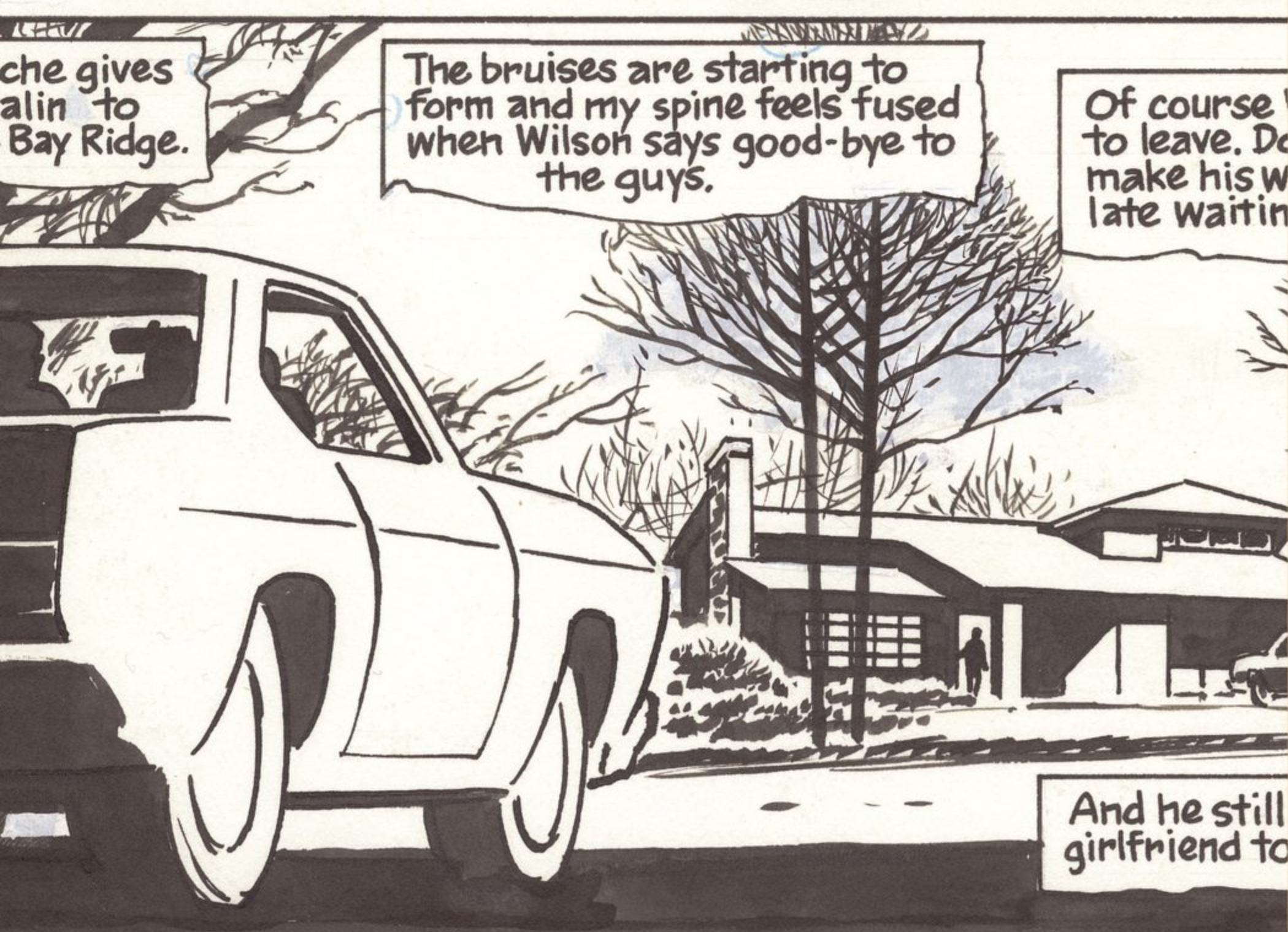
STORY PAGE #:

19





...I have to
them af



he gives
alin to
Bay Ridge.

The bruises are starting to
form and my spine feels fused
when Wilson says good-bye to
the guys.

Of course
to leave. Do
make his w
late waitin

And he still
girlfriend to

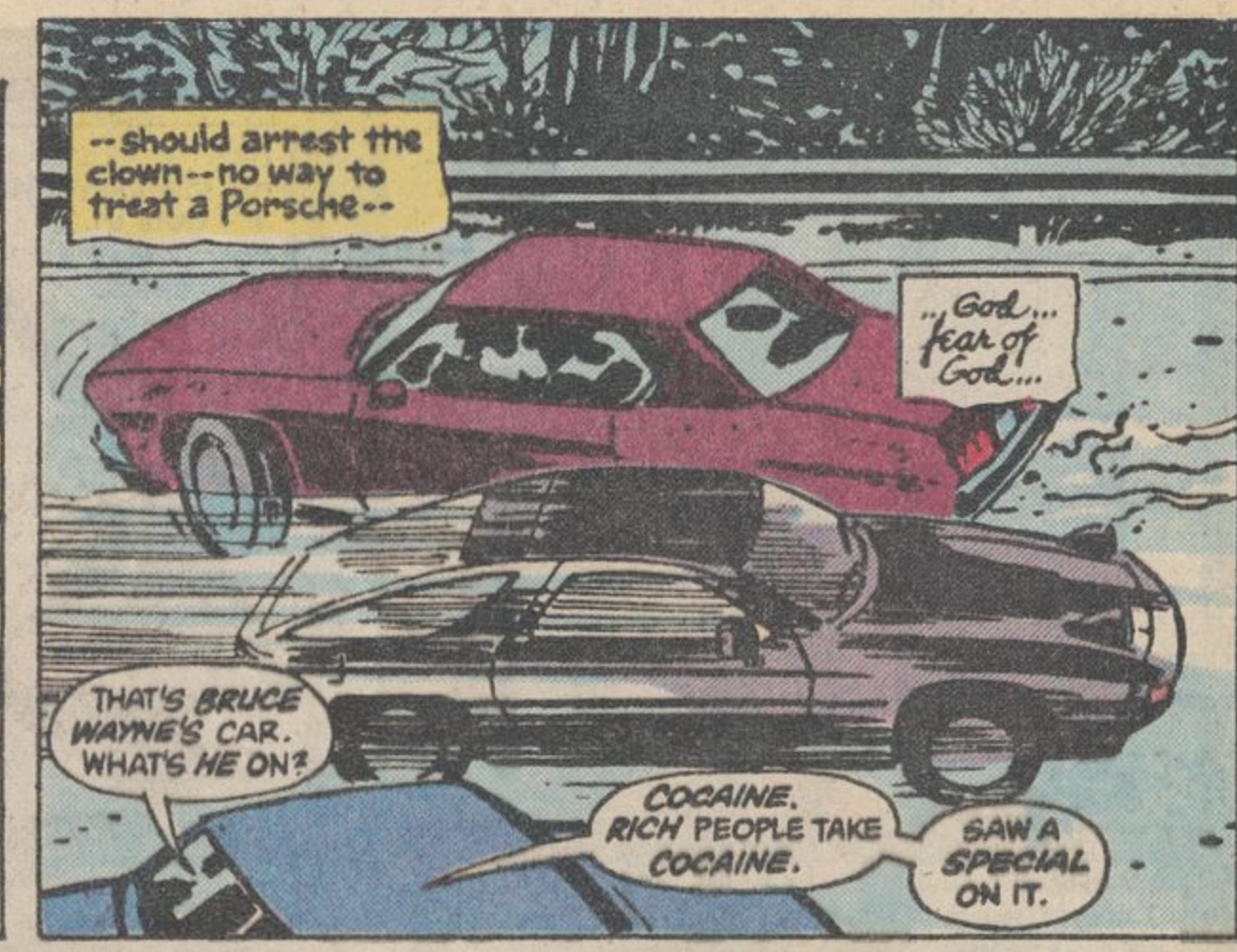


s later
les out,
ke he's
ings.



Maniac--
almost hit
me--

SKREE!



--should arrest the
clown--no way to
treat a Porsche--

God...
fear of
God...

THAT'S BRUCE
WAYNE'S CAR.
WHAT'S HE ON?

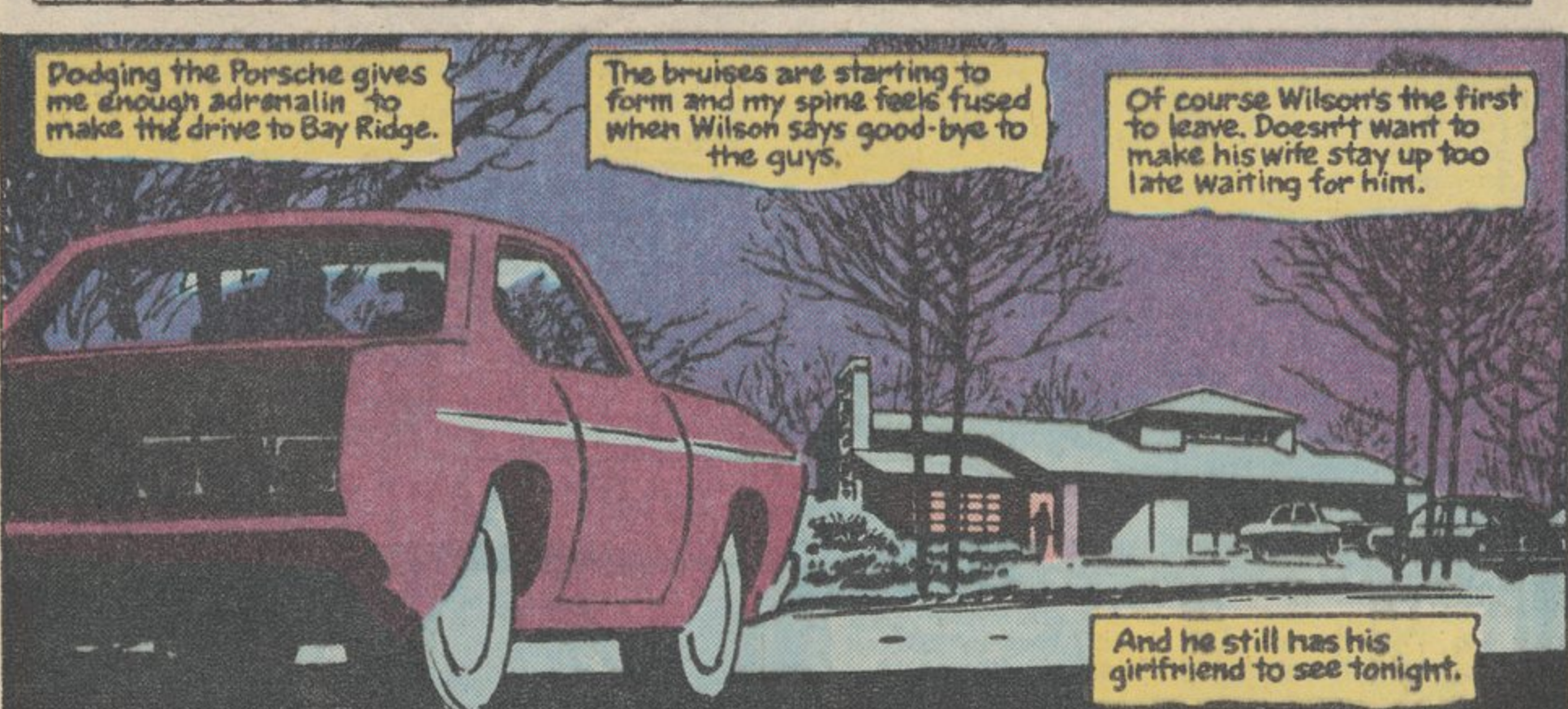
COCAINE.
RICH PEOPLE TAKE
COCAINE.

SAW A
SPECIAL
ON IT.



...fear...

...I have to make
them afraid...



Dodging the Porsche gives
me enough adrenalin to
make the drive to Bay Ridge.

The bruises are starting to
form and my spine feels fused
when Wilson says good-bye to
the guys.

Of course Wilson's the first
to leave. Doesn't want to
make his wife stay up too
late waiting for him.

And he still has his
girlfriend to see tonight.

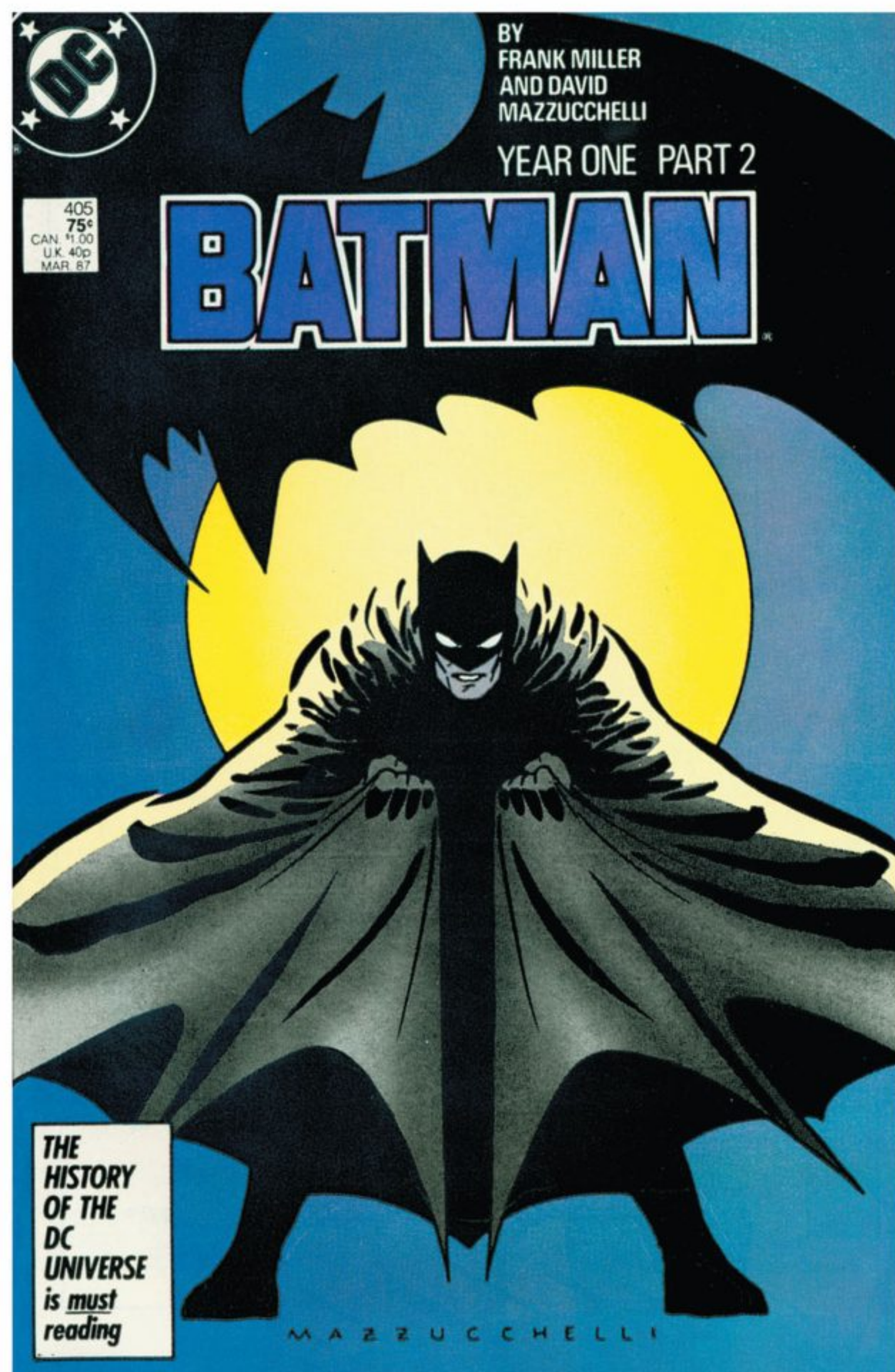
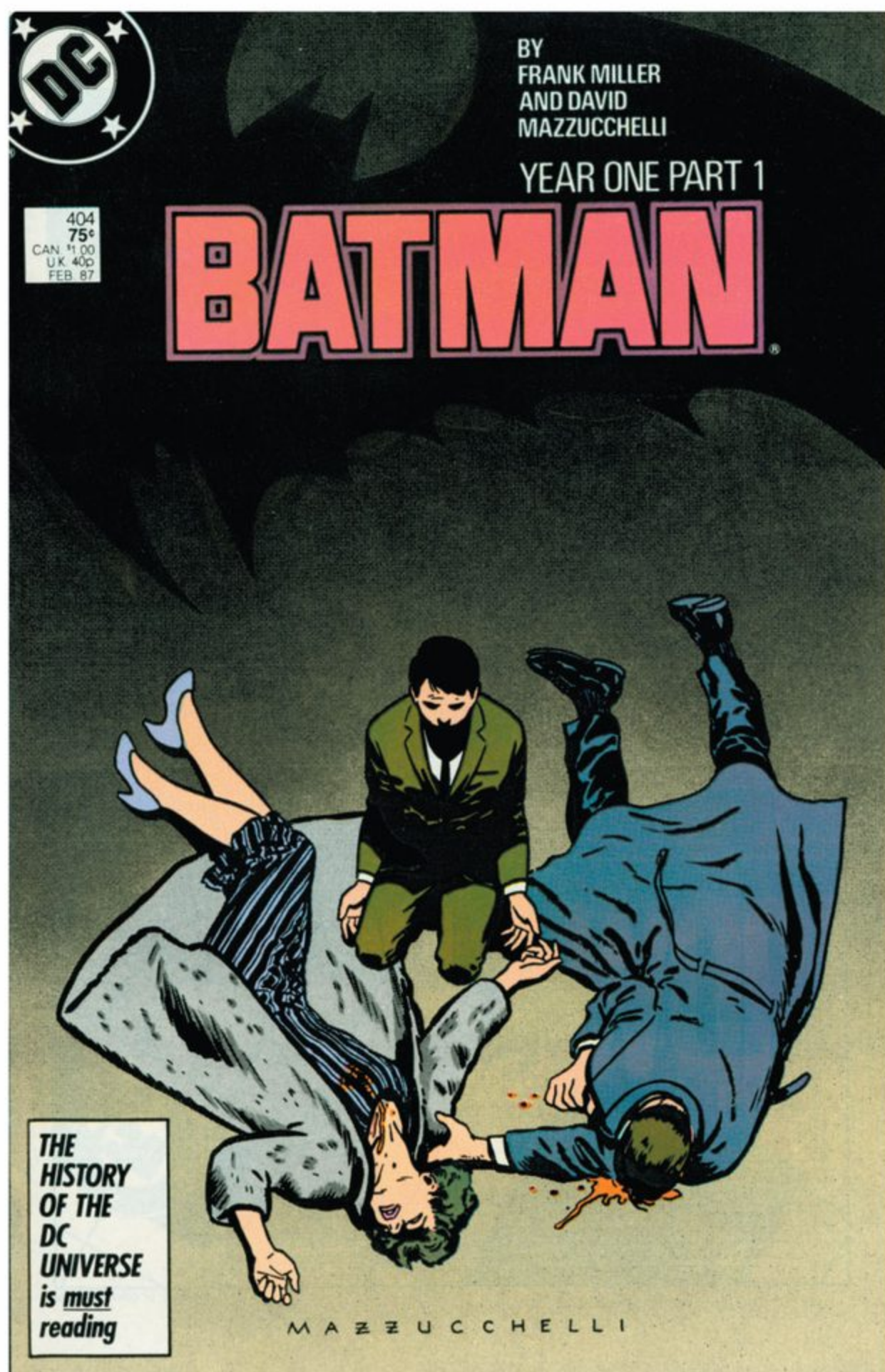


Twenty minutes later
Stanssen stumbles out,
hunched over like he's
lost his life savings.

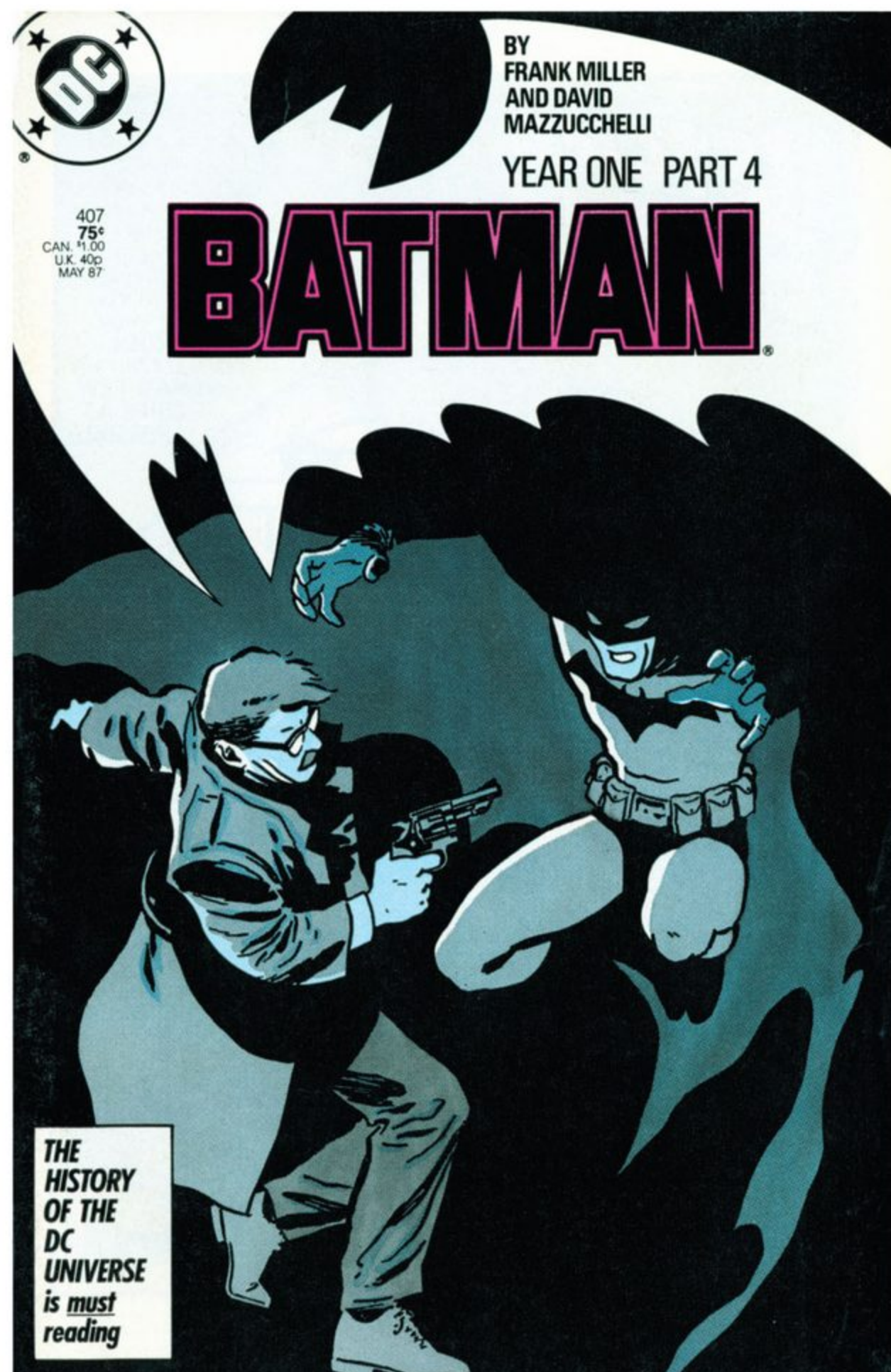
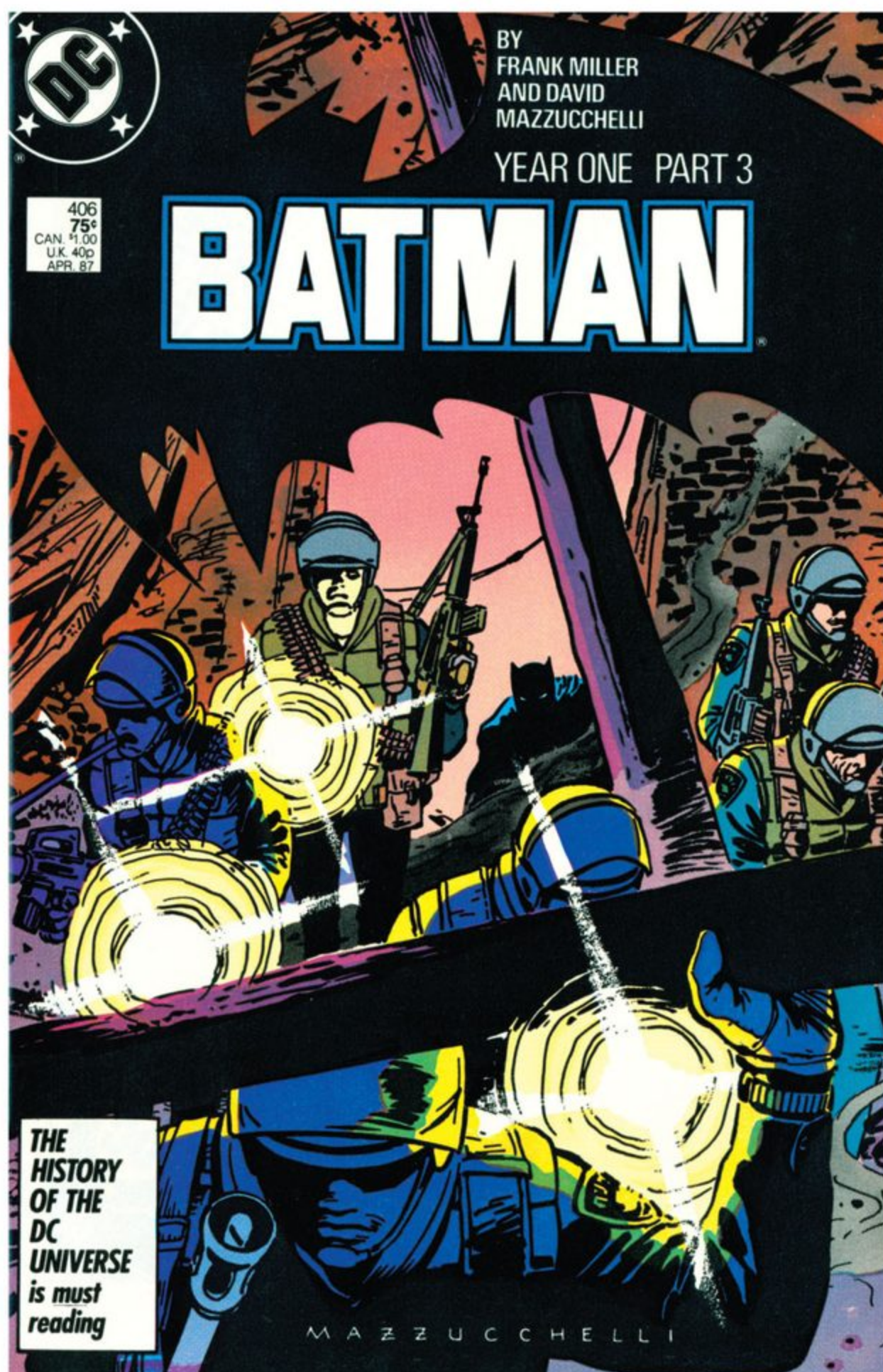
Then Renny.

I let them
both go home.

Final ink artwork, actual size (facing page), and the same page in color from the newsprint version. Comics printed on newspaper had an available palette of only about sixty colors, which Richmond utilized brilliantly.



The four issues of Batman in which Year One was first published (this page), and some interior pages (opposite).



...I pray he's very strong. And smart enough to stay alive.

How did I let this happen?

How did I screw up so badly...to bring an innocent child to life...

...in a city without hope...



April 9

They call it my night off.

It starts out well enough, with the smell of Barbara's lemon chicken--

--and her fingers, kneading baby oil into my shoulders...

...Rachmaninoff, played soft...her idea...corny, but it works...

DON'T HAVE TO GO TO METROPOLIS...

...FOR A MAN OF STEEL...

...COULD USE A JACKHAMMER ON YOUR BACK...

FEELS GREAT, HONEY...

RINGG

...SAID YOU'D UNPLUG IT, JIM...

HONEY, I FORGOT... I'M SORRY...

YES, SERGEANT.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD CALL THE ZOO.

IT'S MERKEL. SOMETHING ABOUT A GIANT BAT.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL GET HIM.

CHICKEN WILL KEEP.

The costume works better than I'd hoped.

They freeze and stare, and give me all the time in the world...

...I come in close on the one who looks the strongest--throw him a growl. I've brought all the way from Africa--

--and suddenly everything falls to pieces.

The one to my left calls for his mother--

--to my right the other collects his senses and leaps to position--he'll be trouble--

--the strong one gets scared--too scared--

--No--

--I'm no killer--

--the one I was worried about takes his shot--

--he's trained--kicks got power--

--he screams like a girl--

--can't be older than fifteen--

--a child--just a child--

BLAMM

POW

The driver hits the brakes, too late--going too fast--

--the bridge shakes--

--I listen to the rending metal and clattering glass--

--I listen--the radiator hisses, spits water on the street--

--I don't hear a human sound--

--I don't hear my baby cry--

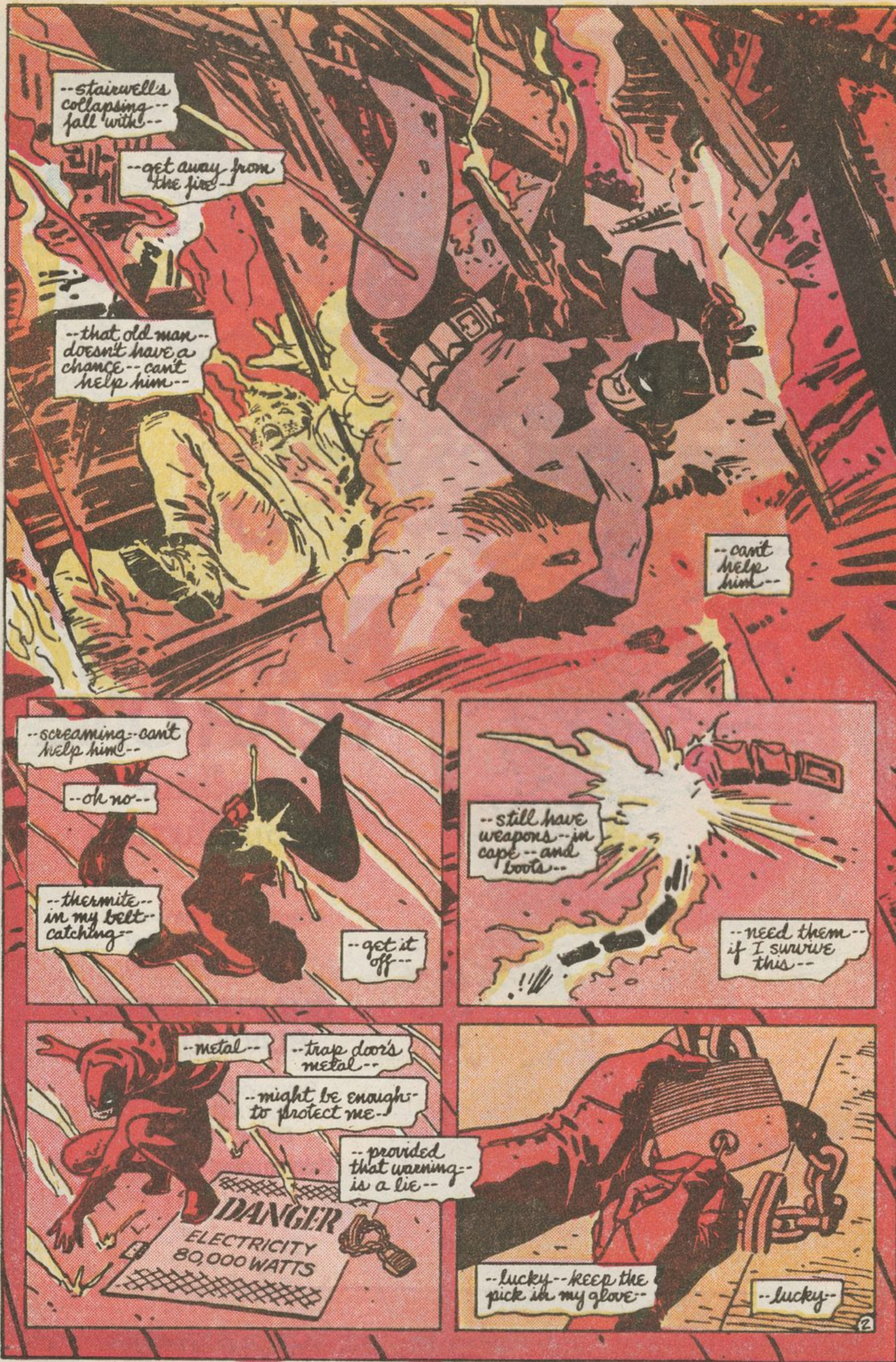
WHUMPP

NNGG

--the metal rail digs into my back--

--he's heavy--

NO



--stairwells
collapsing--
fall with--

--get away from
the fire--

--that old man--
doesn't have a
chance-- can't
help him--

--can't
help
him--

--screaming-- can't
help him--

--oh no--

--thermite--
in my belt--
catching--

--get it
off--

--still have
weapons-- in
cape-- and
boots--

--need them--
if I survive
this--

--metal--

--trap door's
metal--

--might be enough--
to protect me--

--provided
that warning--
is a lie--

DANGER
ELECTRICITY
80,000 WATTS

--lucky-- keep the
pick in my glove--

--lucky--



y from

--can't
help
him--

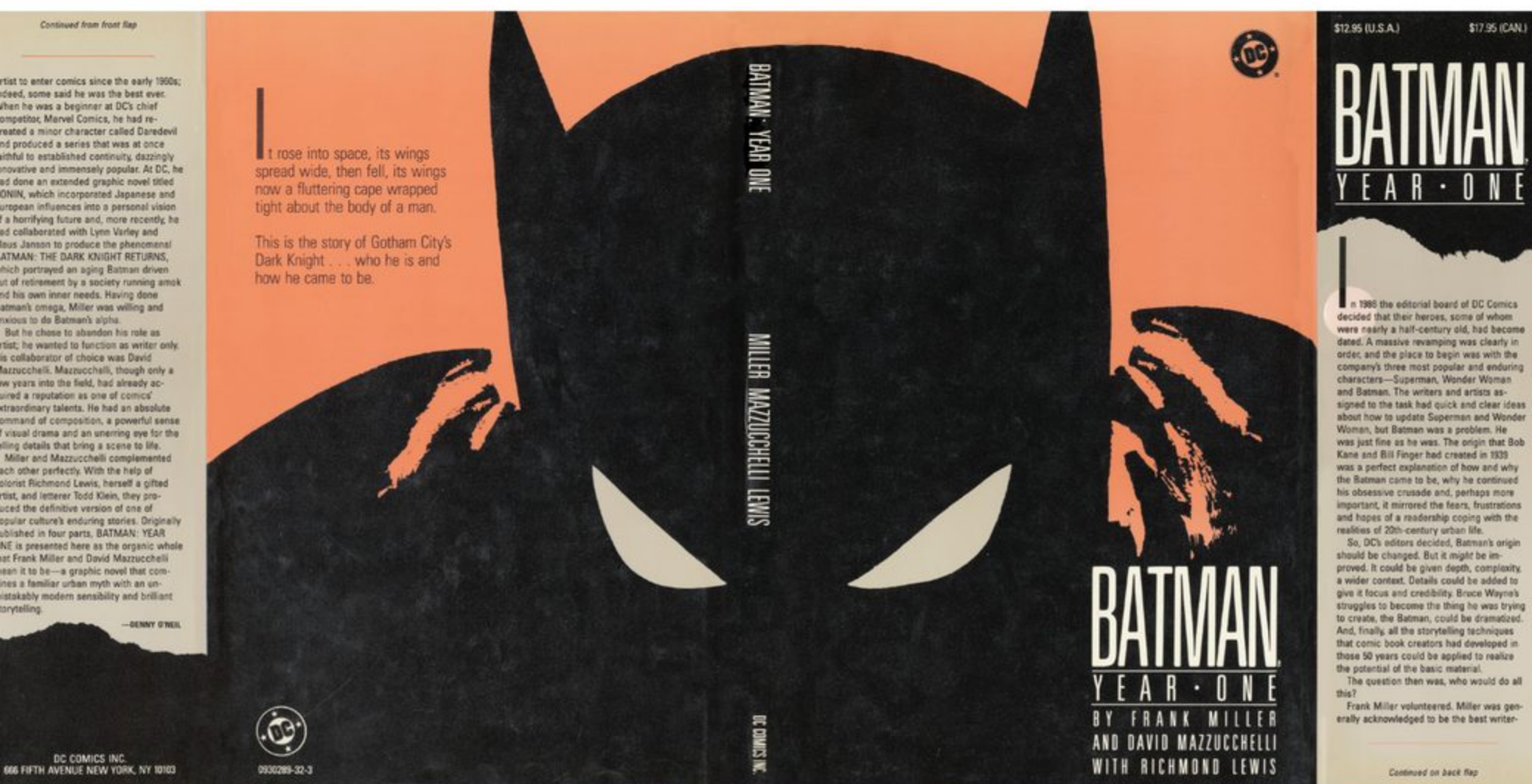
--still have
weapons-- in
cape-- and
boots--

When Year One was finally published in a single volume, the entire story was recolored. Richmond hand-painted the color art separately from the black line art.



INSTRUCTIONS FOR DOUBLE-PAGE SPREAD: CUT AS SHOWN, ASBUT PAGES, TAPE ON BACK. DO NOT OVERLAP! CUT RIGHT-HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE CUT LEFT-HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE

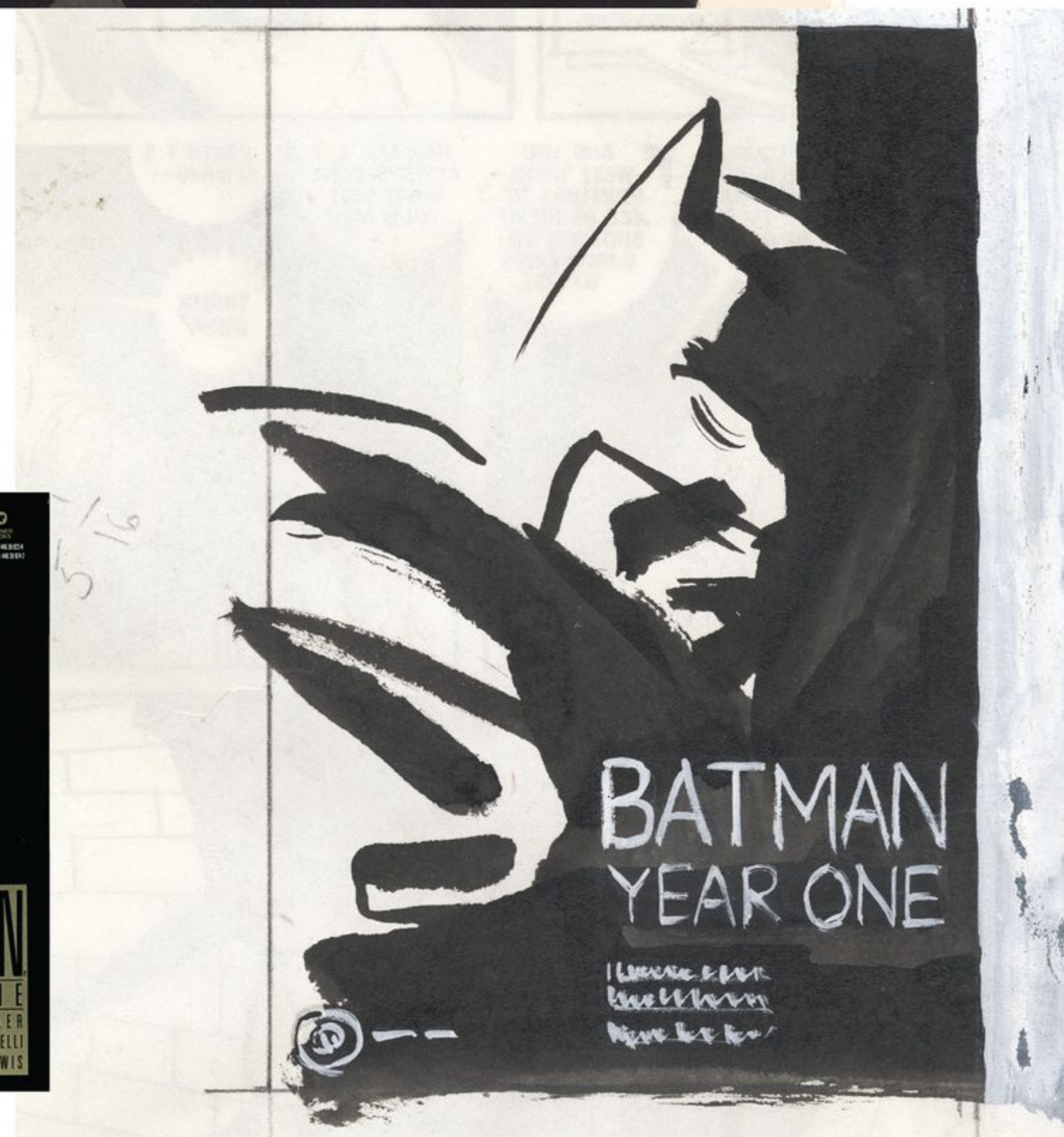
The dustjacket from the hardcover edition published in March 1988.



My original drawing for the cover design, actual size. This artwork was enlarged to produce the cover image above.



My first cover design (right) was used for the Warner Books paperback (below). The color artwork (detail above) was done with torn pieces of colored paper.

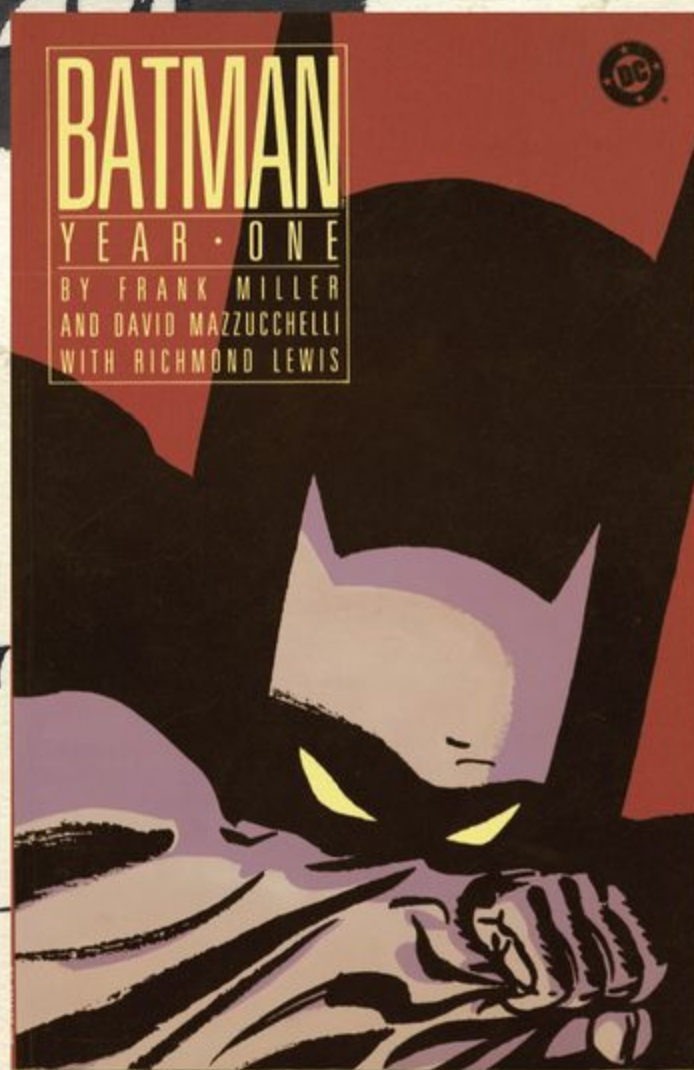




Another little drawing (above) for
the cover of DC's first paperback
edition, and my painted color
artwork (facing page).

BATMAN: YEAR ONE - (DC) SOFT

MAZZUCCI



A SHADOW FELL ACROSS ME...

If your only memory of Batman is that of Adam West and Burt Ward exchanging camped-out quips while clobbering slumming guest stars Vincent Price and Cesar Romero, I hope this book will come as a surprise.

For me, Batman was never funny. I was eight years old when I picked up an 80-page annual from the shelf of a local supermarket. The artwork on one story looked good and scary.

Gotham City was cold shafts of concrete lit by cold moonlight, windswept and bottomless, fading to a cloud bank of city lights, a wet, white mist, miles below me. The street sounds were a soft, sad roar, unbroken and unchanging.

Then somewhere, somewhere in the stone rat's maze down there, tiny but unmuffled, a pane-glass window shattered. The sound was almost pretty, like chimes. The chimes became a single ringing bell, a burglar alarm, the old kind.

A Thompson machine gun spat at the bell. A madman laughed wildly, maliciously. The laughter echoed forever.

A shadow fell across me, from above. Wings flapped, close by and almost silent.

Glistening wet, black against the blackened sky, a monster, a giant, winged gargoyle, hunched forward, pausing at a building's ledge, and cocked its head, following the laugh's last seconds. Moonlight glanced across its back, across its massive shoulders, down its craned, cabled neck, across its skull, striking a triangle at one pointed bat's ear.

It rose into space, its wings spread wide, then fell, its wings now a fluttering cape wrapped tight about the body of a man.

It fell past me, its shadow sliding across walls, growing to swallow whole buildings, lit by the clouds below.

The shadow faded into the clouds.

It was gone.

...the 80-page giant comic cost 25 cents, but I bought it anyway.

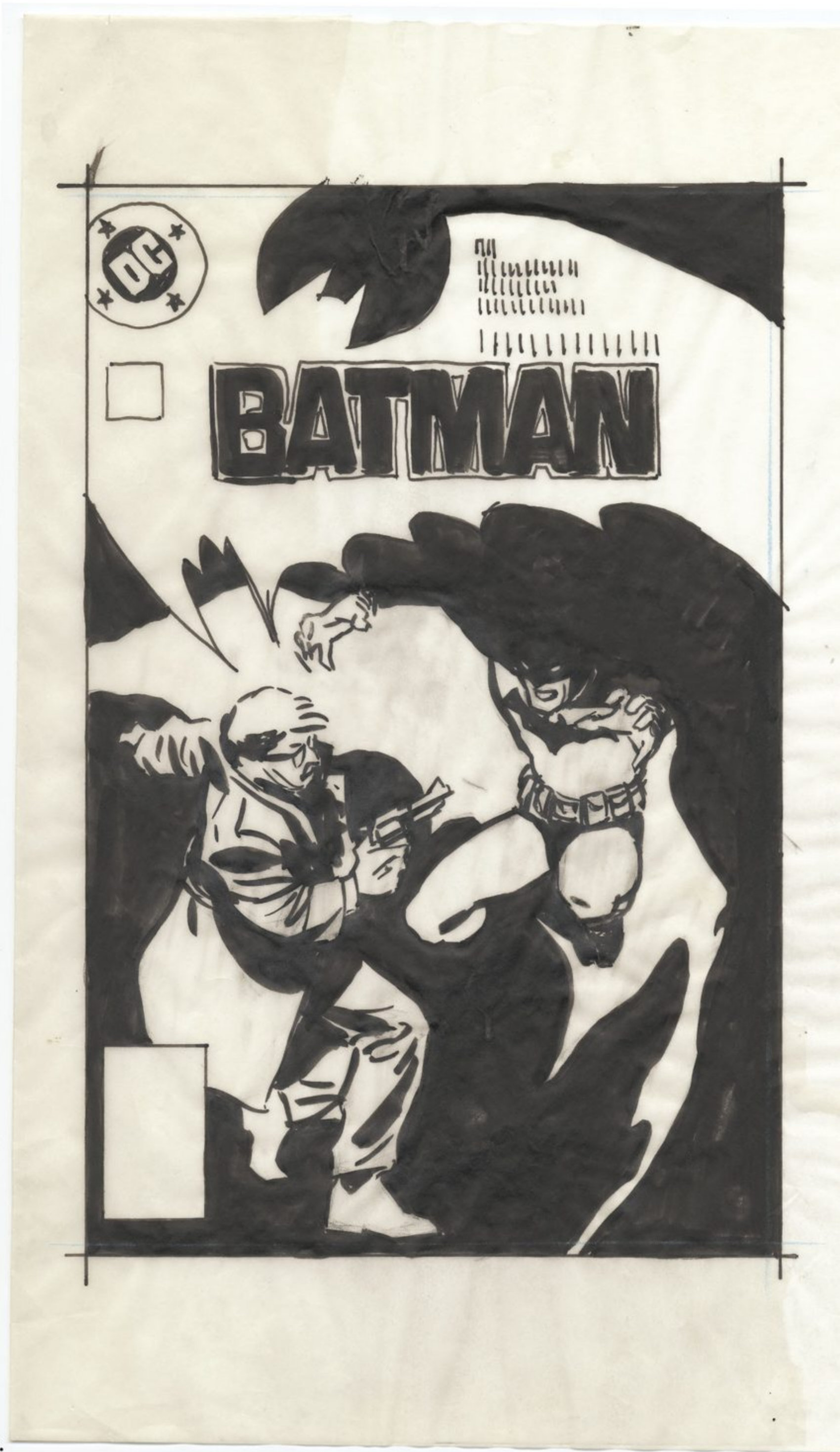
FRANK MILLER
LOS ANGELES 1988



FRANK MILLER lives and works in New York City. He draws and writes comic books and directs movies.

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI is an award-winning comics artist whose work has been published and exhibited around the world. His other books include Daredevil: Born Again, with Frank Miller, and City of Glass: The Graphic Novel, with Paul Karasik, and many of his own comics were published in his short-lived anthology Rubber Blanket. He teaches at the Rhode Island School of Design and New York's School of Visual Arts, and is currently working on a new graphic novel.

RICHMOND LEWIS is an accomplished painter who had a brief career in comics. Her other coloring work includes Ironwolf: Fires of the Revolution and The Shadow. She lives in the New York area with her husband and two cats, Runtashiro and Sumi.



An ink on tracing paper sketch for the cover of BATMAN #407.

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This edition includes the complete graphic novel, a new introduction by writer Frank Miller and a new illustrated afterword by artist David Mazzucchelli. Completing this collection are over 40 pages of never-before-seen developmental material such as character and layout sketches, sample script pages, sketches, and more that provide a glimpse into the making of this contemporary classic.